



PURSUIT OF THE TRUTH

BOOK 06

Er Gen

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Pursuit of the Truth

(求魔)

by

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Synopsis

Three thousand years of bowing down to the Demon Lord,
I would rather be a mortal than a celestial being when looking
back,
but for her I will...
become one who controls life and death!

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Chapter 501: The World Spirit's Rise from Sleep!

The first day.

Rain was pouring even more heavily. Wind and clouds tumbled about in the sky. Lightning sliced through the air and thunder roared. The clouds became even thicker in the sky. From the distance, they looked as if they were about to descend to the ground and touch it.

On this day, Su Ming continuously charged through the Rune seven times, but he still could not surpass the changes in the Rune. It was as if two mirrors had been placed together, and all he could see was endless darkness. He did not know how far this darkness would stretch, but if he wanted to see the world in the mirror, then he needed to charge out of this darkness!

The first day.

Rain poured as if a basin of water had been turned over in heaven. The ground trembled, and those tremors were spreading through all parts of the land. Fine cracks covered the entire World of Nine Yin, and some mountains even looked as if they were about to crumble to pieces.

As the clouds in the sky continued tumbling about slowly, the whole sky looked as if it had turned into a gigantic vortex. Ninety-nine pillars of light connected the sky and earth in the World of Nine Yin, and if anyone drew the entire World of Nine Yin into a picture, they would be able to see in the picture they drew that it looked as if the rays of light were holding up the vortex in the sky!

During the last three days, Su Ming had tried over a dozen times to surpass the Rune, but all of them ended in failure. Still, he had begun to figure out some of the rules in the Rune. He had been using his specialty - his speed, while challenging the Rune, and

under that extreme speed, he gradually saw some of the illusions distorting before disappearing.

‘I’ll just have to keep going at a high speed!’ After another failure on the third night, Su Ming stood on the first altar with sparkling eyes.

The fifth day.

More cracks appeared on the ground. Deep cracks tore through the ground in the World of Nine Yin with a loud rumble as if the ground was on the verge of collapse. As those cracks spread all over the land, many mountains crumbled. Stones fell off these mountains and fell into the bottomless cracks.

If anyone looked down from the sky to the ground, they would be able to see that the land seemed to have been destroyed, and the damage was spreading slowly towards the area, making it seem as if there was something that was going to charge out of the ground.

A large amount of rainwater surged into these cracks from the sky, but they were never able to fill them up. The vortex in the clouds started rotating faster. The loud booming sounds in the air turned into a sound that remained a constant in the World of Nine Yin.

Bolts of lightning flashed and crackled continuously in the vortex of clouds in the sky as if they wanted to blast off the center of the vortex.

Su Ming continued failing, and when the fifth day was over, he had already lost count of how many times he had failed without succeeding even once. However, he had already managed to make hundreds of illusions disappear under his high speed.

However, it was difficult for Su Ming to maintain this sort of charge for longer stretches of time. Because of that, he could not surpass all the changes in the Rune.

The seventh day.

At first glance, the vortex in the sky looked as if it was no longer spinning, but that was only because it was simply rotating too fast, which was why it gave off the false impression that it was no longer spinning. With that high rotation speed around, the booming sounds in the sky had turned into shocking roars. As they reverberated in the air, a gigantic face of a human appeared within.

The face possessed four eyes. The extra two eyes were at the center of the brows. As of then, all four of the eyes were shut. The face protruded from within the vortex, and the spot where lightning had filled the center of the vortex was right where the person's fourth eye was.

This was the World Spirit, which was also the Spirit Vessel that had fallen into deep slumber as the Enchanted Vessel of the Sacred Yin World had turned into the World of Nine Yin!

When the face appeared, the destruction on the ground reached its peak. Even the Fated Kin's valley had collapsed. Fortunately, the people had been prepared for this a long time ago. As of then, they had all gathered together, and under Nan Gong Hen's guidance, were waiting for Su Ming's return outside the altar.

When Su Ming was preparing to challenge the Rune on the altar, he had spread his divine sense outwards to tell Nan Gong Hen the precise time when the world would change and where he would be before that.

Since the fifth day, Su Ming had been sitting cross-legged on the first altar. He no longer went on to try challenging the altar, but chose instead to meditate quietly. Even as the seventh day went by, he still remained seated.

The ninth day!

On this day, most of the land had already sunk deeply. Nan Gong Hen brought the hundreds of Fated Kin away from the altar's area. They could see Su Ming sitting on it not too far away, and could

also see that the valley they had stayed in for the past fifteen years had completely collapsed. It was now gone without a trace.

They could also see that the place a hundred feet away from the collapsed valley had now turned into a ravine. It was as if the place where they were had now turned into an isolated cliff.

Two of the eyes on the gigantic human face that had emerged from the vortex in the sky were now trembling, as if they were slowly rising from deep sleep. The two eyes at the center of the brows were trembling rather intensely as well, as if they were about to open at any moment!

At that moment, the ninety-nine pillars of light also looked as if they were about to reach their limit. Seven of those pillars were rapidly fading away, and then disappeared altogether. After they were gone, another dozen something pillars of light also faded away, as if they could last no longer and were gradually disappearing.

Su Ming continued sitting cross-legged on the altar without moving. He had been like this for the past few days, and while he might not be moving, the Fated Kin that had been observing him had noticed that Su Ming's aura had been growing increasingly stronger day after day!

He was practically getting stronger with each passing moment, and on the ninth day, distortions started appearing in the air around him, as if it could no longer withstand the amount of power Su Ming was accumulating in his body.

Several days ago, his body had still been glowing in gold, but at that moment, that golden light was fading away slowly. It did not disappear though. It was all absorbed into Su Ming's body so that it would not spill outwards!

As Nan Gong Hen and the hundreds of Fated Kin kept their gazes fixed on Su Ming, time passed slowly, and when the ninth day went by, the tenth day arrived!

Not long into it, the eyes of the gigantic face in the sky shook even more violently. The clouds rumbled and moved about in the air, and even the spot where the altar was located was also shivering. As if it could no longer withstand it, cracks started appearing on the altar as well.

Right at that moment, a person in yellow robes appeared in the sky in a spot where the people could not see. He stood in midair, formed a seal with his hands, and pointed towards the sky.

"Spirit of the Enchanted Vessel, with my status as Chief Elder of the Spirits of Nine Yin, I call to you, rise from your sleep!"

The shivers on the face in the sky became even more violent, but it still could not open its eyes. It was as if there was a force contained within the spirit's mind that made it difficult for him to wake up!

At that moment, the pillars of light in the World of Nine Yin were rapidly disappearing, and there were only twenty-seven left, which were all swiftly fading away. If all these pillars of light disappeared and the World Spirit did not wake up, then everything they had done would end in failure!

As those pillars of light disappeared and as the altar on the ground started breaking down, the Rune formed on the altar also looked as if it had loosened up. Once Su Ming absorbed the final ray of golden light into his body, he opened his eyes swiftly.

His gaze was profound, and not a single hint of golden light could be seen shining within his eyes. Su Ming had been accumulating his strength for the past few days, and during these days, he had completely ignored the world around him, placing all his focus on gathering up his power. The instant he opened his eyes, he charged forth with an indescribable speed.

This was the fastest speed Su Ming had executed during these past ten days!

Almost the instant he charged out of the altar, an uncountable amount of altars and an equally uncountable number of himselfs rushing forward immediately appeared before him. However, almost the moment these illusory figures appeared, several dozens of them immediately started distorting and disappearing. Clearly, they were unable to keep up with Su Ming's speed, and were all surpassed by him!

Everything before Su Ming's eyes disappeared right at that moment, and the only thing that was left was the endless path of the altar that seemed like a black hole stretching out before him. He forgot everything and executed his fastest speed to charge forward. The illusory figures disappeared around him, and after a while, hundreds of them were gone, but there was still an innumerable numbers in front of Su Ming!

Making nearly a hundred figures disappear was his limit a few days ago. However, this was not so today. All the power in his Berserker Bones erupted forth, and he became slightly faster. As he charged forth, he saw illusions filling his entire field of vision, but as they appeared, a large number of them disappeared as well.

Su Ming did not know how much time had passed. He only knew that as he continued charging forward, time seemed to slow down. A large amount of the illusory figures disappeared, but there was still a large number of them remaining before him.

When sharp pain shot up through his entire body as he continued circulating his Qi, Su Ming knew that his body was showing signs that he had gone past his limit, but there were still a dozen something of his illusions far into the distance. He had surpassed most of them, but now, it was difficult for him to continue and surpass all of them.

'Is this my limit..?' Su Ming felt bitter. He knew that even if he turned into Destiny, it would still be difficult for him to surpass these illusions in fifteen breaths!

However, right at the moment that rush of bitterness rose in his heart, suddenly, the sky roared. As the ground trembled, the first altar that was the only altar that truly existed suddenly cracked with a bang.

This was due to the change in the world. It was caused by the World Spirit rising from his slumber. The instant the altar started breaking down, Su Ming immediately noticed that the dozen something illusions before him froze simultaneously.

Their action immediately made Su Ming's eyes shine with a strong light. Without a single bit of hesitation, he charged forward. As he did so, his body turned into a vortex, and when he rushed out of the vortex, the boy who was Destiny appeared!

With just one step, he made all the dozen something illusions stop eternally at the moment they froze up. They repeatedly froze up and moved back, and when fifteen breaths were over, Destiny turned back into Su Ming, and he was already less than five feet away from these illusions.

Yet even though there were only five feet left, he had already surpassed all the changes in the Rune. He felt his body crashing into something that seemed like a membrane. That membrane stopped his body from passing through, but it could not stop his eyes from looking into it!

He saw...

Almost the instant Su Ming looked in the world in the mirror, the old man in yellow robes spread his arms wide open in the sky of the World of Nine Yin. When there were just three pillars of light remaining, a low roar could be heard from the sunken ground.

"World Spirit, rise from your slumber!"

Along with the muffled roar before came a dried up arm that stretched out from the depths of the abyss in the sunken ground.

Right behind that arm was a gigantic head of dried wood, along with a monstrously huge body that was ten thousand feet tall!

The figure looked like a person carved out of a block of dried wood from a big tree that was ten thousand feet tall!

His head was the one that had been hoisted up on the Shaman City in the past, and his body was the true body of the yellow-robed old Spirit of Nine Yin!

The instant those roars that shook the sky reverberated through the air, the final three pillars of light were extinguished. But right at the moment they faded away, the eyes on the gigantic face in the vortex flew open, along with the third and fourth eyes at the center of its brows!

The World Spirit had risen from his slumber!

Chapter 502: Gap!

The instant the World Spirit woke up, the few remaining regions in the World of Nine Yin all shuddered and slowly fell apart, as if the ground never existed in the first place. As the ground disappeared, even the altar where Su Ming and the other Fated Kin stood fell apart.

The ground before the hundreds of Fated Kin started collapsing inch by inch, as if there was a gigantic invisible mouth that was devouring the ground, causing the Fated Kin to float in midair. They looked towards where Su Ming was, but they still couldn't find him in their field of vision. They could only see something blurry in the spot where Su Ming was previously, and there was also a strong distortion there that seemed like it was about to rip through their gazes.

The sky rumbled. The protruding face in the huge vortex had now opened all four of its eyes. Light that reached one hundred thousand feet shone before him, and the gigantic figure made of dried up wood charged towards the human face as if it wanted to fuse with it.

On Su Ming's side, under that extreme speed of his, he had surpassed all the illusions formed by the Rune. He felt a membrane stopping his body from moving forward in the Rune, but it could not block his gaze.

It pierced through that invisible membrane, and he saw... an endless expanse of black water!

The expanse of water was boundless. There were five huge continents floating on it. And at that moment, among the five continents, the continent at the center and two of the continents at the south were incredibly close to each other. If he did not look closely, he would think that they had fused together!

Yet when he took a closer look, he discovered that these

continents were in no way connected to each other. It was clear that the continent to the east was ramming itself against the southern continent at an incredible speed.

‘The world in the mirror...’ A bang went off in Su Ming’s head. He had a feeling as if he had come to understand something. He cast his gaze swiftly to the west, towards the continent on the west. However, he could not see that continent clearly. He could only see the contour of the land, and after that, a huge force shot out from the membrane, and he was instantly ricocheted off.

Almost the instant Su Ming was bounced off, the membrane broke down. The altar which acted as the center of the Rune had collapsed. Su Ming took a few steps back consecutively, and with each step he took, he looked as if he was revealing himself under that extreme speed. When he took the tenth step back, he appeared once again in sight of all the Fated Kin in the area.

It was also at that moment that the human face that had opened his eyes in the vortex finished fusing with the body that was made of dried wood. At the instant they fused together, the vortex exploded abruptly and turned into a powerful wave of air that swept through the land and blew in all directions.

The strength of that wave of air was so great that it turned into a violent gust of wind as it rumbled in the air. As it charged forward, it spread out in a circular form, and it was so quick that it covered the entire region where the Fated Kin were in an instant. If that gust of wind was allowed to blow at will, then a large number of Fated Kin would be blown away and torn apart by the wave of air as if they were autumn leaves.

The faces of the hundreds of Fated Kin changed drastically. Without any hesitation, Nan Gong Hen rushed a few steps forward and stood before his tribesmen. Some of the people who had higher levels of cultivation also gritted their teeth and rushed out, wanting to resist the incoming wave of air and protect the safety of their tribesmen.

Almost the instant these people put up a stance to oppose that wave of air, it came towards them with loud, booming sounds. When it crashed into Nan Gong Hen, he coughed out a mouthful of blood, feeling as if a mountain had rammed into him.

The other Fated Kin beside him not only coughed up blood, but also felt as if their bodies were being torn apart. They moved back against their will, but right behind them were the Fated Kin, their tribesmen. Some of them were just children, and they could not fly on their own. They needed other tribesmen to carry them, and the slightest contact with this wave of air would definitely kill them!

Nan Gong Hen's eyes turned red. He wanted to stand against this wave of air, but he could not control his own body. As he was continuously forced back, the wave of air charged forward, and right at the instant it was about to flood his tribesmen, suddenly, a white figure arrived and stood right before Nan Gong Hen and all the other Fated Kin.

This person was dressed entirely in white, and he was Su Ming!

He had forced down the shock that arose within him because of the world he saw in the mirror and lifted his right hand to push against the incoming wave of air. As he pressed against it, golden light abruptly spread out from his body, and once the hundreds of Fated Kin behind him were bathed in it, he began resisting that alarming gust of wind.

It was just three breaths, and Su Ming felt himself struggling to endure them. He might have extraordinary power and his body might be incredibly sturdy due to most of his bones, flesh, and bone having turned into Berserker Bones, but it was still difficult for him to last for long in that wave of air.

In truth, the entire reason as to why he could last till now was because of the strength of his physical body. If anyone else had taken his place, they then would have also been like Nan Gong Hen, being pushed back the instant they came into contact with

that wave of air, injured.

Fortunately, that massive wave of air was sweeping in all directions and was not directed at Su Ming. That was why after he persevered for three breaths, the wave swept past their region. Although it had pushed Su Ming and all the Fated Kin under his protection several thousands of feet backwards, like a lone boat swept up by a raging wave, no one died, and once the wave of air swept by them, everything returned to normal.

Su Ming panted harshly. He did not make the golden light on his body fade away, but instead lifted his head and looked towards the huge face that had fused with the body of dried wood in the distant sky after the vortex collapsed.

At the same moment Su Ming looked towards him, the four eyes on that face also looked towards him.

"The midsection of the fourth eye is where the Rune is... I will never forget the help you gave us..."

An ancient voice reverberated through the world and fused together with the booming sounds in the air. Soon after, the huge face swelled up swiftly right before Su Ming's eyes, and in the blink of an eye, he had become ten times, a hundred times, then one thousand times larger. Not only did he replace the entire sky, he also caused the dark shades of twilight from the sky to disappear as he covered the sky, replacing it with a bronze light.

It felt as if there was a veil that had covered the sky previously. That veil was in the color of the sky, which was why it had been in the shade of twilight whenever someone looked at it. Yet now, as the human face spread out and covered it, it was as if the veil was lifted and its true colors were revealed!

The sky was not even a sky!

Bronze light shone brilliantly. The entire sky looked like the surface of a huge Enchanted Vessel. People could sense an ancient

and unsophisticated air coming from it, and Su Ming could even see the sky seemingly turning into a huge metal piece when that bronze hue started shining above. There were numerous densely packed small holes on that metal piece!

In fact, there were even a large amount of complex runic symbols shining on it!

Su Ming might have already had some form of mental preparation for this, but once he saw it truly happen, he was still shocked, and if he was behaving in this manner, it was even more so for Nan Gong Hen and the other Fated Kin.

Their shock was reflected clearly in their quickened breathing.

"What is that..?"

"By the looks of it, it seems like some sort of Enchanted Vessel..."

"This... is the true sky of the World of Nine Yin? Could it be that the sky we saw was fake, the ground we stood upon was also just an illusion, and this is the real thing?"

After the people recovered from their shock, a buzzing arose among hundreds of people. They were in disbelief of what they saw.

As the veil in the sky was lifted and as the true sky that looked like bronze was revealed, nine big runic symbols in the shape of moons emerged and caught Su Ming's attention!

The nine runic symbols were aligned with the others and were placed right above the surface of the bronze Enchanted Vessel. They flashed brilliantly, and when he looked at them, Su Ming was reminded of the nine moons in the World of Nine Yin!

At the moment his pupils shrank due to the shock that was brought by the change in the World of Nine Yin, suddenly, the fourth eye at the center of the gigantic human face's brows overlapped with a certain spot on the bronze sky.

The instant that happened, booming sounds immediately traveled forth from that spot, and as if the sky was moving, a gap appeared. Light spilled forth from that gap. It might not be big, but it gave off a feeling that it was in decline. The gap was right above Su Ming, and looked as if it had been torn open on purpose.

"I can only last for ten breaths with my power. Enter with haste!"

The ancient voice from the old Spirit of Nine Yin instantly reverberated through the air. At the moment it spoke, the swelled up gigantic face froze for a moment, looking as if its action of growing larger had been forcefully halted, causing the gap that had formed because the fourth eye had overlapped with the bronze sky to not disappear.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he charged straight towards the sky. The other Fated Kin behind him followed suit, but they were too slow and could not hope to compare with Su Ming. That was why when Su Ming took that first step, golden light shone on his entire body once again and swept up all the hundreds of Fated Kin behind him, and they charged towards the sky with a loud whistle.

The gap that had been opened specifically for Su Ming was shining nonstop at the moment. Its appearance was due to the overlapping between the human face and the bronze sky. The gap should have disappeared in an instant when the face moved away from that spot in the sky, but the old Spirit of Nine Yin had forcefully halted its actions. Making it stop in this manner was akin to stopping the activation of this Enchanted Vessel that could move between True Worlds. The level of difficulty for this was incredibly high, and with the old man's abilities, he could only make this last for ten breaths.

Su Ming charged forth with the Fated Kin, and from the distance, they looked like a golden shooting star that was rushing closer and closer towards the sky. By the fourth breath, they had already closed in on the gap in the bronze sky.

Yet at that very moment, the gap started trembling viciously, and the tremors grew increasingly more intense with each passing moment. Rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, and very clearly, right before Su Ming's eyes as he stood outside the gap, the human face that had originally been frozen started to move slowly and began expanding once more. The time... it was not even ten breaths yet!

"Hurry! I can no longer last..." The old Spirit of Nine Yin's voice gained an anxious edge.

The gap was about to close up because of the World Spirit's movements. The golden light on Su Ming's entire body grew exponentially brighter. All the Fated Kin behind him also charged forth with their fastest speed, rushing straight towards the gap. Due to the World Spirit recovering its movements, the face was also sweeping past that gap, but the instant the gap disappeared, Su Ming charged into it!

Most of the Fated Kin also entered with him, but there were nine Fated Kin who did not make it into the gap. Once the gap closed up, they were blocked off outside...

Among the nine was the man who had been taking care of Tie Mu for years and who had lost his right arm when Su Ming met him as a boy!

With a loud bang, the gap closed up. Su Ming and all the Fated Kin who had stepped into the gap would never know what happened to those that were left in the World of Nine Yin. As of then, they were in a huge tunnel.

Chapter 503: Right Side!

Su Ming swept his gaze across the area. The tunnel was dark. Its walls were not made of stone, but of bronze. Runic symbol after runic symbol could be found shining at a set distance from each other.

The shining symbols were the only source of light in the place.

The hundreds of Fated Kin all remained in silence. Some hints of sorrow could be found on their faces. They had lived together for fifteen years without any future ahead of them, and while they now had hope of leaving this place, nine of theirs had now been eternally separated from them.

Perhaps it would be death that awaited those nine tribesmen, but perhaps not. Yet no matter what, they would still never meet again.

A flicker of light appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he stopped observing his surroundings. He took a step forward to walk in the lead. As he dashed forward, the Fated Kin behind him followed suit.

No one spoke all along the way, and silence filled the air. Some of the Fated Kin would occasionally lift their heads and their gazes would fall on Su Ming's back. For some unknown reason, their hearts gradually calmed down. Su Ming had already brought them two miracles.

The first was when they had fallen into despair when facing the Sacred Bats that were slaughtering their men, and the second had happened not long after. They had originally thought that they would be facing a future of never leaving this place after fifteen years of being trapped here, but he told them to prepare to leave.

And they believed that there would be a third miracle. This third miracle would be that the respected senior Mo they worshiped

would return them to South Morning!

This was not a thought of only one or two Fated Kin, but all of them harbored the same thoughts as they traveled through the tunnel. It could be said that Su Ming was their hope, and this feeling only became stronger after they witnessed the things that had happened in the World of Nine Yin.

Su Ming moved in front and spread his divine sense outwards, but he could not send it out too far. The walls around him were incredibly averse to his divine sense, and they were stopping it from spreading out.

As he moved forward, Su Ming suddenly came to a halt not too far into the tunnel. They had arrived at a fork, and there were three paths ahead of them, causing people to be unable to tell just which way led to the Relocation Rune.

Once Su Ming stopped, the other Fated Kin also paused in their footsteps. They looked around them in silence, and Nan Gong Hen took a few steps forward to stand beside Su Ming. Once he cast a look around, he looked towards Su Ming. He was not the only one who did so. All the Fated Kin in the area had directed their gazes towards Su Ming.

Su Ming frowned. The old Spirit of Nine Yin had not mentioned that there would be a fork here. He knew that he could not choose the wrong path from among the three paths before him. Once he made the choice, he would be losing on precious time.

Almost the moment Su Ming and the others arrived at the fork and looked at the three paths, the entire tunnel suddenly trembled and shook viciously, causing the people there to almost be unable to stand properly.

Muffled booming sounds traveled forth from outside, as if the tunnel was about to collapse. The runic symbols around them started flashing more frequently, and it caused the people to begin feeling agitated and annoyed once they stayed here for a long

period of time.

Su Ming took a few steps forward. He did not immediately make a decision under the gazes of the Fated Kin, but chose instead to sit down cross-legged on the floor. He closed his eyes and spread his divine sense swiftly outward, splitting them into three wisps and sending them charging down those three paths swiftly.

As his divine sense spread down, it was continuously weakened as it continued running into the force repelling it in the place. Before each part of his divine sense had even spread down one thousand feet into those tunnels, only three strands were left. And when even these looked as if they were about to disappear completely, Su Ming's Nascent Divinity left his body abruptly and fused with his divine sense.

By doing so, his divine sense instantly increased exponentially and continued spreading downwards. As it did so, he discovered that his divine sense in the tunnel right before him had strangely disappeared without a trace, and it vanished so abruptly that he had not even managed to notice it in time.

Right at the instant that divine sense that was exploring the path ahead disappeared, Su Ming saw a huge Relocation Rune on the path to his left. That Rune was coming into operation slowly, looking as if it was about to be activated at any moment!

Su Ming's eyes flew open swiftly. He did not have time to think about why his divine sense had disappeared in the path before him. Just as he was about to retrieve the divine sense that had traveled down the path to his right, his body suddenly lurched forward and he turned his head swiftly to look at the path to his right.

His pupils shrank, and a brilliant light appeared in his eyes. All of this was because he had seen a gigantic space with his divine sense when it had traveled ten thousand feet into the path to his right!

In that space were huge bubbles. Most of those bubbles had already burst, but they did not disappear. Some of them had in fact

not a single hint of damage on them, and were kept in perfect condition!

Su Ming's breathing quickened, and he retrieved his divine sense with gritted teeth, no longer looking at the tunnel to his right. Instead, he stood up and brought all the Fated Kin following him to charge towards the tunnel to his left, where he had discovered the Rune.

As the crowd moved down the path at high speed, more tremors shook the area. Booming sounds traveled forth, and the entire tunnel started trembling furiously. Cracks had even appeared on the ground, and powerful light shot forth, making all of them think that the ground in the tunnel was about to collapse at any moment.

As the runic symbols on the walls sparkled, they lit up at the same time. Light illuminated the area, causing the entire tunnel to be lit up as bright as day at that moment.

As the crowd charged forth, an empty space soon appeared before them in the tunnel ahead. There were also cracks on that empty expanse of land, but at the same time, there was also a huge Rune that had come into operation with loud rumbling sounds on the ground.

That Rune was letting off a feeling that it was used for relocation. At that moment, it had already been fully activated, and the moment they stepped in, they would be instantly relocated away from this place.

When everyone saw this Rune and excitement appeared on their faces, suddenly, a vicious tremor shook the tunnel once again. The tunnel that was originally lying down horizontally seemed to have abruptly shot up straight, causing all the Fated Kin to fall back against their will, and they even began to feel as if they were falling.

"A crisis is looming above our heads! Bring forth all of your

power and step into the Rune! It doesn't matter where we are relocated. If we arrive in the Land of South Morning but are separated, remember one thing, we are Fated Kin!

"We are no longer Shamans! We will gather in South Morning's Sky River Mountain. If Sky River Mountain is no longer there, I will still wait around the area for all of you!

"Let us Fated Kin shout our names in the Land of South Morning! Remember this, Sky River Mountain! Remember this, the person we worship is respected senior Mo!" Nan Gong Hen shouted at the top of his voice. It reverberated in the air and shot into the ears of all the Fated Kin, turning into determination and resolution in their eyes.

"Everyone, let us... meet in South Morning!" Su Ming's body floated up, and he wrapped his fist in his palm towards the Fated Kin in the now vertical tunnel.

"We Fated Kin will forever worship you, respected senior Mo! We... will meet in South Morning!" Their voices reverberated in the air, and one by one, they charged forward towards the Relocation Rune. Once they stepped inside, they instantly vanished.

The tunnel trembled even more viciously, and one of the spots in the distance had even started showing signs of collapse. The Fated Kin charged forward, and almost every single one of them would stop for a moment as they went past Su Ming. They would then call out to him as respected senior Mo, wrap their fists in their palms to salute him, and only then step into the Rune.

The voices calling him by his title showed their resolution. Perhaps this was no longer a title to them, but had truly become a symbol in their hearts. It was also a show of their disappointment towards the Shamans after fifteen years of waiting without any results.

Once they referred to Su Ming as 'respected senior Mo', all of this

would turn into eternity and into the fiery ardor of the Fated Kin. The shouts of meeting up in South Morning were not a mere casual remark, but were shouts coming straight from the depths of their hearts.

After some time, when all of the Fated Kin besides Nan Gong Hen had bade their farewells and disappeared into the Rune, he turned his gaze towards Su Ming. He silently wrapped his fist in his palm towards him, then looked as if he wanted to say something, but chose to not do so in the end. Instead, he turned around and walked into the Relocation Rune. As the Rune flashed and his body was about to disappear, he suddenly turned to look at Su Ming.

"The words of the Fated Kin are not just a casual remark, and neither are my words thrown out offhandedly. Even if the world outside has experienced drastic changes, we will never forget the kindness you've bestowed upon us, respected senior Mo! We will worship you, and so will our children, and our children's children. We will worship you for all eternity!" Nan Gong Hen's words echoed in the air, and his body disappeared inside the Rune.

The Rune was still in operation. Su Ming stood in the tunnel. The tremors around him grew more intense. He looked at the Rune, and suddenly turned around. He did not step into the Rune, but instead walked back on the path he took to come to this place.

If he left just like this, he would be leaving with regrets. If he left just like this, he would have far too many unanswered questions!

The old Spirit of Nine Yin once mentioned that if Su Ming was brave enough and could last till the end, then at the risk of never being able to leave this place, he would be able to see the world as it truly was!

Su Ming had kept those words in mind, and he wanted to see it!

Also, besides the shock that had come when he saw the things in the right path, for some unknown reason, he had also felt a sense of familiarity from it...

The sense of familiarity was very vague. If he paid attention and tried searching for it, it would be difficult for him to find it. He would only have that sense of déjà vu when he was not paying any sort of attention to it.

This sort of feeling had appeared for an instant when he had used his divine sense to investigate the tunnel to his right.

He did not know what this sort of feeling was, neither did he know whether there were other people in the world who would have this sense of déjà vu when they arrived in a place by pure coincidence, or when they saw something by pure coincidence, or after they did something by pure coincidence.

Su Ming charged forth and went through the tunnel in the span of a breath. He shot past several stretches of roads that had collapsed and arrived at the fork. Then, without hesitating, he charged towards the tunnel to his right.

At that moment, the tunnel to the right had also stood up vertically. As if he was running up a path on a stone pillar, Su Ming shot upwards. The runic symbols on the path were shining brightly and were no longer flickering. More cracks appeared all around him, and strong rays of light shone through those cracks.

At the end of this tunnel was the edge of the empty expanse of land Su Ming had discovered previously with his divine sense. More cracks tore through the walls, and one of them was even as large as a fist.

The instant Su Ming stepped into the empty expanse of land, he first swept his gaze across that crack, and he saw... a dense layer of fog that was shining with brilliant light!

There were also waves of cold air gushing out of that crack along with that ray of strong light.

The tunnel shuddered violently once again when he looked towards it. Piercing whistles came from the area outside, and as

the tunnel shook, Su Ming had the impression as if the bronze sky where the tunnel was and where he stood within was now spinning rapidly.

His breathing froze and he stepped into the empty expanse of land. Then, he saw all that his divine sense had seen previously!

Chapter 504: The Baby and the One Glance!

That place was a gigantic empty expanse of land, and there was an exit in the distance, leading to a tunnel that would stretch down even further.

There were nearly a hundred bubbles floating in midair in that empty expanse of land. Most of the bubbles had already burst, but they did not disappear. Instead, they existed around the area like egg shells. They might have burst, but the entirety of the bubble was still there.

As Su Ming looked at the bubbles, he walked past them slowly in silence until a complete bubble appeared before him. That bubble was thirty feet tall, and it floated in midair without moving.

In there... was a middle-aged man with scales growing on his chest. His eyes were shut, and there was a bloody hole at the center of his brows. It was the wound that had brought about his demise.

This was a corpse, a corpse that had died for an unknown number of years and had been preserved for an unknown amount of time...

Su Ming looked at the bubble before him, then walked past it, and he saw another complete bubble. There was another corpse contained within it. This one was a woman. She had black wings on her back and possessed breathtaking beauty. She looked to be at peace. On her body was a ferocious face of a malicious spirit formed by veins. Perhaps that was the cause of her death.

There were nearly a hundred bubbles in the place, but only eight were completely undamaged, and all of them contained a corpse inside...

"Under the orders of the Spirits of Nine Yin, we left the True Sacred Yin World and headed to the other three True Worlds in search for corpses that belonged to powerful warriors..." The old

Spirit of Nine Yin's words echoed in Su Ming's head at that moment.

He walked through the empty expanse of land, then charged down the entrance of the tunnel located at the end of this place. After a moment, as the tunnel continued trembling, another empty expanse of land appeared before him.

There were less than fifty bubbles in this place. Four of them were in perfect condition, and the rest had all burst.

Su Ming continued walking downwards and went through multiple empty expanses of land like those before. He had already come to understand the structure of this place. This tunnel was like a tube, and there were several bumps in this tube. An empty expanse of land could be found at all these bumps.

In the seventh empty expanse of land, Su Ming saw a gigantic bubble floating in the middle. This bubble might have already burst, but when Su Ming looked at it, he could sense a feeling of endlessness coming from it. Perhaps this was just a figment of his imagination, but perhaps this bubble itself could be a dimension of its own.

His body shuddered slightly as he stood by the edge of the bubble. He sensed the presence of a Candle Dragon.

"We were tasked to search for powerful corpses in the universe..." The old man's voice rang once again in Su Ming's head. He looked at the huge bubble before him and came to an understanding.

"This bubble was originally prepared for the Candle Dragon's carcass... because of the damage to the Enchanted Vessel, many of these bubbles had burst..." Su Ming mumbled. He looked around him, and the sense of familiarity rose within him once again.

He charged forward silently once more and arrived at the eighth empty expanse of land. Over there, he saw three bubbles!

These three bubbles were incredibly large, but all of them had

already burst. It was unknown what was contained within them in the past.

When Su Ming arrived at the ninth empty expanse of land, he found himself... at the final part of the tunnel. There were no longer any entrances leading to another tunnel around him anymore. This place was the end.

There was only one air bubble here...

It was the smallest of all the bubbles Su Ming had seen in all the empty expanses of land he had passed through!

It was only about the size of an arm's length, and if there was any sort of corpse contained within, that corpse could only possibly be... of an infant!

It was a pity, because the bubble had already burst. It was empty inside, and the remains of the bubble were floating silently in that huge and empty expanse of land, still and unmoving.

When Su Ming saw this bubble, he was stunned. He forgot everything, and even if the land trembled so hard it was about to collapse, he still did not care about it. His whole existence and his gaze were focused solely on that small bubble.

For some unknown reason, tears trickled down from his eyes. He slowly walked up to the bubble, lifted his right hand, and gently touched it. After a long while, he moved his head upwards, cast a deep look at the bubble, then turned around and headed back through the path he had taken to come here.

There was no hint of reluctance to leave this place nor a single pause in his footsteps, only his forlorn back view betrayed his firm resolution, and an air of loneliness and sorrow. In the blink of an eye, he disappeared into the tunnel, leaving behind that bubble to continue staying in this place, after having been kept here for who knows how long...

Su Ming had tried breaking the undamaged bubbles before, but

with his current level of cultivation, he could not even cause a tear in them. As he left, he no longer looked at those bubbles. As he charged forth, the tunnel finally started breaking down.

The tunnel collapsed behind him and buried the spaces within, along with everything in them.

The path before Su Ming continued breaking down, forcing him to increase his speed. When he arrived at the fork, roars traveled forth from the path in the middle as it was collapsing. There was a hint of madness in those roars.

As those sounds reverberated in the air, more signs of destruction appeared in the tunnel to the right. Then, with a loud boom, it completely collapsed. The endless fog in the world outside started moving backwards swiftly, causing it to be impossible to discern whether it was the fog or the bronze sky that was moving.

Yet at the instant that tunnel collapsed, a figure charged out. Su Ming did not stop. Even when he heard the roar from the tunnel in the middle, he did not cast even a single glance at it. He simply shot forth to the tunnel with the Relocation Rune.

Signs of collapse were obvious in many areas. Once Su Ming left, the tunnel in the middle completely collapsed and disappeared. Thick fog could be seen rolling from within. The destruction spread out, causing a large part of the tunnel to the left to also collapse and disappear.

This disappearance of the tunnel made it seem as if the World of Nine Yin was vanishing. It was like there was an eerie, invisible mouth that was devouring the tunnel nonstop. Su Ming charged forward, and after a moment, he came to a halt. The tunnel before him had collapsed, blocking off his path to the Relocation Rune with the fog.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He only paused for a brief moment before he strode forth quickly, making it seem like he had stepped into the fog. A powerful suction force pulled his body

inside, and a cold wave of air also closed in on him, as if it wanted to drag him into the darkness of the fog.

Golden light shone around Su Ming's entire body, and banging sounds echoed within it. At the instant the suction force came sweeping towards him, he turned into a long arc and shot forward as the tunnel collapsed before him.

Once Su Ming went through that collapsing tunnel, his breathing became labored and his face was pale, but he did not stop. He continued charging forward, eventually reaching the Relocation Rune as the area continued breaking down!

There were now more cracks in this place, causing the Rune to seem as if it was about to be torn apart and destroyed. The light on the Rune had become much duller. Once the light was extinguished, the Rune would cease operations, and even if Su Ming wanted to leave by then, it would be impossible!

If he stepped onto the Rune right at that moment, he could still be relocated, but he remained standing at its edge. There was firm decisiveness in his eyes, and he did not step inside!

He turned around and looked at the tunnel before him. It was now completely destroyed. He watched the rolling fog before his eyes and abruptly spread his divine sense outward. This was a complete burst of his Nascent Divinity's power. He wanted to let himself see everything during that instant.

When he spread his divine sense outward, he saw endless fog. Shrill roars were coming from inside it. Besides these things, he saw or heard nothing else.

However, he could sense that the spot where he stood was moving rapidly and shooting through the fog.

After a moment, everything beside the Rune beside Su Ming broke down, and he immediately detected that the large layer of fog within his divine sense was tumbling about intensely. He saw

the fog turn into a gigantic vortex, and then a powerful ray of light shoot through the center of that vortex. Right after, an ancient shuttle-shaped bronze sword that shone with a bronze light and was so large that its end could not be seen emerged from that ray of light!

With an indescribable speed, that sword seemed to be struggling to break free of the vortex made of thick fog. Light sparkled brilliantly on its body, and gradually, it flew out of the fog with a bang!

The instant it flew out, a black claw of fog shot out to grab that sword, but it did not manage to catch it. The ancient, shuttle-shaped, gigantic, bronze sword broke free of the vortex with its charge!

It was also right at that moment that Su Ming could clearly feel where he was. He was within the ancient bronze sword that had shot out of the fog, and this sword was clearly the Enchanted Vessel of the Sacred Yin World that could move through True Worlds!

The Relocation Rune behind Su Ming turned even duller as if all the power that was supporting its operations was being absorbed by the ancient gigantic bronze sword.

"Wait a little longer... just a little longer..." Su Ming mumbled. His eyes were blood-red. He had spread his divine sense to cover a large area, and he could see the ancient gigantic bronze sword. He also saw the entirety of the vortex in the fog as the sword continued flying into the distance!

This was a wide expanse of a galaxy, and in a spot of that galaxy was a vortex of fog rotating endlessly. As it rotated and as the ancient bronze sword left into the distance, the rotations in the fog gradually disappeared, just like how a black hole would slowly close up after a time of being open.

At the same time, Su Ming's face slowly started changing. A

dense aura of death emerged from inside and outside his body. It was as if that aura of death had always existed in him, but Su Ming had never been able to see or sense it in the past.

Su Ming shuddered, but he ignored that aura of death, because he saw it. The vast galaxy, the brilliant stars, and the long arcs that could be seen among the stars. Those long arcs were clearly people. They wore gorgeous clothes, and at that moment, they came to a halt. Their faces could not be seen, but their hearts had to be filled with shock and amazement once they saw the ancient gigantic bronze sword.

Su Ming saw the galaxy, saw the round planets, and also the continents that floated in the galaxy...

"So... this is how it is..." Su Ming mumbled. His body became weaker, as if this was a place off limits to all forms of life, and was not a place that he could come at the moment. He staggered backwards, and as the light in the Rune disappeared, he stepped inside.

"You don't belong to this place... I will send you back to where you belong... But I believe that someday, you will be able to walk out from the other side of the mirror with your own strength..." The voice of the old Spirit of Nine Yin reverberated in the air, bringing with it words of parting.

Su Ming's body gradually disappeared, but the instant he completely vanished, he suddenly asked this question.

"You were tasked to search for corpses in the past. Did you... find a dead baby?"

"Hmm? You..." Shock suddenly seeped into the old Spirit of Nine Yin's voice, and as if he had remembered something, his remaining words turned into a sharp inhale caused by shock.

Before Su Ming disappeared, a brilliant light shone in his eyes.

"True Sacred Yin World... Spirits of Nine Yin, I will come find

you..."

Chapter 505: Return

The Land of South Morning in front of Sky Mist City was visited by tumbling clouds, bolts of lightning cracking through the air, and rain pouring down from the sky. The appearance of the rain came very strangely. It started several months ago, and had never stopped ever since.

Everything in the world looked indistinct in the rain, causing the people to be unable to see too far into the distance. As rain poured down, a humid scent of the sea filled the entire region.

The magnificent Sky Mist City in the past had turned dead silent. Not a single sound could be heard coming from within, but if anyone took a closer look, they would be able to find that it was slightly different from the past. The walls on the mountain ranges had become much taller, and if anyone lifted their heads to look from under the city walls, they would be able to feel this clearly.

If they looked around, they would see that there was not a single living soul that could be seen on the land of the Shamans, which laid outside Sky Mist City. If anyone looked down to survey the entire South Morning from the highest point in the sky, they would find that raging waves that surged into the sky and vast amounts of rumbling seawater were continuously flooding the land from the edge of the land of the Shamans. The area that was submerged was already boundless, and by the looks of, it would not be long before the water reached Sky Mist City!

Behind the flooded land was a gigantic continent, mostly hidden by the rain pouring down on the Dead Sea. It was coming closer with the seawater. It looked as if it was traveling forth slowly, but in truth, if anyone went closer to the continent, they would find out that the continent was actually moving at an extreme speed.

That dark continent was naturally, the Eastern Wastelands. As it got closer, violent gusts of wind howled in the air, sweeping up the

seawater to roar with them. The sounds filled the land of the Shamans and submerged the mountains located at the edge of South Morning, turning large amounts of flatland into an endless expanse of sea.

The Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands was unfolding at an intense pace. Before long, when the Eastern Wastelands crashed into South Morning, this catastrophe would unfold completely on the people in the Land of South Morning. The mountains would crumble and the earth would shatter. The whole land would change. Even those with great power of cultivation would find it hard to fight against this disaster.

No one would be able to predict just how many people in the Land of South Morning would be left behind after the disaster was over...

All factions of power were thrown off balance. It did not matter whether it was the Berserkers or the Shamans, when these factions of power collapsed, everything would descend into chaos due to the absence of law, clans, and big tribes!

Chaos would begin after the catastrophe, and it would mark the age of powerful warriors rising up to rule...

There were eight people charging forward at the edge of the land of the Shamans, near the waves that surged into the sky. Among these eight were three women, and the rest were men. The elderly heads were filled with white, and the young were about eighteen or nineteen years old. The eight of them might have come from different tribes, but once they gathered together, all of them cared about the same thing...

Escape!

They were escaping, running away desperately. There were no powerful warriors chasing after them, but their faces were filled with agony and fear.

There might be no powerful warriors after their lives, but there were endless roars coming from the seawater and the surging waves, as well as low growls from the infinite amounts of powerful life forms within the black Dead Sea.

One thousand li behind them was a mountain. At that moment, that mountain collapsed with a bang. The reason for its destruction was a huge wave sweeping forth and crashing into it. As it shattered, the crushed stones as well as the mountain itself were all submerged by the seawater charging forward, turning into a part of this infinite expanse of sea.

As the clouds tumbled about in the sky and rain poured from the sky, birds could be seen closely packed to each other up in the air. These birds came from the Dead Sea. They were born in the Dead Sea and lived out their lives in the sky. If they had strength, they would return to the Dead Sea near the time of their deaths.

They formed teams, and they were so numerous their numbers could not be counted. It was impossible to count them as they flew in the sky. It was as if they had covered the entire heaven, and wherever they went to, not a single drop of rain would fall on the ground!

These birds completely ignored the ground and all the creatures in the sea. However, they were extremely aggressive towards all life forms in the air that were not of the same species as they were. Once they ran into other types of birds, they would group together and fight these birds to the death!

However, there seemed to be no end to their numbers. Even if many of them died, there would still be a large amount of them rushing out of the sea!

This area was merely a part of the gigantic sea. As of then, areas as dangerous as this were scattered everywhere at the edge of the land of the Shamans in South Morning.

"We can't fly, onto to move as quickly as we can on the ground..."

but... how are we supposed to move faster than the Dead Sea behind us?!" a middle-aged man among the eight people charging across the land cried out in anguish.

"Even if we can't outrun it, we have to try, as long as we reach Lasting Hoop Mountain, we will have a chance at survival!"

"Lasting Hoop Mountain is the closest rescue station to our current location. There is a short distance Relocation Rune in that mountain that will transport us to all other locations in the land of the Shamans. As long as the seawater hasn't flooded the mountain, we can use that Rune and leave this place, and only like that can we buy the time to leave the land of the Shamans for good!" The person who spoke was a woman among the eight people. Her face was pale as she spoke hastily.

"What's the point of leaving the land of the Shamans? My tribe is dissolved, and my remaining tribe members are scattered. Even if I go to the land of the Berserkers, I might never meet them again in my life..." There was a teenager who was about eighteen to nineteen years old in the group. He had remained silent till this point, and right then, he spoke with a bitter smile.

As the people conversed, a muffled boom traveled forth abruptly from behind them. The appearance of that sound immediately caused the expressions of the eight people to drastically change. All of them stopped speaking, choosing instead to grit their teeth and increase their speed.

At that moment, the sea was surging into the sky with a howl hundreds of li behind them. The waves rose high in the air, as if there was a powerful force pushing them from behind, and all the places they passed through would turn into a part of the sea.

There was a gigantic head popping its head up to reveal its eyes on the surface of the sea, and those eyes were coldly staring at the eight people hundreds of li away. The mercilessness and aloofness in those eyes sent chills running down the eight people's spines,

even though not one person turned their head back.

"Dead Sea Giant!"

The eight people who were running away felt their hearts tremble. As they charged forward, the seawater behind them rushed towards them even more quickly. The head on the surface of the sea sank down slowly. It might have seemed to disappear, but soon, a hundred li away, right on the surface of the sea that was much closer to these eight people, the head emerged.

The spread of the seawater caused the sea to edge closer and closer to the eight people. It had been hundreds of li away previously, but after a while, the sea became only a hundred li away. The roars and the smell of the ocean made it seem as if the sea was right beside those eight people.

The instant another wave surged into the sky and fell down, causing the sea to spread even faster, the woman who mentioned Lasting Hoop Mountain previously gritted her teeth and leaped up, choosing to no longer remain at low altitude. Instead, once she flew up to midair, she coughed out a mouthful of blood, and her body immediately turned into blood fog that allowed her to charge into the distance.

In the midst of hesitation, the remaining seven people started doing the same. They turned into seven long arcs and charged through the sky. About hundreds of li away from them was a mountain towering into the sky.

That mountain was part of a mountain range, and as the mountains connected together, they formed a hoop. The top of the mountains were not sharp either, but were instead flat like platforms, and anyone who looked at either of the mountains would find that they were in the shape of a hoop as well. The front one was the Lasting Hoop Mountain the group had mentioned!

The eight people in the sky no longer cared about staying together. Each of them charged forth with their fastest speed

towards the mountain. Yet almost the moment they flew up, numerous birds shot towards them with a sharp whistle and closed in on them from all directions.

The birds' speed far surpassed that of the escapees, and they looked as if they had turned into a huge hand sweeping past the air and charging straight towards the eight. Almost the instant these birds closed in, the eight activated their divine abilities. Rays of light of various colors flashed, and as rumbling sounds roared in the air, four among the eight broke out of the birds' circle, but the remaining four would forever remain among the bird mob. As shrill screams of pain rang in the air, they were ripped apart, and their torn remains sank into the numerous birds' stomachs.

The four people who had done everything they could to eventually charge out heard their companions' screams of pain. Their faces turned even paler, and in terror, they did not stop for even a single moment. They charged straight towards the mountain. They were not far away from the mountain to begin with, and soon were less than thousands of feet away from the mountain. At that moment, the seawater beneath them was less than ten thousand feet away!

At that moment, more birds charged forth once again. Soon, one from the surviving four was surrounded by the birds, unable to break free. When he died among the birds, the remaining three finally managed to land on the mountain.

The three of them were two men and one woman. The woman was the one who had previously mentioned Lasting Hoop Mountain. As for the two men, one of them was a middle-aged man, and the other an old man.

"I know how to activate this Rune, defend me!" The woman immediately took a few brisk steps forward and stepped into an area where a Rune was carved onto the ground at the top of the mountain.

Just as she was fiddling with the Rune, trying to activate it, the seawater closed in on the foot of the mountain. It crashed into the mountain with a bang, and all those standing at the top of the mountain could see that everything below an area less than a hundred something feet beneath them turned into part of the endless surface of the sea.

The mountain trembled and cracks tore through its walls, as if it could not withstand the sea ramming into it and was about to crumble. At that moment, that gigantic head popped out of the surface of the sea next to the mountain. As the sea charged forth, a huge black hand shot out from the depths of the sea to grab the three people on the mountain.

From the distance, it was as if there was a giant in the sea that was lifting his hand to destroy everything.

The woman was not affected, but shock appeared on the faces of the old man and the middle-aged man as their hearts were shaken to the core. The old man immediately took a step towards the middle-aged man and lifted his right hand to push the other towards the hand that was coming to seize them to dodge the disaster that was coming towards him. But just as he was about to do this, the middle-aged man took a step to the side, then lifted his right hand to seize the old man, thinking about doing the same thing to him as well.

The instant they started plotting against each other, a sinister sneer appeared on the woman's lips as she stood in the Rune. Bright light suddenly burst forth from under her feet, and a propelling force blasted outward. It pushed both the old man and the middle-aged man off the mountain, straight towards the giant hand that came to seize them.

"You bitch! You..." The expressions of the old man and the middle-aged man changed drastically, but before they managed to say anything, their words turned into screams of pain. They were seized by the palm and crushed, turning into minced meat.

The hand then charged straight towards the Rune in the mountain while still in the form of a fist.

"Thank you, the both of you."

The woman smiled coldly. The Rune was already operating, and her body was disappearing quickly, but right at the instant her body vanished, she suddenly reappeared, and the cold sneer on her lips turned into a gasp of shock. She turned around swiftly, and the first thing she saw was another person appearing beside her as the Rune continued with its operations!

It was a person dressed in white with a full head of black hair framing a pale and downcast face. It... was Su Ming!

Chapter 506: Spread of the Dead Sea

Dense and thick waves of aura of death were contained in Su Ming's body right at that moment. That aura came from the World of Nine Yin, from when he persevered and finished watching the ancient bronze sword leaving. He saw the world outside the mirror, saw the spherical balls in the galaxy, along with the numerous continents floating there, and during that moment, because his body could not get used to the world out there, he had gradually began to rot, and dense waves of aura of death spread out from all over his body.

Perhaps this aura of death had always existed in his body, but had only revealed itself when he had been in the world out there.

Even after Su Ming was relocated, some of that aura of death still remained on him!

In the woman's eyes, Su Ming was like a half-dead person. He did not give off waves of ripples indicating incredibly strong power. Because of that, malice appeared in her eyes. By her plans, she should have already activated that Rune and left this place.

She should have already appeared in a place that was much further from here. Yet as the Rune spurred into action, this half-dead person sprung up for some unknown reason. This not only filled the woman with malice, it also made her hate him.

Yet due to her calculative nature, when she looked at Su Ming, she did not even bother about the fist of the Dead Sea Giant charging towards her from midair. Instead, she put on a frightened and delicate front, and an imploring gaze appeared in her eyes as well. She opened her mouth as if she wanted to say something, but her hand acted in a completely different manner from the expression on her face.

Her hand flew up rapidly to grab Su Ming, who still had a dispirited look on his face, and yanked him forward, wanting to

throw him towards that fist. Then, using that chance, she would activate the Rune once again.

In her mind, this person was clearly half-dead due to the aura of death surrounding him. She was already a late stage Medial Shaman, so there was no way anything unexpected would happen. Besides, she had also put up a disguise with her expression which worked well to deceive others.

However, she did not expect that the instant she grabbed Su Ming's arm, she did not even manage to make him budge an inch, despite using her full strength to try and throw him out.

This left her stunned. Right then, Su Ming lifted his head, and without even looking at the woman, he took a step forward. The woman instinctively loosened her grip on his arm and watched him walk out of the Rune. She looked at him lifting his head and training his gaze towards the fist of the Dead Sea Giant falling down on them as the sea roared.

"Get lost!"

Su Ming's expression was as dark as thunderclouds. The scene in the ancient bronze sword had left him incredibly dejected. The numerous discoveries made him unable to calm down, and right when he had just returned to the Land of South Morning and walked out of the Rune, he saw a stupid woman and a fist from a giant in the sea hurling towards him.

Almost the moment Su Ming spoke, the Dead Sea Giant's fist came with loud banging sounds rumbling in the sky. Killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes. His mood was horrible at that moment, which was why he chose to lift his right hand without furling it into a fist. Instead, he had his palm facing upwards and pushing against the sky as if to support it. Immediately, his palm clashed against the punch coming towards him.

A loud bang reverberated in the air. Su Ming stood there unmoving, but the Dead Sea Giant's huge fist, which had been

pushed upwards, started vibrating viciously. Soon, its flesh was torn apart. The sea giant that had revealed half of his head from the sea let out a pained howl.

This scene caused the woman behind Su Ming to widen her eyes in disbelief. Her breathing instantly froze, and her mind turned blank.

The Dead Sea Giant completely revealed his head on the surface of the sea. Just as he was about to lift up his right hand, Su Ming smiled coldly and seized the sea giant's fist with his lifted right hand. He dug his fingers into the giant's fist, causing him to be unable to retrieve his hand, and at that instant, he swiftly flung his right hand outwards!

The sea roared, and a giant that was one thousand feet tall was dragged out of the sea. His body was thrown into the air in the shape of an arc. Right then, Su Ming let go of his right hand, and immediately, the giant was flung out like a kite in the wind with a broken string. However, almost the instant he was thrown out, Su Ming took a step forward and leaped into the air, catching up with him. He then jabbed the center of the giant's brows with his right index finger.

Booming sounds reverberated in the air, and the sea giant's head exploded. His body fell with a huge splash in the distant sea. Then, after a few spasms, his body gradually sank to the bottom of the sea.

The woman in the Rune in the mountain was trembling at that moment. Her gaze as she looked at Su Ming was filled with shock and fear. She knew that these Dead Sea Giants were incredibly powerful, and each of them had power that was equivalent to a Latter Shaman. They also had natural advantage when they were in the seawater. Power equivalent to a middle stage Latter Shaman was usually required to kill one single sea giant.

She had also seen her Patriarch, who was a middle stage Latter

Shaman, attack a Dead Sea Giant. While he had managed to kill him, he had spent nearly an hour doing so, but now... this white-robed young man before her had practically just ran into the giant, and had managed to kill him with just one move, executed smoothly and cleanly. It was clear, he was far much stronger than her Patriarch!

"Senior..." The woman was just about to speak, but her words died in her throat, because she saw Su Ming casting a cold glance at her from midair. With just that one glance, a bang went off in the woman's head, and her thoughts instantly became muddled.

When her mind cleared up once again, she could no longer see Su Ming. All she could see was a huge wave that surged into the sky, and as it charged forward, it moved towards her. Before she even had time to activate the Rune beneath her again, it broke down with the contact of the huge wave, and both woman and Rune were swept into the Dead Sea and drowned...

Su Ming walked in midair and looked at the seawater beneath him, then at the raging waves surging into the sky, along with the huge heads emerging on the surface of the sea, as well as the numerous strange, ferocious beasts that popped up from the sea.

Everything was different from what he remembered.

The Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands was unfolding rapidly, and even though the final stage of the disaster was not on their heads as of yet, it was already not too far away.

"The Fire Ape..." Su Ming's pupils shrank. He remembered the Fire Ape, as well as his cave abode and the medicinal cauldron he had kept there!

Sharp whistling sounds traveled forth from all around Su Ming as he stood in midair. A large amount of birds closed in on him from all directions. Brutality and bloodthirstiness shone in their eyes, and they were getting closer to Su Ming.

‘When the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands comes, even the land of the Berserkers will experience a great disaster. Everyone’s in danger during that disaster, and it’ll be as if the apocalypse had been unleashed on us... Now is not the time for me to return to the Berserkers. I can only go back when the disaster is over...

‘Besides, I do have a place to hide from this disaster.’

A glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. More birds gathered around him and closed in on him in an instant, but right at the moment they closed in, Su Ming waved his arm, and the Poison Corpse appeared before him.

Ruthlessness shone in the Poison Corpse’s eyes. He opened his mouth and breathed out a layer of black and green poison fog. That fog spread out swiftly, and right at the instant the incoming birds came into contact with it, they let out piercing screeches and began rapidly melting, turning into drops of poisonous liquid that fell into the sea.

Su Ming frowned and observed the area around him. The sea was rolling under him, causing him to be unable to discern his exact location, which made it difficult for him to search for his cave abode.

He did not bother about the birds around him dying, neither did he bother himself with the Poison Corpse killing those birds. As he fell into a pensive silence, he spread his divine sense outward, covering the entire region. However, most of what he saw in his divine sense was seawater. Even if he did managed to find land that was submerged further down, he did not find any of the more distinct mountain ranges.

Su Ming widened his eyes. In silence, the image of the mountain where the woman was just moments ago appeared in his head.

A flicker of light shone in his eyes, then he lifted his right hand and patted his storage bag. Immediately, a wooden slip appeared in

his hand. This was the map of the land of the Shamans. Once he focused his attention and looked through it, he found a mountain range that looked like a hoop. After a brief moment of analysis, he put away the wooden slip and charged into the distance.

The Poison Corpse followed behind him while puffing out poison fog in delight, causing the long arc that was Su Ming to look as if he was surrounded by a layer of black and green fog. Wherever he went, the numerous birds in the sky that touched the fog would immediately turn into poison liquid.

After flying for about the time taken to burn an incense stick above the endless sea, Su Ming spread his divine sense outwards. Everything within thousands of li was ocean. There were also many ferocious beasts in the sea who seemed to have noticed his divine sense and whipped their heads around to look in his direction, especially the giants in the sea. They started to let out low roars.

In fact, Su Ming gradually noticed that some of the birds flying towards him in midair did not immediately melt after they came into contact with the poison fog like the others usually did. Instead, they would manage to rush out and travel some distance away before they gradually started melting.

This discovery made Su Ming's eyes sparkle. As he observed them, he slowly found that there was no end to these birds. No matter how many of them died, more would continuously fly out of the sea, and these birds that flew out of the sea had clearly started building a resistance towards the poison fog!

If that was the case, then before long, the Poison Corpse's poison fog would be incredibly weak to them!

'No wonder...' Su Ming waved his arm and put away his Poison Corpse, then lifted his right hand and swung it forward. Immediately, green light shone. The small virescent sword instantly appeared and grew larger before it started circling Su

Ming.

With the small sword around, when a large amount of birds closed in on Su Ming as he traveled forth once again, green light would shine, and the sword would rotate around him with a whistle.

However, there were simply too many of these birds, and Su Ming could not kill all of them. The only thing he could do was warp. Once he attracted a large number of birds, he would warp and leave the spot in an instant.

After several hours, Su Ming came to an abrupt halt in midair, and a serious look appeared on his face. With his divine sense, he saw a vortex on the surface of the sea thousands of li away. A presence that sent alarm bells ringing in Su Ming's head spread out from that vortex.

He could sense that the presence had already surpassed that of an End Shaman!!

A gleam flashed in Su Ming's eyes, and he disappeared in an instant, avoiding that vortex by putting a large distance between them, then continued towards the spot where his cave abode was.

Several days later, in the land that originally belonged to the Shamans but had now turned into a part of the sea, a long arc could be seen charging through. There was a large flock of birds chasing behind it, and leading that flock of birds was a peacock-like bird that shone with a five-colored light!

Its eyes were aloof, and the bird itself was about several thousands of feet big. It was chasing after Su Ming relentlessly, following right on his heels!

A few days later, from the surface of the sea, huge tentacles started throwing themselves up from the depths of the sea with roaring sounds reverberated in the air. Wherever these tentacles passed through, cracks would tear through the air, and all of them

charged towards Su Ming as he traveled in the sky...

‘The Eastern Wastelands hasn’t crashed into us yet, but these powerful existences from the Dead Sea are already such a pain to deal with...’

With a flash, Su Ming disappeared into thin air.

Chapter 507: Seven Colors...

There was a large flock of birds circling about in the air in an area of about one thousand li above the surface of the sea, and that area was where Su Ming had charged through previously. These birds looked slightly different from the ones Su Ming had encountered. They had three claws and were slightly bigger. Every single one of them was about five feet.

"Wa... Wa wa!"

Cries that sounded like those from infants echoed in the air. This was a unique sound that belonged solely to these birds. There were six Shamans who were surrounded by these birds, and all their faces were pale as they resisted madly against them.

However, the person with the highest level of cultivation among these six people was merely a Medial Shaman who had arrived at the peak of the stage.

It was difficult for the group to last long under the joint attack from these numerous birds. As the birds cried out and joined in the attack, the six gradually turned into five, and after a moment, there were only two left.

One of them was a boy whose face was deathly pale from terror. He looked to be about fifteen or sixteen, and he was incredibly handsome. The other person was a middle-aged woman. She was of average looks, but as she attacked, she would always protect the boy. By the looks of it, they seemed to be mother and son, but there was nothing similar about them in terms of their looks.

But before long, the woman's head was captured by a bird and she was dragged into the flock. As shrill screams of pain rang in the air, she was reduced to torn pieces of flesh.

"Honey!" The boy let out a cry of sorrow. Tears welled up in his eyes, and grief filled his face.

"You are my thirty-ninth wife, and now you have left me as well. How am I to survive without you..?" The boy's sorrow seemed to have reached its peak, and with bloodshot eyes, he roared towards the ruthless birds that lunged at him.

"Damn you all! We're the same kind! How could you be so rude?! I... I'm angry now!"

When the boy saw that the birds were drawing closer, he gritted his teeth and turned into a black fog with a bang. The sudden change caused the birds around him to freeze for a moment, and the instant they froze, the black fog immediately gathered up to turn... into a black crane!

The crane howled, then flapped its wings and flew a few rounds before these birds, as if it was telling these birds that it also had wings...

"Do you see? Do you see now? I'm also a bird, we're family..."

The brutal birds around the area just froze for a moment from the boy's sudden change before lunging at him without any hesitation, causing the black crane to immediately widen its eyes, great sorrow shining within them.

"You... You're all bullies!"

A bang came from within the black crane's body once again, and it turned into fog once more. Yet soon, that fog gathered together, and what appeared before those birds was a bird that was the exact same as them in appearance - a bird with three claws. Their kin.

This transformation left all the birds stunned. With their low level intelligence, they could not discern what was happening before them, and uncertainty could be seen flashing in their brutal eyes, making the black crane that had transformed into one of them to be extremely nervous.

"Wa... wa wa... wa wa wa..." In its nervousness, the black crane hastily opened its mouth and imitated these birds' cry, quickly

throwing out some sounds.

Perhaps these few unique sounds brought about an effect, or perhaps it was due to the sudden appearance of a long arc in the distance that drew the birds' attention, but once the black crane let out those sounds, the birds in the area immediately turned their heads around. As the arc charged forward, those birds rushed towards it while crying out with those shrill baby wails of theirs.

The black crane that had transformed into one of them originally wanted to leave, but the birds crowded around it, and it did not dare to leave alone, attracting attention to itself. That was why it decided to grit its teeth and charge towards the long arc with the birds.

As it flew, it heard the other birds letting out those piercing caws, and without any hesitation, it started cawing at the top of its lungs as well.

"Wa... wa wa... wa wa wa... wa wa wa wa..."

As the black crane continued cawing, it started feeling that the sounds were tumbling out of its mouth rather smoothly. When it remembered that it had escaped with its feathers intact because of this caw, the crane felt pleased with itself and started cawing even louder. Soon, the crane's voice stood out from the crowd's incredibly distinctly.

Su Ming had turned into a long arc moving through the air quickly, occasionally warping to avoid the dangers in the area as well as the pursuits he could not shake off. He also had in-depth experience with powerful existences in the air. It had just been a few days since he came back, and he already ran into several of them.

If his divine sense had not been powerful enough and he did not know how to warp, then it would have been difficult for him to avoid these creatures.

He continued rushing, and before long, something caught his attention. He saw a flock of birds he had never seen before right in front of him, and they were charging towards him with loud screeching. These birds were much larger than the ones he had seen before, and they were also much faster than the others.

They had also spread out to block his path. In just an instant, they filled the entire area and closed in on him. With an aloof expression, Su Ming continued onward without pause and charged straight towards those birds.

The moment both sides approached each other, green light immediately shone beside Su Ming, and wherever it went, the birds that happened to be in its path would be pierced through as they screeched shrilly. Su Ming's attacks were decisive and clean. Not a single bit of uncertainty could be found in his actions. By the looks of it, he wanted to force his way through, killing his way out of the bird mob.

Su Ming had done this multiple times over the past few days. He didn't need to kill all of them, just open up a gap and move through. That in itself was already enough for him to shake off all the birds and put a large distance between them. Unless he ran into the five-colored peacock from three days ago, then everything would be just fine.

Su Ming still felt fear pounding in his heart when he thought of that peacock. That bird's strength lay in its five-colored light. It actually possessed a power that could confuse minds!

As Su Ming moved forward, he lifted his right index finger, and each time his finger pointed in a direction, one of the birds would disintegrate and die. In about the span of ten breaths, Su Ming had already made his way into the deep parts of the flock of birds. Before long, he would be able to break through the blockade like an arrow.

Right at that moment, he saw a three clawed bird cawing and

looking as if it wanted to move back, but had its path blocked off by all the other birds that were rushing forward, and was pushed towards Su Ming.

As Su Ming took a step forward, he lifted his right hand and pointed towards the frightened and cawing bird. But right when his finger was going to land in the direction of that bird, it stopped cawing and instead widened his eyes and let out a piercing sound.

"It's me! It's me... I'm not the same as them! I... I'm that crane!"

The bird that was really the black crane immediately started shouting loudly in its fear, and as if it was afraid Su Ming would not believe him, black fog instantaneously gathered on its face to reveal... a crane's head.

Su Ming was momentarily stunned, and his right index finger immediately froze in action. But he did not have time to think, for there was a five-colored light flashing from the direction he had come. The five-colored peacock that had been chasing him a few days ago came charging forward incredibly quickly.

Su Ming's expression changed, and he ignored the black crane, turning around instead to take a step forward and charge straight towards the birds before him. As rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, Su Ming broke through the bird mob, then charged at full speed towards the distance.

As the birds screeched, they pursued him. The five-colored peacock shot past the flock of birds with a flash and chased after Su Ming. There was hate burning in its eyes, and it looked as if it would absolutely not give up until it caught up to him.

Su Ming charged forward with the five-colored peacock right behind him and the large flock of birds at the very end of the line. After the span of a breath, this group had already disappeared in the distance, leaving behind the black crane that had revealed its head, who was still lingering around in midair. It blinked, then started laughing loudly and smugly. There was also an excited look

on its face.

"Well, bullocks. If I want to change, I should at least change into that big five-colored bird. Only that thing suits my status! I'd like to see who would dare to bully me once I change into that big bird!

"I'll scare the shit out of whoever dares bully me again!"

Feeling smug, the black crane turned into a layer of black fog. Once it gradually gathered together, it immediately turned into a five-colored peacock in midair.

It looked at its current appearance excitedly, then lifted its head elegantly and flew slowly into the distance...

"If five colors are already so powerful, then wouldn't I be even scarier if I turned into a seven-colored bird?"

Before long, the eyes of the five-colored peacock that was really the black crane twinkled, and its body turned into black fog once again. After a moment, a beautiful seven-colored peacock appeared in the world. Then, with arrogance and pride, it flew into the distance.

On Su Ming's side, after a few warps in succession, he had finally managed to temporarily shake off the five-colored peacock's pursuit. When he first met this peacock a few days ago, he had fought against it, but not only could the five-colored light confuse his mind, it also contained a strange power that suppressed his power, preventing him from unleashing it completely.

The peacock's appearance would usually cause a large amount of birds to flock around it very soon, and because of that, it would be incredibly difficult to continue with the battle. Even Su Ming felt his skin crawl once he was surrounded by several hundreds of thousands, even millions, and perhaps even more of those birds.

When he shook off that peacock, he brought out the wooden slip and checked his location once again before he sucked in a deep breath and rushed forward. Several days later, after taking a

detour and moving in several big circles to avoid several spots that felt threatening, he finally arrived at a spot where the waters were rolling furiously at the surface of the sea.

As Su Ming stood in midair, he lowered his head to look at the surface of the sea. There was a slight expression of regret on his face. According to his deductions based on the map, this place was where his cave abode had been located!

However, it was now deep under the sea...

The world had been turned upside down. As of right then, Su Ming could feel the meaning of this phrase deeply in his heart. He remained silent for a moment before he charged towards the surface of the sea, disappearing into the seawater and heading straight under.

Right after plunging in, Su Ming felt a powerful force coming from the sea pushing against him and sweeping his body, shoving him into the distance. This was the force that caused the seawater to continuously move toward the land of the Shamans.

Golden light shone around Su Ming's entire body and he withstood this force with raw power alone. With his divine sense spread outwards, he charged swiftly to the bottom of the sea. It was dark all around him, but fortunately, even though he could not spread his divine sense too far away, he could still feel his surroundings clearly.

The sea was not too deep either. After some time, once Su Ming avoided the ferocious creatures in the sea, he gradually began to see a mountain range that looked like a dragon's mouth at the depths of the sea... along with a huge crack outside the mountain range, as well as a dull screen of light...

The screen of light had been set up by Hong Luo in the past. Fifteen years had passed by since then, but it had actually managed to still stay around. However, it was clearly much weaker now, which was why it could no longer be used to hide the mountain,

but it was still sufficient enough to be used for protection.

Su Ming charged towards the screen of light and closed in on it in the blink of an eye. He then lifted his right hand, pressed his palm against the screen, and his body passed through the screen of light.

Translator's Note

The black crane: The black, bald-headed crane that was so small it looked like a chick, which Su Ming had run into when he went to Black Crane Tribe after the Madam Ji incident.

Chapter 508: Crash!

There was no seawater.

When Su Ming disappeared into the screen of light located at the depths of the sea and stepped into the mountain range once again after fifteen years, though it actually felt like an eternity to Su Ming, he looked at his surroundings and found that the area still looked somewhat familiar to the scene in his memories. A sentimental look appeared on his face.

Due to the screen of light, the seawater outside still had not surged in, but by the looks of it, this screen would not be able to last for long before it shattered. This place then would be submerged, and it would truly become part of the sea.

The frozen gate at the foot of the mountain range was still around and was letting out waves of frozen air. Su Ming's gaze landed on it, and a glint appeared in his eyes. The spot he had thought to use to avoid the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands while heading here was the place this frozen gate lead to - the frozen world.

Based on Su Ming's deductions, the terrifying turtle from the past should no longer be waiting there. That was why that frozen world would be the best hiding place for him.

‘It doesn't matter whether it's the Shamans or Berserkers, when the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands arrives, all of them will definitely do everything they can to search for shelter... I wonder how is Master doing now...?’

Su Ming fell silent. He had not wanted to think about his Master, eldest senior brother, second senior brother, Hu Zi, and Zi Che, as well as the ninth summit, which had been like home to him.

Because every single time he thought back on it, mixed feelings would rise in his heart. He had left the ninth summit to fight in the

battle between the Shamans and Berserkers in the past, and he absolutely did not expect that they would be apart from each other for nearly twenty years.

‘With Master’s power, even if the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands arrives, he shouldn’t be in much trouble... Eldest senior brother might have already come out of isolation. Second senior brother... Is he still in the ninth summit? And Hu Zi as well...’

Su Ming closed his eyes. Ever since he came back from the World of Nine Yin and learned of many things that shocked him, then saw the world outside that belonged to the Immortals, a great wave of longing grew within him towards the ninth summit. He missed it, truly missed it...

The memories of the past gradually rose in his head. The grass and plants in the ninth summit, his eldest senior brother’s silent concern, and his second senior brother lifting his head to let sunlight shine on the side of his face as he wore a smile on his face while saying "This is no good...". Those words echoed softly in Su Ming’s ears.

Hu Zi’s snores and his terrible fondness for peeking at others, as well as his Master’s love for wearing all sorts of clothing... All of these things from the past had now... turned into mere memories.

"I’ll hide from the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands here, and once the disaster is over, I’ll go back to the ninth summit!" Su Ming declared and opened his eyes.

The Fire Ape did not come to him. Su Ming had noticed this when he stepped into the screen of light and spread his divine sense to cover the entire area just now.

The Fire Ape was no longer around.

Perhaps before the seawater flooded this place, the Fire Ape had gone off, and when it wanted to return, everything had been

flooded in water.

Su Ming let out a light sigh, then charged towards the cave abode. Once he stepped into the stone chamber with the medicinal cauldron, his footsteps came to an abrupt halt. He could smell a faint medicinal fragrance in the air. His eyes sparkled, and his gaze immediately landed on the medicinal cauldron. Once he observed it carefully, he fell into a moment of pensive silence before waving his arm and putting it away.

He then went around his cave abode. Once he put away all the things he'd left behind before, he stood at the wall deep within the cave and fell into deep thought.

This wall was the spot connecting the whole mountain range together. Once it was opened, then the full power of the Execution of Three Evils in this place would erupt forth like a dragon's head rising from its slumber.

When Su Ming had finished structuring this place in the past, he had not opened up this place completely, because he had been worried about the dense power of the world surging in and attracting outside attention.

Yet he found it rather difficult to accept leaving just like this and simply allowing the seawater to flood and destroy this place. He did not want to waste his past efforts in laying out the structure of this place.

‘Once I open up this place, the vast power of the world that will gather here will not just be good for my cultivation, which will further refine my Berserker Bones once I absorb it, it will... also speed up the development of the medicinal pill in the medicinal cauldron to the highest degree!’

Su Ming began pondering over the problem. When he had been in the process of putting away the medicinal cauldron, a faint medicinal fragrance had wafted in his nose. He had also made some simple observations and discovered that the medicinal pill

inside was in the final stages of its development and was about to fully form.

A freezing glare shone in Su Ming's eyes. He lifted his right hand and waved it in the air. Immediately, the medicinal cauldron he had previously put away appeared once more. This time, he placed it right before the wall, and this spot was right at the center of where the power of the world would gather once he broke the wall!

It was also the spot where the densest amount of power of the world would gather, which would raise the possibility of the pill to fully form to the highest degree!

Once Su Ming placed the medicinal cauldron down, his body instantly turned indistinct and he disappeared without a trace. When he reappeared, he was already standing in the air outside the cave. He looked at the dull screen of light, and after a moment of deep thought, he abruptly spread his divine sense outward. At the same time, his Nascent Divinity also manifested behind him and swiftly scattered outwards to gradually fuse with the dull screen of light.

Hong Luo had left that screen of light behind in the past, and once he died, it lost its connection to him, which was why it gradually started to dwindle in power. Even with Su Ming's power in the Immortals' Soul Formation stage, it was still difficult for him to stabilize this Rune. The only thing he could do was to have his Nascent Divinity fuse with it. With this method, he could slow down the Rune's destruction and also stabilize it a little bit.

Once he was done, he sucked in a deep breath and turned around to look at the dragon head like mountain range. He lifted his right hand and pressed down on the air in the direction of the mountain. Rumbling sounds instantly rose from the entire mountain range. The marks that Su Ming had hidden in the past to fulfill the requirements for the Execution of the Three Evils all came to light once more at that moment.

As those rumbles reverberated in the air, Su Ming appeared beside the medicinal cauldron in the cave abode, which was located by the wall. Without the slightest hesitation, he touched the wall with his right hand, and cracking sounds immediately echoed in the air. Fine cracks instantly appeared on the wall and grew in number with each passing moment. After just a few moments, those cracks had already covered the whole wall.

Boom!

A loud, muffled boom spread out, and the stone wall broke down completely, crumbling to pieces. As it collapsed, Su Ming opened up a gap in the deep parts of the cave, and it was as if the intersection point of the mountain range opened up, moving aside so that its walls would form a vertical gap that would make the sky seem as if it was just a straight line when light shone through and anyone looked out from within the cave.

Almost the instant the walls of the mountain collapsed, a howl that sounded as if it came from a dragon sliced through the air and echoed within the mountain range. Soon after, the whole place started trembling violently and wisps of power from the world were sucked into this place from all directions, causing it to turn into a giant vortex.

At the depths of the vortex was the medicinal cauldron. Su Ming sat right on top of it and meditated with his eyes closed. As the power of the world surged in from all around and was absorbed by him and the medicinal cauldron, the vortex became larger. After a moment, it covered the entire cave abode.

Time passed, and in the blink of an eye, three days had passed. During them, not only did the vortex cover the entire cave abode, it also enveloped the entire mountain. That vortex looked like a dragon's head that was devouring the area madly.

As it grew bigger, the power of the world surged towards the submerged part of the land with loud rumbling sounds, and

gradually, a strange change also appeared in this portion of the Dead Sea.

This sort of change caught a lot of attention from the numerous life forms in the Dead Sea, but the screen of light surrounded this area. After Su Ming's Nascent Divinity fused with it, the Rune hid away the mountain range and cave abode inside it, causing the area to look empty from the outside.

This was also a peculiar time when the Eastern Wastelands was coming to South Morning and the Dead Sea was spreading to the continent. Since the force within the Dead Sea was increasing and pushing the water forward, even if the power of the world was gathering in this area strongly, most of the life forms would ignore it after noticing it. However, there were still some who came to this place by the signs they found in the water.

Time passed once more, and soon, seven days had gone by!

During these seven days, Su Ming's Nascent Divinity, which had fused with the screen of light, could clearly feel that the force pushing the water in the Dead Sea forward had become much stronger than a few days ago. In fact, the Rune had also begun flickering violently under this force pushing against it.

At the same time, Su Ming's Nascent Divinity also saw eight huge Dead Sea Giants outside the Rune. In fact, an Aquatic Dragon that was several thousands of feet was also loitering nearby. There was quite a large number of other life forms from the Dead Sea swimming about in the area as well.

All of them had been attracted by the dense power of the world gathering in this place, but the strength of Hong Luo's Rune made them unable to see through temporarily, and they could only linger around in the area.

However, as the force pushing the water forward in the Dead Sea became stronger, it became increasingly harder for the life forms in the area to stay around much longer, and a large amount of

them disappeared.

Yet the increasingly stronger force pushing the waters of the Dead Sea forward also affected Su Ming's Nascent Divinity in the Rune. As it flickered violently, it gradually started showing signs that it could no longer keep the mountain range out of view.

Eventually, when three more days went by, the Rune slowly revealed itself, and the instant its light shone in the area, several powerful presences locked onto it from all around the place. Roars reverberated in the Dead Sea, and the three Dead Sea Giants that remained in the place took huge strides towards it.

The other life forms in the Dead Sea lingering around the area also charged forward and closed in on the Rune, which had now revealed itself in the Dead Sea!

At that moment, Su Ming and the medicinal cauldron had yet to completely absorb the power of the world in the area. Su Ming was still fine, but the medicinal cauldron was caught in a critical period. The pill was just halfway through to being fully formed.

When Su Ming sensed the life forms from the Dead Sea closing in from all around the area, his eyes flew open where he sat on the medicinal cauldron. Killing intent shone in his gaze, and with one single move, he charged forth from the vast vortex around him. When he reappeared, he was already in the Dead Sea, right outside the screen of light.

The instant he appeared, a Dead Sea Giant closed in on him rapidly and lifted his fist. Just as he hurled it forward, wanting to rip apart the Rune, a cold sneer curled up on Su Ming's lips and he lifted his right hand, then pointed at the incoming Dead Sea Giant. Immediately, lightning sparks shot into the water with huge rumbling sounds, and in the span of a breath, surrounded the giant creature.

Immediately after, a freezing glare shone in Su Ming's eyes as he stood in the Dead Sea. He furled his right hand into a fist, then

hurled it straight into another Dead Sea Giant that was moving towards the screen of light. However, before his fist landed, the force pushing the water in the Dead Sea suddenly increased so exponentially that it could not be described with words. As the waters roared, it seemed as if that power could even tear the sea. Under this force, all the Dead Sea Giants in the area were swept away.

In fact, during that instant, the land started trembling at an unimaginable rate. Cracks tore through the land with cracking sounds, and several places shattered straight away!

Su Ming too, could not control his own body from being swept away. That force was simply not something a human could stand up to. His expression drastically changed, and a shocking thought appeared in his head.

‘It crashed...’

Chapter 509: South Morning's Calamity!

The thought had just appeared in Su Ming's head when his body was swept ten thousand feet away due to the shocking force pushing the water forward. When he saw that he was about to be shoved even farther, golden light shone brilliantly on his body and rumbling sounds came from within him. He then forced his body to remain still for an instant under the force propelling him forward.

Right when his body stopped moving, his Nascent Divinity appeared behind him, and with a warp, he disappeared with Su Ming from the mad flow of the Dead Sea.

When Su Ming reappeared, he was already inside the Rune. At that moment, it was flashing intensely. Fine marks emerged on the surface of the screen, and it looked like it could no longer last for a very long time.

"The Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands... is starting..."

While having his Nascent Divinity fortify the Rune, Su Ming stood by the side and looked at the strong flow of water sweeping by the area outside as he mumbled under his breath.

He could hear muffled booms coming from the area outside. The seabed was experiencing a violent collapse. The waters rolled about, and numerous lives in the sea were dragged away by the flow.

Su Ming paled slightly. That strong propelling force just now had given him a feeling that he could not hope to fight against it even with his current power, which was already outstanding enough on its own. The strength in his physical body had also reached an unimaginable level, and even among the Berserkers and Shamans, he could already be considered a powerful warrior!

Yet... even in his current condition, he had still felt fear when he

came face to face with the force pushing the waters forward in the sea!

In silence, Su Ming lifted his right hand and pressed his palm flat against the screen of light that had fused with his Nascent Divinity. His divine sense swiftly spread out through the surface of the screen of light, and Su Ming executed the full power of his divine sense. Before long, it shot out to the surface of the sea and he saw the world outside!

Clouds tumbled about in the sky and thunder roared in the air. Bolts of lightning sliced through the clouds, and some even fell into the sea. The rainstorm raged against the world with a mad fury, and high wind howled in the air. The strength of that wind stirred up waves that surged into the sky. In this violent gust of wind, Su Ming's divine sense had even begun showing signs of not being able to remain stable!

Su Ming could not detect areas that were too far with his divine sense. The edges of the territory belonging to the Shamans in the Land of South Morning could no longer be seen. Only endless seawater could be detected splashing there, as well as the boundless continent of the Eastern Wastelands floating on the surface of the sea!

The first part that came into contact with the Land of South Morning was the edge of the Eastern Wastelands. That contact lasted for just a moment, and it brought a tremor so large to all of South Morning that it felt as if the world was about to be turned upside down. Even Su Ming could feel it, and it caused his heart to pound in fear.

As the entire Land of South Morning trembled, numerous mountains collapsed. The walls of Sky Mist City also started shuddering violently. Seawater had taken over the land of the Shamans and was now under the city walls, continuously crashing into Sky Mist City as if it wanted to destroy the walls and rush into the land of the Berserkers!

When the Eastern Wastelands crashed into the continent, a muffled boom that shook the sky and earth and traveled through the entire South Morning rose into the air. The instant this sound appeared, the Land of South Morning and the Eastern Wastelands crashed into each other violently again. This time, the edges of Eastern Wastelands rammed completely into South Morning. As deafening, booming sounds tore through the air, the tremors wracking through the Land of South Morning grew much more intense.

If anyone looked from an incredibly high spot above South Morning, they would be able to see clearly that a large crack was ripping through the continent at an extreme speed, with rumbling sounds and shocking booms right at the spot where the Eastern Wastelands came in contact with South Morning. That crack was stretching right to the deeper parts of South Morning, and in the blink of an eye, it had already reached a distance of nearly one million lis!

This was not the only crack. There were a whole lot more of them similar to that one. The entire South Morning looked as if it had been torn into pieces. One of those cracks had even closed in on Sky Mist City. The instant it touched the mountain ranges there, booming sounds tore through the air, and the mountain range collapsed, opening up a gap that allowed the crack to continue spreading into the land of the Berserkers!

It had penetrated through the mountain ranges of Sky Mist and became the first crack that entered into the land of the Berserkers!

Once the gap appeared, a large amount of seawater surged in through it. Under the vicious assault and the never-ending high wind in the sky, Sky Mist Barrier fell to pieces!

The barrier that had protected the Berserkers for ages was destroyed at that moment!

Rumbling sounds continued shaking the sky in South Morning,

and they did not stop for even a single moment. An immeasurable amount of land at the edge of South Morning when it crashed into the Eastern Wastelands collapsed, shattered to pieces. The destruction seemed to be spreading to other parts of the land slowly, but was actually stretching towards them at an incredibly quick speed.

As the cracks spread out, some of them intersected with each other, and many areas broke off from the Land of South Morning. While tremors wracked these separated parts and the Dead Sea crashed into them, they turned... into dust that sank into the sea!

This was just the beginning!

The two continents were still crashing into each other. Compared to the damage suffered by South Morning, the Eastern Wastelands, which was a lot larger, was in a much better condition. However, a large amount of cracks and damage also appeared on it, and these parts were also submerged as the sea roared and charged towards them.

This was a disaster to the people in the Eastern Wastelands, but to the people of South Morning, this was a calamity!

The violent clash between the two continents had stirred up a great change in the world and a limitless amount of power. This was definitely not something that a person could stand up against, and only those with incredibly high levels of cultivation could even hope to change this!

However, it was clear that no one among the Shamans and the Berserkers had this sort of power. That was why they could only struggle strenuously under this calamity!

The sea roared and the land was torn apart. Numerous tribes were drowned, and an endless amount of people had their lives halted for eternity as they screamed in terror... including the Berserkers. The moment Sky Mist Barrier collapsed, their fates were also sealed. The mark of death was branded on them also!

As violent gusts of wind sliced through the air in the sky above the land of the Shamans, flying ferocious beasts that belonged to the Shamans that were escaping in a mad dash would either have the wind tear apart their bodies or have the birds in the wind swarm against them. And when the wind or the birds left them, not a single drop of blood would be left of these flying beasts.

There was a gigantic beast near the region close to the land of the Berserkers. It looked like a mackerel pike, and it should have been swimming about elegantly in the sky, but at that moment, it was charging through the sky in a mad dash. However, there were numerous birds covering its body, and there were also violent gusts of wind tearing at its body nonstop.

It managed to reach the land of the Berserkers in the end, and once it did so, the mackerel pike let out the final cry of its life before its body was swiftly torn apart by the violent gusts of wind. Its body was turned into endless pieces of flesh and blood that scattered everywhere, but before that flesh and blood fell into the sea, it was devoured by the innumerable birds that charged towards it...

At that moment in Han Mountain City, the first city that Su Ming had visited when he first arrived in South Morning, there were few people. Only some elderly folk remained sitting within the city or in the mountains of their tribes. They stared at the change in the world in silence.

They did not want to leave. They were already old, and did not have the courage to leave their homes behind. The only thing they had was the steadfast resolution to die with their tribe, their mountain, and their homes!

What awaited them was a vast expanse of seawater and the mountains that started collapsing as the ground shuddered. After a moment, the entire Han Mountain City turned into rubble and was drowned by the roaring Dead Sea, becoming a relic of the past...

The land trembled, and the entire South Morning was pushed to the west. The ground swayed, and the mountains would either collapse or drown, the sky would either be visited by violent gusts of wind or rainstorms. Bolts of lightning covered every single part of the land, causing the entire South Morning to turn into a forbidden area for all forms of life!

However, there were still people who struggled, who fought back, who descended into madness, unwilling to resign themselves to their fate, but in the end... besides death, besides giving up, they had no other choice.

When a lot of cracks appeared, the land that belonged to the Shamans located at the edge of South Morning shattered completely. Numerous small pieces of land floated on the sea, and the cracks that filled the entire South Morning had extended so deep into the ground that they reached straight down to the bottom of the continent. Usually, when these cracks intersected with each other, the land would break up!

This was the true calamity. No one knew how long it would last. Neither did anyone know just how this change would develop. Yet clearly, all of this was just the start of the calamity!

Su Ming could not see the changes in the entire continent. He could only see the things happening in a circular area of thousands of li around where he was. He saw the land shattering, saw the mountains collapsing, saw the earth breaking apart and separating from each other, and saw a gigantic crack rushing towards his cave abode from thousands of li away.

His heart trembled, and he instantly retrieved his divine sense. From a violent gust of wind, a large part of his divine sense had also scattered away. When Su Ming retrieved it, his face turned pale. He quickly retreated, and in the blink of an eye, he appeared at the spot where his medicinal cauldron rested. At that moment, the medicinal pill in the cauldron had still not fully formed, but there was only a bit left until it was!

It was also right at that moment that the screen of light that had fused with Su Ming's Nascent Divinity collapsed, unable to bear with the tremors and shoves anymore. As it shattered and the Nascent Divinity tumbled back towards Su Ming, a large amount of seawater gushed into the area madly. The powerful force propelling the water forward also came charging in swiftly.

Almost the same instant, the entire cave abode and the mountain range were submerged beneath the Dead Sea. When the place was flooded, golden light shone around Su Ming's entire body, and it covered the medicinal cauldron as well.

With Su Ming resisting the power of the Dead Sea, he had the medicinal cauldron last several more breaths, and when a medicinal fragrance spread to a large area in the air, the medicinal pill was fully formed!

Su Ming's face was sickly pale and blood trickled down the corners of his mouth. Without a single bit of hesitation, he immediately put away the medicinal cauldron. He did not even have time to check the medicinal pill inside as he warped to the world outside the cave. When he reappeared, he was right beside the frozen Gate that was submerged by the water.

Almost the instant he arrived, a crack that was several thousands of feet wide came charging swiftly from a thousand feet away with booming sounds reverberating in the air. It shot straight past the land under Su Ming's feet, causing his feet to step on nothing, and the frozen Gate to fall into the depths of the crack!

It was dark in there. This was the bottom of the Land of South Morning. Perhaps it could even be considered to truly be the deepest part of the Dead Sea!

Without any hesitation, Su Ming warped several times, and once he coughed out a mouthful of blood, he caught up to the sinking frozen gate. He pushed his palm against the gate, and the instant the ice shattered, he rushed inside. A flash of dark light flickered in

the darkness, and Su Ming disappeared.

The Frozen Gate continued sinking downward until it disappeared into the darkness, sinking into some unknown part of the sea.

The Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands was unfolding viciously. All those still alive were resisting and struggling against it... Numerous tribes had been submerged and sunk to the bottom of the Dead Sea. Among these innumerable tribes were large amounts of broken houses, and within these houses were people who had not managed to leave in time or had not wanted to leave. Their eyes were wide open, and they turned into corpses that would stay forever in the depths of the Dead Sea.

Chapter 510: Fifteen Years of Waiting

There was a frozen world in the dark and quiet world. There was no powerful wind propelling anything forward, neither was there trembling under anyone's feet on the ground that would make people uneasy.

There was only dead silence in that place.

The ice statues and ice mountains everywhere were a scene that would never change in the frozen world, besides... a gigantic turtle. It had its eyes wide open and was glaring hatefully at an ice mountain with labored breathing. If gazes could kill, then Su Ming, who was in the ice mountain, would have died several times.

Su Ming smiled wryly, and besides doing that, he simply had no other way to express the gloominess in his heart.

He did not expect that this turtle would still be holding onto his grudge even after fifteen years. It laid there, staring at the ice mountain for fifteen years... Then, two hours ago, that turtle saw his quarry.

Right when Su Ming arrived to this place, the turtle was the first thing he saw, and he was completely stunned. As for the turtle, its eyes started glowing with a brilliant light, and it kept its glare trained on Su Ming.

The human and turtle were separated by the ice mountain, and they simply looked at each other like that. The turtle had left a deep impression on Su Ming in the past. The memory of its strength remained clear in his head, and because his power had become so much more different than before, Su Ming could tell even clearer now just how powerful this turtle was.

This was a strength that had surpassed those of End Shamans. Based on Su Ming's analysis, the turtle might already be equivalent to those who were walking down the path of Life Cultivation!

He fell into a moment of pensive silence, unsure of what to do, then he lifted his right hand slowly, but right at the moment he did so, the turtle lifted its head swiftly and let out a roar towards him. Its roar shot through the glacier, and Su Ming's ears rang in sharp pain.

A glint appeared in his eyes. He did not stop moving his right hand, but instead continued lifting it into the air, then pushed forward. Immediately, the layer of ice before him let out cracking sounds, and cracks appeared on its surface.

When the turtle saw that its roar did not intimidate Su Ming, it roared again while lifting its tail swiftly, lashing it against the ice mountain. A howl sliced through the water. When the tail almost touched the ice mountain, the turtle retrieved its tail swiftly and started letting out agitated and annoyed roars.

Su Ming let out a sigh of relief in his heart. He remembered that this creature had seemed like it did not want to destroy the ice mountain all those years ago. Once he tested it, he found that it indeed was still the truth.

‘Then I just won’t go out!’

Su Ming gritted his teeth and no longer bothered himself with the turtle glaring fiercely at him outside the ice mountain. Instead, he lifted his hand and broke the layers of ice around to open up an area for him to sit down and meditate while also serving as an area that could accommodate a few other things.

‘I wonder where the gate in South Morning has sunk to. I won’t be able to go back so soon. This Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands might last for several years before it ends.

‘Oh well, I won’t be able to go out with the turtle outside through here either. I might as well go into isolation for several years. Besides, I have some items with me that I need to refine and develop...’

As Su Ming gathered his thoughts, he looked around himself. This ice mountain was not big, so it was not convenient for him to make it too thin. If he did so, things would become incredibly bothersome for him.

He lowered his head and sank into deep thought. After a moment, his eyes sparkled, and he looked towards the layer of ice beneath him.

‘If I can’t go out, then I can dig out a tunnel here and build my own cave abode under the layer of ice...’

Su Ming’s eyes shone brilliantly. He lifted his head to cast a glance at the turtle, who was glaring at him, and he brought up his right hand before hurling his fist against the ground under his feet. With his power in the past, he would have been unable to open up an area deep into the ice. However, the current Su Ming was no longer his past self.

The instant his punch landed on the ice, cracks immediately formed on its surface. The turtle outside was clearly taken aback, and then it started roaring even louder. It swung its tail back and forth, as if Su Ming’s actions were fueling its anger even more.

Su Ming ignored the turtle outside, then after throwing out a dozen something punches in succession, the layer of ice under his feet shattered, and his body immediately sank down. As booming sounds reverberated in the air nonstop, a simple cave abode under the ice mountain in the glacier where the turtle laid was formed.

The cave abode was still incredibly crude and could only be considered a big cave. Su Ming stood inside and looked at the turtle roaring at him outside the glacier with its head lowered. A faint grin appeared on his lips, and he started making himself busy with the cave.

Soon, the cave in this place became a little bigger, and once it turned into a large expanse of empty land, Su Ming sat down cross-legged and closed his eyes, immersing himself in meditation while

spreading out his divine sense. He looked as if he was ignoring the turtle, but if that turtle made any moves indicating it wanted to break through the layer of ice, Su Ming would immediately notice.

Time trickled by. A month later, Su Ming opened his eyes and lifted his head to look at the turtle. During this month, he had been getting along quite well with the turtle...

Besides glaring, the turtle did nothing else.

Su Ming looked away. His injuries had already recovered, and the power of his Berserker Bones, as well as everything else, had returned to their peak condition.

In silence, Su Ming lifted his right hand and flipped it over. Immediately, the medicinal cauldron appeared on the ice before him. Whiffs of medicinal fragrance instantly spread out and filled the entire cave abode in the glacier. Some even penetrated through the layer of ice and spread to the area outside.

Almost the instant the medicinal fragrance spread out, Su Ming's senses tingled, and he saw the small snake flying out of his storage bag. It stared at the medicinal cauldron and hissed at Su Ming.

The turtle on the glacier also widened its eyes, and for the first time, it shifted its gaze from Su Ming's body to look at the cauldron.

While looking at the medicinal cauldron, Su Ming felt a wave of sentiment welling in him. This item had been with him for many years since he bought it from the auction all those years ago. It had received fifteen years of nourishment and even had the power of the world surge into it in the end. The development of the pill had finally been completed, and the medicinal pill inside had regained its medicinal properties. Right then, it had arrived at a nearly completed state from its previous half-made state.

‘This medicinal fragrance... It doesn't seem like those I've finished making myself. It's scattering too much. Looks like I

didn't manage to make it perfect in the end, but there's nothing else I can do about it.'

Su Ming shook his head, then stood up and went beside the cauldron.

He focused his attention on it for a moment before he lifted his right hand resolutely and pressed his palm against it. The medicinal cauldron started trembling viciously, and banging sounds came from the lid. A large amount of white smoke spread out from beneath the lid, and the medicinal fragrance instantly turned thicker, causing the small snake by the side to immediately start hissing excitedly. The turtle on the layer of ice also stood up and widened its eyes to look, seemingly very curious.

As the white smoke spread out, a frown gradually appeared between Su Ming's brows. This was not a good sign. Before he opened the lid, he could have still said that the medicinal fragrance in the air was merely some of the scent escaping from the pill itself. However, if such a thick fragrance appeared after he opened the lid, then it could only mean that the medicinal pill inside had melted and did not turn into a pill!

As white smoke spread out, the lid lifted itself slowly after several breaths. Once it moved away completely, the inside of the cauldron was revealed. When Su Ming looked inside, his pupils shrank.

There was only one medicinal pill inside the cauldron, but there was a pool of black liquid beside it. The thick medicinal fragrance came from this pool of black liquid.

Su Ming sank into his thoughts for a moment, then brought out two small bottles. He first took out the complete medicinal pill and scrutinized it as he held it in his hand, but he could not tell just what were its effects.

He did not eat it in a fit of recklessness. Instead he put it into a bottle, then brought out the other bottle and placed the black

liquid in it. The small snake immediately let out a hiss and wrapped itself around Su Ming's head, lifting its small head to look at the bottle, then at Su Ming, looking like it really wanted to take a bite out of the pill.

"This pill is something that is at least several thousands of years old, and we don't even know its effects. Are you sure you want to eat it?" Su Ming tapped the small snake's lifted head, then his gaze automatically wandered to the turtle staring curiously at that small bottle with wide eyes.

A faint smile appeared at the corners of Su Ming's lips. He brought the bottle up and swayed it slightly before he returned to the ice mountain that had received him when he first arrived. He lifted his right hand, then tapped the ice mountain. Immediately, a crack appeared, and once it penetrated through the ice, a small hole was formed in the mountain!

The turtle roared, then turned around and glared at Su Ming.

Su Ming first shook the medicinal bottle in his hands right before the turtle with the glacier between them, then poured out one drop and flicked it through the small hole. That drop of black medicinal liquid appeared before the turtle in the span of breath, then floated before it without moving.

That turtle hesitated for a moment, then took a few sniffs of it. An intoxicated look appeared on its face. It did not look at Su Ming staring at it. The small snake on Su Ming's arm also looked at the turtle with a rather nervous gaze. Clearly, it knew exactly what its master's intentions were.

The turtle seemed to be rather hesitant, but eventually, breathed out two puffs of air from its nostrils, then turned its head around in disdain, no longer looking at the black liquid that was spreading out whiffs of medicinal fragrance.

Su Ming averted his gaze and no longer looked at the turtle. He returned to his cave abode under the layer of ice and observed the

medicinal bottle in his hands closely before putting it away. Since the turtle refused to eat it, he could not see its effects for the time being. The only thing he could do was to search for its effects once he left this place.

The small snake looked at Su Ming putting away the medicinal bottle with a great reluctance to part with that bottle shining in its eyes. That medicinal fragrance was incredibly attractive to it, but since Su Ming refused to give any of it, the snake could do nothing about it either.

Su Ming no longer bothered himself with the ancient medicine and sat down and patted his storage bag. Immediately, a ray of purple light shot out of the bag. That purple light instantly caught the turtle's attention as it continued lying on the ice.

However, Su Ming was no longer concerned about the turtle that was clearly curious about everything. He looked at the purple armor before him and sank into deep thought.

He had obtained this armor from the single person in the Candle Dragon's body. This was also the person who had mentioned the third God of Berserkers.

'This is definitely not the Armor for Divine Generals of Bone Sacrifice. This should be the Armor for Divine Generals of Berserker Soul... And it's not an illusion, like the one I have. This is the real Divine General Armor!'

Su Ming stared at the purple armor before him, and as his eyes sparkled, he bit the tip of his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of Berserker Blood. Right at the instant that blood touched the armor, it immediately fused in, and a ray of light flashed on the armor, but it soon became dull once again.

Su Ming remained as composed as ever, as if he knew since a long time ago that this would happen. A pensive look appeared in his eyes, and after some time, he opened his mouth and sucked in a breath in the direction of the armor. That armor instantly turned

into a ray of purple light. As it shrank, it went into Su Ming's mouth, and he swallowed it.

He closed his eyes, and golden light shone within his body. All his Berserker Bones were activated, and their power enveloped that purple armor, seeping into it inch by inch. He wanted to forcefully refine it and turn it into his own armor!

Ever since he obtained it, he did not have much time to do this thing. However, now that he was under the layer of ice, Su Ming had all the time in the world, which was why he decided to make this armor his personal property.

As Su Ming closed his eyes and refined this armor, the turtle on the layer of ice cast a sideways glance at the black liquid floating beside it. Its face was filled with disdain, but before long, it looked towards that drop of liquid again, and after a moment of internal struggle, it opened its mouth hesitantly and swallowed that drop of liquid.

It even licked its lips...

Chapter 511: Undertaker of Evil's Armor!

Su Ming did not see this, but the small snake witnessed everything clearly. It stared at the turtle with an expectant look.

The turtle looked incredibly intoxicated, as if it was elated. It continued licking its own lips, looking like it wanted to taste more of that liquid. When the snake saw that expression, it regarded the turtle with slight animosity.

Two months passed by, but Su Ming had yet to finish refining the armor, and this lasted till the third day of the second month. On that day, purple light suddenly enveloped his entire body, and as that purple light filled the area, a pair of gauntlets first appeared on his hands, then a pair of vambraces appeared to cover his arms before the armor stretched to his shoulders to turn into two ferocious, violet beast heads. After that, the armor covered his entire upper torso.

There was a pair of violet eyes on his chest that turned into a wolf's head. When that armor eventually stretched to Su Ming's head and encased it in the form of a helmet, Su Ming's eyes flew open.

His gaze was calm, but the violet armor on his body changed his presence entirely, making him seem to be filled with a strange and evil air.

Once that armor covered Su Ming's entire upper torso, it started stretching to his legs. When he was eventually covered head to toe in armor, Su Ming stood up.

As he did so, an unbridled wave of killing intent erupted from his body. That killing intent did not come from Su Ming, but from his armor!

The killing intent then turned into a murderous aura and surrounded Su Ming's body in the form of violet smoke, causing

the small snake to lift its head swiftly upwards and move far, far away. It also made the turtle to widen its eyes. It started roaring at Su Ming once again with a grave expression on its face, as if it had come face to face with a powerful enemy!

Su Ming stood on the spot with his hair outside the armor. It was originally black, but under the violet armor's light, it seemed to have gained a faint violet tint!

He closed his eyes slowly and did not move, but a huge storm had started raging in his heart, and it pounded so loudly that it felt as if thunder was roaring within him.

"This armor isn't for Divine Generals... It was made from Tian Xie Sheng's skin, which the first God of Berserkers had ripped off when he killed that outsider. Then with starlight, the first God of Berserkers had refined his skin into armor...

"The first God of Berserkers had only made one set of such armor, and he spent five hundred years doing so... It was buried in the depths of the Great Yu Dynasty for ten thousand years for nourishment, and it is used to suppress Xie Sheng's descendants! All the people who wore this armor in the past would not be appointed as Divine Generals, but as Undertakers of Evil! And their duty was to keep watch over the abyss!

"There are no defensive properties whatsoever in this armor. It will only kill. With blood, it becomes stronger. With killing, the bearer of the armor will become a saint! I am the third master of this armor. If any of my Berserker tribesmen find this armor and can wear it, then before I die, I tell you this, fuse your will into the armor and become its fourth master!

"If you are unwilling to become its master, then you can worship its will. Once you release the armor's blood lust, send it back to the abyss beneath Great Yu Dynasty, so that... the descendants of the evil spirit will not bring chaos to us Berserkers!

"Those who possess this armor may possess the Undertaker's of

Evil Spear. The first God of Berserkers had obtained the true spear from the World of Nine Yin. It is of unknown origins, and even the God of Berserkers was unable to use it, despite his power. It was left beneath the abyss under Great Yu for the purpose of suppressing the evil spirits... But with his great wisdom, the God of Berserkers had copied the Undertaker's of Evil Spear with a stone from another world and created a legacy item for us Undertakers of Evil!"

Su Ming's eyes flew open. The calmness in his eyes gradually disappeared and was replaced by a violet glare. His entire being was filled with cold malice. He lifted his right hand and seized the air. The transparent jade slip he had obtained from the Candle Dragon's body along with this purple armor all those years ago appeared in his hands.

With a squeeze, due to its transparency, that jade slip started shining with purple light flowing through Su Ming's body. With a bright flash, that purple light turned into a long purple spear in Su Ming's hand!

That spear was thirty feet long and much taller than Su Ming, but when he held it in his fully armored state, he did not feel even the slightest bit off balance. Instead, a frenzied wave of murderous aura came charging forth, causing fear to appear on the small snake's face as it continued retreating.

Even the turtle outside started to back off gradually, still roaring.

Su Ming stood there and dipped his head down to look at the long spear in his hands. The murderous aura on his body became thicker. He lifted his head slowly and fixed his stare on the turtle outside the layer of ice. A crazed, unbridled presence instantly shot up, as if it was on the verge of exploding forth.

An evil spirit gradually appeared behind him. Its appearance could not be seen clearly, but its malicious intent could be felt clearly. It was filled with madness, and it lifted its right hand to

point at the turtle outside the ice, as if it wanted to control Su Ming to kill it.

However, even after it lifted its right hand, Su Ming continued standing there and did not move. He let out a cold harrumph instead, and with it, disbelief surged through the illusory evil spirit behind him. It immediately shattered and disappeared.

"You're just a will. How dare you appear before me?!"

The violent glare in Su Ming's eyes gradually disappeared and serenity reappeared in his eyes. The long spear in his hands vanished and turned back to the invisible jade slip before falling out of Su Ming's hands to float in front of him. Then, it fused into his armor.

After that, the light on Su Ming's armor gradually faded away, and eventually, as if it had melted, the armor seeped into Su Ming's body and disappeared.

"But this will isn't too bad. It actually managed to get me caught and immersed in an illusion where I was killing others... It's a pity, compared to the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World, this sort of illusion is nothing," Su Ming stated flatly.

The instant he had finished refining this armor, he had sensed the armor's will. If the one who wore the armor had been him before he entered the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World, he would have definitely caved under the furious attack by that will.

But right then, it was just as Su Ming had said: This illusion was truly insignificant. Not only did he manage to keep his mind clear as the illusion of slaughter came to be after he wore the armor, he could also completely suppress the armor's will, and even dispel it.

This was something that he, Su Ming, had his eyes for, there was no way he would let any sort of will control him!

Su Ming was not the strongest in the Land of South Morning, but

the strength of his will was so great that no Berserker or Immortal could weaken it. Besides his own personality forming the strength of his will, the infinite incarnations in the Undying and Imperishable World had also played a crucial part in forging his will.

Once he put away the armor, the small snake's expression gradually became gentler, and it swiftly flew to the spot beside Su Ming while hissing. The turtle's expression also relaxed as it remained behind the layer of ice. However, when it looked at Su Ming, its gaze was still filled with wariness.

Su Ming caressed the snake's head. He might not be able to understand the meaning behind its hisses, but with the connection between them, he could still sense its emotions slightly.

At that moment, he lifted his head and cast a look at the turtle. Once he discovered that the drop of black liquid had disappeared, Su Ming fell into a moment of silence. When he saw the small snake looking at him expectantly, he broke into a light chuckle, then brought out the small bottle that was filled with black liquid and poured out one drop.

Right at the moment this drop of liquid appeared, the wariness in the turtle's eyes disappeared completely and was replaced with desire. It even dipped its head down and stared at the black liquid intently.

When it saw the small snake that had been regarding it with hostility over the past few days swallowing that drop, the turtle immediately started roaring in anger. Then, it started pawing at the layer of ice with its large claws, just like how a little puppy would.

Its breathing became labored in its anger, and a strong wave of desire gradually appeared on its face. However... when it saw the small snake making a face saying that it wanted more once it swallowed that one drop, then found out that the horrible and

despicable Su Ming actually brought out another drop, the turtle was utterly vexed.

It slapped the ice with its gigantic body and roared in anger as it swished its tail back and forth.

When Su Ming saw this, a thought formed in his head. He sent a divine thought to his snake, and the small snake, who had swallowed two drops of the black liquid, immediately flew into Su Ming's storage bag in high spirits. After a moment, when it flew out once again, it charged straight to the edge of the cave abode. This strange action immediately caught the turtle's attention.

Right before its eyes, it saw the snake spinning in circles in the ice cave, then with some unknown method, a small sword appeared in its mouth, and it handed the sword to Su Ming.

The turtle also saw this person it hated with a burning passion patting the snake's head and bringing out another drop of black liquid. The turtle roared angrily and glared at the small snake as well as that black liquid. It then turned around and charged into the distance. In the blink of an eye, it disappeared from the ice mountain Su Ming was encased in.

Su Ming blinked. He waited for a moment, but the turtle did not come back, and he started wondering whether this highly inquisitive and obviously intelligent turtle had not managed to understand what he was trying to say...

He waited another day, and when he still did not find any signs of the turtle returning, he decided not to think about this matter any longer. Instead, once he sat down, he brought out a ring-shaped Enchanted Vessel.

It was incredibly big and occupied about half of his cave abode. This thing was the item that was used to cut into Crimson Stones!

"God Sealing Nectar... Just what sort of incredible serendipity could it be...?" Su Ming mumbled. When he lifted his right hand, a

Crimson Stone appeared right before him!

This Crimson Stone was the stone that contained the purple poisonous wasp within!

There were many Crimson Stones in Su Ming's storage bag. He never had enough time to open them all one by one. Yet now, as he was hiding from the change in South Morning in this frozen world, he had ample time on his hands to open all of the Crimson Stones.

There was no one here who would be lying in wait to snatch his things if he uncovered any precious herbs or items!

The Crimson Stone Su Ming wanted to break the most laid right before him at that moment. He wanted to know whether the God Sealing Nectar existed within the poisonous wasp's body!

'This wasp still has a small hint of life left, and it's not dead yet...'

Su Ming remained silent for a moment, then stood up and waved his arm. Immediately, the Crimson Stone flew towards the Enchanted ring. He stood beside the Enchanted Vessel and pressed his right hand against it. After using a small amount of time to get used to it, he regained the sense of when he had when he had cut into the stones in the past and started cutting into the stone slowly.

Rumbling sounds reverberated in the air as Su Ming cut into this Crimson Stone that he had not managed to cut completely during the auction, and whose contents had not been truly revealed before the people. It started shrinking rapidly, and eventually, as the Enchanted ring scraped against it, the stone was reduced to merely the size of a human head. Then, with a grim face, Su Ming continued cutting it slowly.

When he eventually saw a purple poisonous wasp under the faint layer of stone, a glint appeared in his eyes. The wasp looked incredibly ferocious. Although it was sealed in stone, anyone who

saw it would feel that it was still alive, which it was, because it still had a thread of life force remaining within.

As Su Ming stared at the poisonous wasp in the now semi-transparent Crimson Stone, he took a deep breath, brought his right hand up, and flung it before him. Immediately, the Poison Corpse appeared beside him. The small snake also brought its guard up.

Once Su Ming made full preparations to handle all accidents, he made a move to cut into the stone, but suddenly, a vicious tremor shook through the layer of ice. Su Ming frowned, then lifted his head to look up, and what he saw immediately made his jaw fall slack. For a brief instant, he was completely stunned.

He saw the turtle swimming over, and...

Chapter 512: Small Black Humanoid

There were various tattered metal swords, damaged shields, and other broken items trailing behind the turtle as if it was dragging them along. In fact, there were even some of items whose original form could no longer be seen. There were so many of them that it was dazzling at first glance...

Yet when Su Ming took a second glance, he did not know whether he wanted to laugh or cry, because all of these items were useless. Some of them still had shards of ice behind them. Clearly, this turtle had just dug everything out from ice.

The turtle ran on the ice towards him like a puppy. Once it returned to the spot right above Su Ming's cave abode, it came to an abrupt halt, but the scraps behind him did not stop. They fell on the ice in front with a loud clattering sound. Once they landed into a small hill, the turtle cast a smug look at the small snake, then looked at Su Ming eagerly. It even licked its lips.

Su Ming looked at the scraps, then at the smug turtle that now actually seemed rather simple and honest, and lifted his right hand with a wry smile. He flicked his wrist, and the medicinal bottle with the black liquid appeared in his hand.

Right after Su Ming brought that bottle out, the small snake lifted its head. A longing look appeared on its face. The turtle outside the layer of ice widened its eyes and puffs of air started rolling out of its nostrils. It even started pawing at the ice instinctively.

After a brief moment of pensive silence, Su Ming decided that he did not want to dismiss the turtle's hard work. He poured out a drop of black liquid, cast a glance at the turtle, then took away a large part of the black liquid, leaving behind only a small part of it. He frowned and put on a dissatisfied look, then with that small drop of black liquid in his hand, he went to the ice mountain,

opened up a small hole once again, and flicked the liquid out.

The turtle opened its mouth wide and immediately lunged forward to swallow that small drop of black liquid. An intoxicated look appeared on its face, but after waiting for some time, it saw that Su Ming returning to the ice cave underneath instead of giving it anymore of the black liquid. It let out a few roars of displeasure, even moving forward to fiddle with the small hill of trash it had built up.

When it saw Su Ming still ignoring it, the turtle became even angrier, and then started walking in circles on the ice. After a time, it seemingly thought of something and flew off the ice and disappeared into the darkness again.

When the turtle moved away, Su Ming calmed himself down and stood beside the Enchanted ring to look at the poisonous wasp in the semi-transparent mountain stone. After some time, a resolute look appeared on his face, and he lifted his right hand to press his palm against the Enchanted Vessel. Immediately, the light ring started humming and scraping at the stone. As fragments of the stone fell off, gradually, the semi-transparent mountain rock became smaller and thinner!

After a moment, it shattered with a crack. The instant it turned into dust, Su Ming's right hand shot out like lightning, golden light shining on his fingertips. His movements brought up a cyclone that fused with the golden light, and once it surrounded the poisonous wasp in several layers, he caught it between two fingers.

Su Ming's heart pounded against his chest. Did the poisonous wasp have any nectar in it? If it did not, then all his expectations would fall flat. If there was indeed nectar in the wasp's body, then would the nectar be from the God Sealing Flower? If it was not, then everything would still fall flat!

Once he remembered just how wild the people in Shaman City had been for this God Sealing Nectar and remembered their

comments about it, remembered that this mysterious and practically extinct God Sealing Flower might not be from this world, not from the True Morning Dao World, but instead came from the True Sacred Yin World or perhaps even from the universe itself, when he remembered its shocking effects, Su Ming found that it was simply impossible for him to not be nervous!

As he became anxious over the prospect of possibly gaining the nectar but also worried that he might not, he looked at the poisonous wasp sealed with the golden vortex between his fingers with an electrifying gaze!

The God Sealing Flower was a legendary item, and its rarity could not be described with words. In fact, it could be said that currently not a single leaf of it could be found in all the continents of the Berserkers!

The nectar was even rarer. After all, the flower itself must first exist, and the nectar would only come when it bloomed. As of then, the God Sealing Flower was practically a legend, and by mere association, it was also impossible to get its nectar!

As Su Ming stared at the poisonous wasp between his fingers, he spread his divine sense outward and fused it into its body. Yet the moment his divine sense touched the wasp, he immediately had a strong hunch about how long this poisonous wasp had slept. It might have a hint of life left within it, but if Su Ming forcefully fused his divine sense in it to examine it, then this wasp would immediately die!

Once it died, then would the God Sealing Nectar that could be possibly be contained inside be affected? Would it disappear along with the wasp? Su Ming was unwilling to take this sort of risk.

‘The easiest way for me to process it is to swallow the poisonous wasp and have it melt in me... But this wasp is an insect that can collect God Sealing Nectar. Its poison is definitely not weak. If I swallow it just like this...’ Su Ming’s eyes sparkled as he stared at

the poison needle on the wasp's butt.

After a moment of pensive silence, he decided not to act rashly. Instead, he simply carried on with his original plan and turned his divine sense into a Brand before slowly fusing it into the poisonous wasp's body.

‘The only thing I can do is to turn this thing into my pet. Only by doing so can I make it throw up the nectar obediently. This is the safest way for me to obtain the nectar, and also the only way I'll be able to get all of the nectar!’

The God Sealing Nectar was simply too rare, and Su Ming did not have room to make even a single mistake. He stared at the sleeping wasp and slowly left his Brand on it.

However, getting the nectar was not something that could be done so soon. After a moment, Su Ming placed the wasp into a jade box and put it away into his storage bag. He then took a wisp of his divine sense to surround the entirety of the jade box so it would continue applying his Brand within the wasp.

‘If the wasp really has the God Sealing Nectar, then once I finish branding it and turn it into my pet, I will have my answer.’

Su Ming forced down his excitement and brought out another Crimson Stone, going on to break this stone on the frozen ground located at the bottom of the sea. This process of cutting into stone was incredibly dry and boring, but Su Ming was already used to being alone.

Was there a loneliness that could compare to the endless incarnations he had to suffer in the Undying and Imperishable World? Just like that, Su Ming continued staying in the frozen world.

Time passed, and in the blink of an eye, a year went by!

During that year, the turtle had returned several times, and each time it came back, it would bring over quite a large number of

things. However, none of those items were complete or in working condition. They were all broken items, and these items formed numerous small hills on the ice mountain.

Su Ming's cave abode under the layer of ice had also become much larger over the year. This was thanks to the Poison Corpse and the small snake who had managed to gradually make the cave not look so simple as they continued cutting out blocks of ice without stopping. The abode became much larger, and several ice chambers could even be found in there.

Besides the small snake and the Poison Corpse, there were also two floating souls in the freezing cave. One of them was a woman. That soul was, naturally, the Celestial Maiden. Su Ming had taken her out half a year ago, and she had been constantly snuggling up to him while keeping her gaze trained on him.

The other drifting soul was Ahu. He floated about at a loss in the cave, simply continuing to wander about...

Su Ming had cut open all the Crimson Stones over the year. He had picked them out personally in the past, and all of them contained medicinal herbs and other items within, causing his storage bag to be filled with a countless number of items.

Bringing out any of these items would very possibly cause a stir and people might start fighting for them. In fact, Su Ming didn't even know some of the names of these items, but he had already prepared himself to search for these herbs' effects once he got out.

This was how that one year went by. Su Ming would occasionally open his eyes and snap out of his meditation to look outside the layer of ice. He did not know what had come to be of South Morning after the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands had unleashed havoc on it.

After a long while, he turned his gaze away silently. The period of time he had spent meditating had allowed his power to reach its peak, and he was now prepared to do something else, something he

had waited for for a long time, and for whose creation he had finally managed to gather all the needed materials!

"The Welcoming of Deities..."

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He cast a glance at the medicinal cauldron situated not too far away from him. This cauldron was now exuding a freezing air, and there were layers of ice covering it, making it seem as if it was sealed.

He lifted his right hand, and the medicinal cauldron's lid immediately flew open. With a wave of his arm, a black shadow immediately flew out of his storage bag. Right at the moment that black shadow flew out, Su Ming's eyes sparkled with a sharp light, and with his right hand still out in the air, he stretched out a finger and tapped that black shadow.

The true form of the shadow was revealed, and it was the spider's leg! Once Su Ming's finger touched it, it immediately shattered into dust. During that time, Su Ming opened his mouth and bit the tip of his tongue to cough out a mouthful of Berserker Blood.

The blood swept away the dust that had been the spider's leg and flew into the medicinal cauldron. Then, with a grim expression, Su Ming patted his storage bag. Immediately, another item flew out of it. Right at the moment this item appeared, the small snake immediately lifted its head beside Su Ming, and a complicated look appeared on its face.

This item was the Candle Dragon's scale!

As Su Ming looked at this scale, he flicked his wrist, and the item flew into the medicinal cauldron.

‘The last main ingredient is...’

Su Ming dipped his head down, and a dim light spread out of the storage bag. Gradually, a semi-transparent mountain rock appeared before it.

There was a small black humanoid sitting in the mountain rock.

It had its eyes closed and did not move.

Su Ming stared at it before his gaze landed on the small humanoid's third right finger. After staying silent for some time, he suddenly spoke.

"I know you possess intelligence and understand what I'm saying..."

The small black humanoid in the mountain rock remained still as if it was deep asleep. It did not seem to have heard Su Ming's words.

"You might possess several secrets, and even if your arrival has nothing to do with the True Sacred Yin World, you are definitely somewhat connected to the Spirits' of Nine Yin mission.

"I'm not interested in knowing about it. Since you've helped me reap a large amount of rewards from the Crimson Stones, I will only ask you for your third right finger, and I won't bother you anymore," Su Ming stated calmly.

However, the small black humanoid in the mountain rock remained deep asleep, as if it did not hear Su Ming's words.

"I will give you ten breaths to think. If you still can't provide me an answer after ten breaths, then I will forcefully wrench that finger out of your body!"

Once Su Ming finished saying those words, he closed his mouth. Time trickled by, and when the ninth breath arrived, the small black humanoid's eyelashes fluttered in the mountain rock. It opened its eyes slowly and looked at Su Ming with mixed feelings.

"If I give you my third finger, will you let me go?" The small black humanoid looked at Su Ming, and asked hoarsely after a long while. There was a somewhat sharp quality to its voice as it shot through the mountain rock and echoed in Su Ming's ears.

"No," Su Ming stated flatly with a cool expression on his face, looking straight at the small black humanoid.

Chapter 513: Great Yu Sky Palace!

"If you won't, then why should I voluntarily give you my third right finger?!" The small black humanoid stared at Su Ming and his voice became increasingly sharper.

"Because after you started following me, you were able to wake up fifteen years ago!" Su Ming's expression was as flat as ever, and he spoke languidly as he stared at the small black humanoid.

Fifteen years ago, with the small black humanoid's aid, Su Ming had been able to sense the items in the Crimson Stones. He had been rather uncertain of it in the past, but due to his low level of cultivation at that time, he had been unable to see through it.

This had lasted until fifteen years later. When Su Ming walked out of the Undying and Imperishable World, he had obtained the Candle Dragon's blessing, and his level of cultivation had increased exponentially after that. Some time later, he chose to examine the small black humanoid again, and during that time, he had discovered some clues.

There might still be wisps of aura of death remaining in the small humanoid's body, but that aura was used to hide the extra wisp of life within!

It knew how to hide the presence of life that had appeared within it. When Su Ming remembered the scene fifteen years ago, he was an eight out of ten confident that this small black humanoid had been asleep when he first obtained it, and perhaps it was due to the stimulation of the Crimson Stones that it had woken up back then!

If it had been awake much earlier, it would not have allowed itself to be put on auction!

With just a brief analysis, Su Ming could guess that even though the small humanoid had woken up, when Su Ming was turned into stone in the Candle Dragon's body, it could not escape. When he

was released from his petrification, his power had increased exponentially, and the black humanoid must have lost its courage to escape after making a swift judgment.

Perhaps it had originally been searching for a chance, but that chance never appeared.

In the face of Su Ming's calm words, the small black humanoid fell silent, but Su Ming had ample patience. He sat down cross-legged in his spot and did not say another word.

After a moment, a glint appeared in the small black humanoid's eyes as he looked towards Su Ming.

"Perhaps we can make a deal... Do you want to leave this place? And by that, I mean... Yin Death's Region!"

"Your third finger." There was not a single change of emotion on Su Ming's face when he spoke unhurriedly.

The small black humanoid hesitated for a moment before it lifted its right hand in the mountain stone. A complicated array of emotions flickered through its face before they eventually settled on firm resolution. It opened its mouth and bit through its third finger. Once it spit it out, it held it in its hand, then after casting some unknown divine ability, it swung its arm outward, and the third finger instantly flew out of the mountain stone to fall before Su Ming.

The instant Su Ming lifted his right hand and seized that finger, it immediately turned into a layer of black fog with a bang. An eerie, large mouth appeared within the fog and snapped its jaws towards Su Ming's right hand.

Su Ming remained as composed as ever. He did not even bother dodging it and simply allowed the black fog turned mouth to devour his hand. Yet the moment the mouth touched his hand, it immediately withered away until it looked like an old man's arm. It was as if his flesh and blood had instantly sunk into his bones.

The black fog was immediately ricocheted off by a powerful rebounding force and exploded with a bang. Su Ming seized the air with his right hand, and the exploded black fog tumbled towards him to gather in his hand. It then turned into a black finger.

At the same time, Su Ming's arm returned to normal, and the withered flesh recovered to its original state.

With the black finger in hand, Su Ming cast a glance in the direction before him.

Shock appeared on the small black humanoid's face. It stared at Su Ming's right hand blankly, and a dumbfounded expression gradually appeared in its eyes.

"You... This is the Curse! You actually managed to master the Candle Dragon's Curse?! This is..."

"Ever since I obtained the Candle Dragon's blessing, I discovered the life force you were hiding away. You might have been able to monitor my words and actions after I left the Candle Dragon's body, but that was because I allowed you to see them," Su Ming said blandly, picking up the third finger.

Without waiting for the small black humanoid to continue speaking, he waved his left arm, and immediately, the transparent mountain rock was surrounded by golden light. Once it was enveloped by golden light, Su Ming put it away into his storage bag.

With the small black humanoid's third finger in hand, Su Ming no longer bothered himself with that small humanoid. He walked towards the medicinal cauldron and placed the black finger inside according to the method to create the Welcoming of Deities in his memories. Once he did so, he sat down cross-legged beside the cauldron and pressed a palm on it to begin the creation of the pill.

'According to the procedures, I will need 997 days to refine the Welcoming of Deities, and there will be two days where Heavenly

Judgment will appear. If I make it through them, then the days of creation for the pill will reach a full 999 days, and it will turn into the Welcoming of Deities!’ Su Ming looked at the medicinal cauldron before him and gradually closed his eyes.

Time passed by without his knowledge. Days trickled away. In this frozen world at the bottom of the sea, there was only eternal silence. There was not a single thing bothering him, no change between the moon and sun in the sky. There was only limitless darkness around him.

Su Ming would occasionally wake up and feed some black liquid to the small snake as well as reward the turtle that always dropped by to wait after bringing some items over.

Perhaps it was because Su Ming had been here for a long time and perhaps it was because of the black liquid, but the hate the turtle had towards him in the beginning was clearly gone. In fact, it would even occasionally put on a look of flattery so that it could obtain that black liquid.

Two years passed by quietly, just like that. If Su Ming added the year that had gone by previously, then he would have been in this frozen world for three years.

The Welcoming of Deities was not yet complete.

Days went by without a single change. When the Welcoming of Deities entered its 998th day of refinement, Heavenly Judgment did not arrive, though perhaps it was because this place was isolated from the world.

When the 999th day arrived, booming sounds came from the medicinal cauldron before Su Ming. Numerous mumbling sounds also spread out from within it.

At the instant Su Ming opened his eyes, the medicinal cauldron’s lid flew off and a strange ray of light instantly shot out. Su Ming’s eyes sparkled, and he warped to the layer of ice right above the

cave abode's ceiling. He then took a step forward, lifted his right hand, and went on to catch the incoming strange ray of light.

The strange ray of light tried to dodge, but after Su Ming let out a cold harrumph, a wave of ripples appeared in the air in the cave abode. Those ripples spread out and seemed to freeze up the air, causing the light to freeze for a moment as well.

The instant it froze, Su Ming caught it with his right hand. Right when he touched that light, it faded away, and a purplish red medicinal pill appeared in his hand!

A human face that was the exact same as Su Ming's emerged on the medicinal pill, and it was staring at Su Ming while growling.

"The Welcoming of Deities has the power to destroy the sky and earth. It can turn into millions of things. It can contain wills and minds within, and it can also absorb all the spirits in the world and make them descend on it so that it can be used for creation!

"Devour the pill, and you can turn into the soul which you had absorbed. You can make the winds and clouds flow backwards, and can even shake the heavens!"

This was the description of the effects of the medicinal pill Su Ming had obtained when he initially received the method to create the Welcoming of Deities.

The meaning of the description had been rather unclear to him in the past, but now, Su Ming could see the true use of the medicinal pill clearly! It was just as it was described. This Welcoming of Deities had two uses, it could be used internally and externally! Its internal function was that it could contain his Nascent Divinity and change into various forms, just like a clone!

As for its external function, it could sense the souls in this world and forcefully absorb them. Su Ming could swallow that pill afterwards and turn into that soul. Then, with his will, he could bring out the power of the soul, and the strength of that power

would depend on the soul that the pill had absorbed!

If it had absorbed the remnants of the Candle Dragon's soul... Su Ming held onto the one and only Welcoming of Deities he had created and looked at it while light flickered in his eyes.

‘Transformations that are based on the spirits it absorbed...’

As Su Ming fell into his thoughts, a gleam appeared in his eyes, and the Immortal's Nascent Divinity came out of his body to charge straight towards the Welcoming of Deities. In an instant, it fused into the pill, and the Welcoming of Deities flew out of Su Ming's hand. Dim light shone in midair, and the pill gradually turned into a teenage boy.

That boy was Su Ming from the past.

‘I still need to search for the remnants of souls from powerful spirits. It's a pity that I didn't have this pill when I met the Candle Dragon, or else... If I had placed the Candle Dragon's soul in the pill and swallowed it, then according to its effects, I could turn into a Candle Dragon...’

Su Ming's eyes shone brilliantly and his heart raced against his chest.

‘But I wonder, is it possible that the descriptions for this pill were exaggerated...?’

Su Ming cast a glance at his past self, then with a single thought, dim light immediately started shining around the boy. His Nascent Divinity returned to his body, and as that dim light gathered together, it turned into the medicinal pill once more. Su Ming put it away into his storage bag, then lifted his head to look at the darkness outside the layer of ice.

‘It's been almost four years now. I've also increased the amount of Berserker Bones in my body during this time. Now almost a seventh of all my bones have turned into Berserker Bones!

‘The time has come for me to leave. The clash between South

Morning and the Eastern Wastelands should have ended...'

The ninth summit appeared in Su Ming's head. After a long while, he closed his eyes. When he reopened them, he started clearing up the cave abode he had stayed in for nearly four years. He put away the medicinal cauldron and the Poison Corpse, as well as the Celestial Maiden and Ahu's souls, while the small snake lay sprawled across his shoulders.

Su Ming arrived at the entrance of the cave abode and went to the ice mountain, then looked at the gate. Just as he was about to leave, a low roar suddenly traveled from outside the layer of ice.

When Su Ming turned his head over to look, a faint smile appeared at the corners of his lips. The turtle was rushing towards him from the black seawater. It had a giant object in its mouth. That thing was hundreds of feet in size and could not be seen clearly. It brought that thing to the layer of ice, and once it saw Su Ming, the turtle immediately let its jaws fall slack and looked at him with eager and expectant eyes. It even used its claws to push the thing it had dragged over closer.

Su Ming looked at the turtle and turned around with a smile. He pressed his right hand against the layer of ice, and as rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, the turtle blinked. The layer of freezing ice that had separated them over these four years shattered, and Su Ming walked out.

The turtle did not put on the ferocious expression it had in the past. Instead, its face grew even more expectant. It even took a few steps forward to approach Su Ming.

Su Ming did not dodge and simply allowed the turtle to get closer. He looked at this creature, and his smile reached his eyes. He did not look at the thing it dragged over, but instead brought out the small bottle containing the black liquid and poured eight drops from it.

"I'll give you eight drops. I don't have much left now. I still have

to keep some for my snake... I'll be leaving this place today. I wonder if the gate can still last long enough to bring me here again..."

Su Ming lifted his right hand and patted the turtle's head. That creature moved back slightly, but when it cast a glance at the eight drops of black liquid again, it allowed Su Ming to pat its head.

"I'll be leaving now."

Su Ming looked at the turtle and averted his gaze. Just as he was about to leave, the turtle stuck out its tongue and swallowed all eight drops of that black liquid into its mouth right under the small snake's jealous gaze. An intoxicated look appeared on its face. When it saw that Su Ming wanted to leave, it quickly used its claw and pushed the thing it dragged back several times.

Su Ming instinctively looked over. It was still a broken item, and it looked like the remaining part of a tablet's corner from a palace that had shattered. Shattered ice filled the surface of that tablet, and there were even some faded words on it.

Su Ming crouched down and wiped away the ice on that broken tablet to look at the rather faded words carved on it. Yet the instant he saw those words, he shuddered and a bang went off in his head. A dazed look appeared on his face.

"Great Yu Sky Palace..."

These four words were carved on that broken tablet!

Chapter 514: The Old Man on the Altar

"Great Yu Sky Palace."

There was an ancient feel to the words, making all those who saw them feel as if the air of an age's decline was crashing right into their faces!

Su Ming crouched there, stunned for a long time.

‘Great Yu.’

These two words were incredibly important to any Berserker, because the Great Yu Dynasty was the Berserkers' holy land and the core of their race. The country was created by the first God of Berserkers, and it was the symbol for all Berserkers!

It was especially so after the continents were separated. The Dead Sea cut off the connections between other continents, causing the Great Yu Dynasty to slowly turn into a mere legend in the minds of the Berserkers as generations passed.

Su Ming's knowledge towards the Great Yu Dynasty had slowly increased after he became the Divine General of Awakening, and once he became a Divine General of Bone Sacrifice. The country left an increasingly deeper impression in his mind as his experiences increased.

There might be a lot of rumors saying that Great Yu was no longer around, but those were just rumors. The existence of the three great deity statues caused the people to not believe in those rumors. To many Berserkers, the Great Yu Dynasty still existed deep within their hearts. It was located at the center of the land of the Berserkers, among the other four continents. It had always protected the Berserkers, and it was waiting for the arrival of the fourth God of Berserkers.

Su Ming stared at the broken palace tablet blankly as a storm raged in his mind, and it would not die down even after a long time

had passed. When the time it takes for an incense stick to burn was over, he lifted his head with much difficulty and looked at the pleased turtle.

"Where... did you get this?" Su Ming asked with an array of mixed feelings in his heart.

The turtle tossed its huge head to one side and became even more pleased with itself.

"Bring me there..." Su Ming requested calmly.

The turtle hesitated for a moment before it lowered its body slowly. Su Ming went to the turtle's back without hesitation, and when he stood on its back, the turtle lifted its head and let out a low roar before it swiftly charged into the distance.

It was dark all around. Su Ming could not see too far ahead. Seawater surrounded him from all directions, building a pressure that he would not have been able to bear in the past, but now could.

He had been in this frozen world for many years. Besides taking that spiked club in the past, he had not ventured out to explore the place. He had not even been able to cast his divine sense too far into the distance. And it was not that he did not want to. There was simply something in this place that rejected divine senses, making it difficult for him to spread his divine sense far and wide. Besides, Su Ming had spent most of his time training, and the turtle also lingered outside. That was why he had not gone out to find out just where he was.

He had a hunch in his heart that he should be in the Dead Sea, but he simply did not know where the sea above him was located.

At that moment, as the turtle moved forward, Su Ming left the cave abode that had acted as his lodgings for four years and swam towards the distance.

He started to slowly spread his divine sense outwards. Although

he still could not cast it far away, but as he persevered, he managed to cover a small area around himself. As the turtle charged forward, he saw his cave abode behind him, and it was... located in a mountain!

His cave abode was located right at the top of that mountain!

Further down ahead, Su Ming saw a huge palace. That palace was completely encased in ice, and only a corner was exposed in water... As the turtle continued moving forward, Su Ming felt his heart trembling in anticipation.

Gradually, he saw palaces upon palaces located before him... as well as people in strange clothing frozen in ice... He also saw huge ferocious beasts, savage looking giant snakes, as well as an uncountable number of people attacking and killing each other...

All of these people had become part of the ice, and they all looked as if they were still alive... In fact, as the turtle continued charging forward, Su Ming saw an old man with a head full of white hair above him. He was dressed in a purple robe and looked incredibly mighty and heroic. His right hand was lifted, and there was a round plate floating above his palm. Under his feet was an enormous Dark Turtle. However, both of them had turned into ice statues and were connected to the ice pillars on the ground.

Right before was a middle-aged man in an Emperor's robe. There was a picture on the man's face that looked like a Berserker Mark, and his expression was one of sorrow. In his right hand he held a flag, and he looked as if he was about to swing it, but he had also become an ice statue, part of the frozen land.

Between them were frozen snowflakes... It was as if it had been snowing and a gust of desolate wind had been blowing in the air when this land and everything in it was encased in ice.

Su Ming could just imagine desolate wind moaning as it passed through the land at some point during the passage of time, making the snow dance in the air, causing the heavens to be separated

from the earth before the snow fell on the ground.

Su Ming saw this with his divine sense, and it shook his heart to the core. As the turtle swam forward, he gradually saw more of the place. The great halls and towers that filled the land were so numerous that no end could be seen. There were also an infinite amount of houses surrounding them, as well as halls, and each one of them looked incredibly ancient...

In fact, Su Ming could still see people in attacking positions outside the houses, frozen as they fought madly against the people in strange clothing!

Su Ming was not unfamiliar with that style of dressing. He had seen the Celestial Maiden dressed in that clothing before. He had seen the Immortals in the land of the Shamans in those clothes before. He had seen Di Tian in them before!

This was a city!

Perhaps more accurately speaking...

"Great Yu Imperial City..." Su Ming mumbled.

He saw a towering palace as he stood on the turtle's back. That palace was the biggest one among all that was here . However, it was already broken and tattered. In fact, the spot where tablets were supposed to hang had also collapsed.

They went past it... The turtle was clearly already used to everything in this place. As it swam forth, it brought Su Ming away from where he'd been buried under the Dead Sea. When they eventually swam towards the center of the frozen city, Su Ming saw a mountain!

More accurately speaking, it was an altar!

It was heptagonal in shape and entirely black. It stood erect and still in the frozen city, and under the altar, Su Ming saw more than one hundred thousand people standing as if they were worshiping it... He saw an old man sitting cross-legged right on top of the

altar.

The old man wore a purple robe and was frozen along with the altar.

Su Ming stared at this scene blankly. The turtle beneath him let out a delighted roar as it charged forward, then brought him towards the altar. It swam above it, and right at the instant Su Ming lowered his head, he saw the old man in purple robes on the altar beneath him.

The old man's face was full of wrinkles and brown spots. He had his eyes opened, but there was not a hint of light in them. There was a complete spine before him. In his right hand he held a stone piece, and it stayed above the thirtieth vertebrae.

The old man had lifted his head as if staring at the sky, but when Su Ming looked towards him, a bang went off in his head, and the feeling that the old man on the altar was looking at him appeared in his heart...

That gaze seemed to have come through the passage of time, and no one could have a clue of how long it had existed. It was as if the old man had indeed seen something before he died. Perhaps he had seen what was happening right at that moment.

This was an indefinable feeling. As Su Ming's mind shuddered, he began to feel as if there was an indescribable air of strangeness in this frozen world.

Right at that moment, a low roar traveled forth from the frozen city. That roar was muffled, and it seemed to have come from under the endless layers of ice. It shook the ice and reverberated in the water, as if it had come from a very far off place.

When it rang out, it made the turtle under Su Ming's body let out a shrill, pained cry. It quickly left, and while Su Ming was shocked by that roar, his vision blurred, and he coughed out a mouthful of blood. His cultivation base within his body almost broke down.

It was just a roar, and it had even passed through endless layers of ice before it reached him through the water, but it still possessed such shocking power. Su Ming's pupils shrank. The turtle beneath him fled at a rapid speed in the midst of its fear. In the blink of an eye, it was already far away from the place.

As the turtle escaped, the altar gradually faded from sight, and the roar slowly vanished. Su Ming wiped away the blood at the corners of his lips. With fear lingering in his heart, he saw frozen Immortals further down the frozen land... Their numbers could not even be counted, and the ones in Su Ming's senses alone numbered to several hundreds of thousands...

There was still an endless amount of Immortals right behind those he'd sensed... It was difficult for him to count just how many of them there were.

Su Ming was silent and simply allowed the turtle to bring him around the place in all directions. Eventually, they left the frozen city, and when they reached a flat piece of land at the bottom of the sea, the turtle let out a few roars beneath itself.

Su Ming lowered his head to look, and he saw palace rubble littering all the land. There were even some pieces of debris floating upwards.

Similarly, as the turtle brought him around in a big circle, he saw debris sinking down from above. Clearly, a great tremor or accident had caused the walls in the palace to shake, and in the process, made the walls loose, making debris fall.

Some of it floated to the surface before sinking down once again...

Su Ming could already guess that this change was due to the clash between the Eastern Wastelands and South Morning, which had caused the entire Dead Sea to shake.

With a wave of melancholy and a dejectedness he could not

describe, he had the turtle bring him back to his cave abode. Due the fear towards the roar, the turtle swam in a big circle to avoid the city. As Su Ming stood on the turtle's back, he saw the altar as well as the old man in purple robes sitting on top once again from the distance.

‘In the face of the Immortals’ mass invasion, just what did he see over there when he lifted his head...?’ Su Ming looked at the old man on the altar for a long, long time, until he eventually saw only darkness because he had been brought away.

The turtle brought Su Ming back to the mountain where his cave abode was.

He walked off the turtle's back and stood beside the ice mountain leading to his cave. Even after a long time had passed, it was still difficult for him to calm the turmoil in his heart. He looked at the place with mixed feelings, and after some time, he closed his eyes. When he reopened them, calmness had returned to his eyes.

"Do you want to leave with me?" Su Ming asked softly, stroking the turtle's huge head.

The turtle hesitated for a moment before it eventually shook its head. When Su Ming saw the turtle's answer, he did not try to persuade it. He turned around instead, and with firm resolution, he walked towards the ice mountain. He knew that with his current self, he could still not further explore this place. He could not find the reason that caused this place to be buried in the depths of the Dead Sea, and could not find what caused this place to be frozen.

Su Ming believed that eventually, he would come to fully understand everything here. However, while his power might be strong as of then, it was still not enough.

The mysteries in this place, the oddities in this land, and the spots that Su Ming had noticed the turtle intentionally avoiding by a wide berth as they traveled through the land told him clearly that

this place... was definitely not as deathly still as it seemed!

The roar that had caused Su Ming to be shocked to the core had also added another layer of mystery to the place.

With these thoughts, Su Ming walked into the ice mountain, straight towards the relocation gate. He turned his head back and looked at the frozen world once more, as well as the words on the tablet lying outside the ice mountain.

"Great Yu Sky Palace..." he mumbled. And when the relocation gate shone, his body disappeared within.

When the turtle saw that Su Ming had disappeared, it let out a few sad cries, born out of unwillingness to part. It then laid down on the spot and begun to wait for him to come back once more.

Chapter 515: World Outside

Clear sky was forever gone from the rain riddled world. Heavy, dark clouds pressed down above the endless sea, making all those who saw them feel a sort of oppressive feeling weighing down on their chests. Most of normal people might have died, while some of them might have been lucky enough to survive through the calamity, but they would never be able to see clear blue sky again. All they could see... was this foggy darkness.

If anyone wanted to see the blue sky, they would need to possess a certain level of cultivation. Only then could they fly through the layers of tumbling clouds and arrive above the clouds to see the sky that had been hidden away.

However, while flying near the ground was easy, it was certainly not an easy thing to move through the layers of clouds that were filled with the power of lightning that aimed to rip apart flesh. Not only was there an incredibly high requirement for the physical body to be able to move through the clouds, if that person had yet to reach the Berserker Soul Realm, it was simply too difficult to last for long in the clouds as the bolts of lightning crackled around.

Those thick layers of clouds covered the land that belonged to the Shamans and the Berserkers in the past...

Seawater stretched far and wide into the distance, and nothing else could be seen on the land... Nothing but for a faint, large, and black shadow in the rain. That shadow seemed like the Eastern Wastelands... and there was only emptiness further down ahead.

It was as if South Morning had disappeared.

At that moment, under this dark sky and the rolling clouds, three figures could be found charging through the rain. They had turned into three long arcs and were shooting forward.

The three people were dashing into the distance at full speed

with panic on their faces. They were two men and one woman, and they were dressed in normal clothing. There was nothing outstanding about their appearance, and their levels of cultivation were the only things that were somewhat presentable about them. The strongest among them was a man, and he seemed to be halfway through to becoming a Latter Shaman. The other man was around the late stage of a Medial Shaman.

But curiously, the woman among the three of them was a Berserker, and she did nothing to hide her identity. The waves of ripples belonging to a Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm spread from her body clearly. By the looks of it, she should be around the later stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm.

With their power, if the group ran into a normal powerful Shaman that had just recently become a Latter Shaman, they would still be able to put up a fight, albeit with a struggle. They would still lose, but if they worked together, one of them could still escape.

This trio were charging forth above the sea extremely quickly. However, from their panicked expressions and extreme speed, all those who saw them would be able to tell that they were running for their lives!

There were two long arcs that were chasing the trio down, and they were an old man and a young teenager. The old man's face was indifferent. His body did not move, and his feet merely swept through the air as he traveled forth. The boy behind him had a prideful expression on his face, and he was regarding the three people escaping with scorn on his face.

"Master, are these three people idiots? They know clearly that they don't have any chance to survive, so why are they still escaping so desperately? If it were me, I would fight to the death!" The boy cast a glance at the old man beside him when he spoke.

"Because I gave them hope," the old man stated blandly. He

looked calm and at ease, just like a person would when the sky cleared up after rain. It was as if there were few things in the world that could make his expression change.

"With your power, killing these three people is as easy as flipping over your hand..." The boy frowned.

"These three people are just bait. This wouldn't have happened if I wasn't out. But since I came out, and I brought you with me for the hunt, then we might as well hunt more. They will continue calling for help as they escape, and they will lure out more of those from South Morning. With that, we will also be able to get enough battle achievements for you during the Scour Sieve Festival and get you into Scour Sieve Temple." The old man still looked calm, as if he had everything completely under control.

"Are we fishing now?" A brutal smile appeared on the boy's face. He looked at the three people escaping in front, and his smile grew wider.

"Scour Sieve Festival..." Anticipation appeared on the boy's face. It was as if the meaning behind those three words was incredibly attractive to him.

"A large amount of our tribesmen will come to South Morning's Barren Swampland to harvest the souls here half a year before the Scour Sieve Festival. That's why we have to avoid them and come here earlier."

As the Master and disciple spoke to each other, a large area of seawater under the three escapees suddenly exploded. As seawater sprayed into the air, four figures shot up into the air. Those four people were incredibly quick as they charged into the sky. Once they appeared, those figures turned into four people.

All four of them were middle-aged people. Three of them were Berserkers, and the last was a Shaman. The instant these four people appeared, the full power of their cultivation exploded forth from their bodies. Right away, the three people fleeing in front

also came to an abrupt halt. Without any hesitation, they moved back and charged towards the old man and the boy with the other four people.

"You are merely Berserkers in the Bone Sacrifice Realm and Medial Shamans. How dare you try to ambush me?" the old man stated flatly, disdain appearing in his eyes. He lifted his right hand and pressed his palm against the sea beneath him.

That sea immediately erupted and a huge wave shot up. That wave surged into the sky and instantly covered the entire area. Booming sounds and screams of pain echoed in the air, and when the wave disappeared, five of the seven exploded, turning into flesh and blood that spilled down. The remaining man and woman coughed up blood, and with grief on their faces, they quickly retreated, fleeing at full speed once more.

The old man remained standing in his original spot and shook his head.

"The people of South Morning are so weak, they can't even put up a fight. Let's go. We'll kill another three hundred of them, and then you'll have obtained enough battle credit," the old man stated flatly and continued chasing the two people in front leisurely.

The boy looked at his Master with adoration and idolization in his eyes and quickly followed behind.

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Some distance away from that spot in the dark depths of the Dead Sea was a strong ray of light that appeared for an instant in the darkness before it disappeared. The light had appeared from the bottom of the sea, and it came from a gate that was filled with an air of decline.

That gate was near complete collapse, and when the light disappeared, a person took form.

That person was Su Ming!

He was submerged at the very bottom of the Dead Sea.

He turned his head around and cast a glance at the gate. After some time, he charged towards the surface. There was not much light in the Dead Sea, and there were many ferocious beasts that laid within. However, the instant Su Ming flew out, a ray of violet light spread out from his body, and it made all the ferocious beasts around him shudder and quickly move away. It was as if he had become an incredibly terrifying existence to them.

Su Ming dashed forth quietly through the Dead Sea, and he moved so quickly that he stirred up a vortex at the depths of the sea. That vortex moved with loud booming sounds, causing the surface of the sea to start churning slowly as well. After some time, the surface of the sea exploded, and as it reverberated in the air, Su Ming shot out from the bottom of the sea.

Seawater shot up and fused with the rain from the sky before it fell to the sea again. Su Ming stood on the surface of the sea and looked around him. There was only an endless expanse of emptiness, and it made him fall silent for a long period of time.

‘South Morning... should no longer be around.’

Su Ming cast his eyes to the south. That was where the land of the Berserkers was. That was also where the ninth summit was located.

As he continued looking, a deep, longing look surfaced in his eyes. He missed the ninth summit, missed his Master, missed his eldest senior brother, his second senior brother, and also Hu Zi.

"Twenty years..." Su Ming mumbled. He had left the ninth summit for twenty years, and at this moment, he, who had returned from the frozen world, yearned deeply to go to the land of the Berserkers, back to the ninth summit, and to see the things that had once existed in the past.

With that yearning lingering in his heart, Su Ming turned into a

long arc and charged forth in the air, straight towards the direction where the land of the Berserkers was located.

He did not hide his power. The presence that surged into the sky, the astonishing speed, and the freezing aura that had accumulated in Su Ming's body over several years caused all the people who noticed him as he flew to feel shocked to the core.

Even those who had reached the Berserker Soul Realm or had become Latter Shamans would feel a sort of intimidating pressure once they sensed the presence of Su Ming's body, and that feeling could make their hearts pound in fear!

Su Ming charged forth without stop. His gaze landed on the surface of the sea beneath him, and he saw islands floating about!

'South Morning was torn apart in the clash... The land either sank to the bottom of the sea or turned into numerous islands. South Morning's entire terrain has changed completely.'

Su Ming shook his head. Then with a flash, he instantly disappeared. When he reappeared, he was already far into the distance, heading towards where the land of the Berserkers was located in the past. Just as he was about to continue onward, he suddenly stopped, and turned his head sideways to cast a glance at the surface of the sea in the distance.

"That's..." Su Ming was taken aback for a moment, then he changed his direction.

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There was an island on the Dead Sea. It looked small and was filled with mountain rocks. There were no plants on the island, and it looked incredibly empty.

There had been originally no island there. In fact, there had never been islands around South Morning in the past. However, after the disaster, many islands had gradually appeared.

There were less than twenty people staying on the island, and

there was a faint screen of light covering that island, serving as a simple protection. These dozen something people had formed a few simple cave abodes and stayed there.

Their cave abodes were located on a part of the island that looked like a valley. It was at the top of the hill, and on top of it was a statue. That statue was roughly carved, but anyone who saw it could vaguely tell that it was a man with long hair.

That man had his head lifted and was looking into the distance. He held a large bow in his right hand, but his appearance was indistinct, and his facial features could not be seen clearly.

There were two old men sitting on the mountain rocks underneath the man's statue. These two men were dressed in rags and looked ancient. They currently had their eyes closed and were meditating. Wisps of chimney smoke spread from the cave abodes due to the members of the tribe preparing food underneath.

Ever since this group of nearly twenty people had gathered together on this island and formed their tiny tribe, they had been living their lives day by day this way.

Soon, the islanders walked out from their cave abodes. There were men and women, elderly and young among them, and they all moved to gather atop the hill. Once they did so, they knelt down before the statue and started worshipping it while mumbling under their breaths.

"We Fated Kin were born in a barren and undeveloped world. We originally did not have a future, because we needed to create our own future... We will worship Respected Senior Mo [1] until Fated Kin vanishes from the world..."

"The Respected Senior Mo is our heaven. We are the souls living in that heaven, and our words of worship will never change..."

"We will gather under Sky River Mountain. We of the Fated Kin must remember this. We must search... for Sky River Mountain..."

This worship that would occur every day had not ceased for even a single day for the past few years, no matter rain nor shine. Nothing could stop them from their sincere ritual.

Translator's Notes:

1. Respected Senior Mo and respected senior Mo: I thought that since the Fated Kin practically worship Su Ming as their god, it would make no sense if they referred to him as 'respected senior Mo', sounds kind of disrespectful. So when the Fated Kin refer to Su Ming, it will be Respected Senior Mo, with the big caps, and when other people refer to him with that title, it will be respected senior Mo.

Chapter 516: Fated Kin!

Su Ming appeared in the air above the island. He looked at the people in the island, and found the faces somewhat familiar. These people were, naturally, the Fated Kin from the World of Nine Yin.

When Su Ming saw them, a smile appeared on his lips. With a single move, he passed through the screen of light as if it did not exist and walked into the island.

His arrival did not catch the attention of the people who were busy worshiping the statue in the valley. Su Ming stood on a mountain rock in the island and stared at the statue being worshiped by the people in the valley not too far away.

That statue's appearance might be indistinct, but he could still tell with at a single glance that the person was himself.

‘Fated Kin...’

Once again, this race that was born in the World of Nine Yin left a deep impression in his heart. It would have been easy for them to hold onto this attitude when they were in the World of Nine Yin. After all, at that time, Su Ming was incredibly important to them.

In truth, Su Ming had not cared whether they would keep to their promise after they left the world. However, when he saw these dozen something Fated Kin keeping to their promise and worshiping him, not only did his impression of this race become deeper, a slightly different sort of feeling towards them welled up in his heart.

The words of worship, the voices referring to him as ‘Respected Senior Mo’, and the promises of never forgetting to gather at Sky River Mountain made Su Ming sentimental. His gaze fell on his own statue, and just as he was about to walk forth and appear before them, a crease suddenly appeared between his brows.

He leapt past these Fated Kin who were still worshiping his

statue and looked towards the sky in the distance.

At that moment, the fleeing man and woman who were being chased down by the people from the Eastern Wastelands could be found in the sky several hundreds of li away from the small island. Their faces were filled with grief, and the hatred that existed between them in the past as Shamans and Berserkers could no longer be found.

"Ya Mu, what should we do...? The Remains of the Barren Isles is right in front of us..." The female Berserker bit her lower lip. Her face was ashen pale, and blood could even be seen trickling down the corners of her lips.

"Sir Zong Ze and Sir Yun Lai are still in isolation, or else how would a stupid Eastern Wastelander in the Berserker Soul Realm would dare to be so outrageous in our land?! If this person had dared come here before the calamity, he would have definitely died!" The face of that man named Ya Mu was filled with grief, and he was the Ya Mu who had been acquainted with Su Ming in the past when they were in Autumn Sea Tribe!

However, he had now become a middle-aged man, and there were even flecks of white at his temples.

"The Eastern Wastelanders have always been conceited and arrogant. He has been chasing us all this way but has never tried ending our lives. He must be thinking of using us to lure our people..."

"We can't return to our island. We can't let the Eastern Wastelanders know where we are... If the Remains of the Barren Isles lie before us, then we will go there!" A determined look appeared on Ya Mu's face.

"But there are some of those Fated Kin staying in the Remains of the Barren Isles... We..."

"We can't be bothered by that anymore!" With one move, Ya Mu

changed his direction, charging straight towards the direction where he remembered the Remains of the Barren Isles lying.

The old man and the boy remained several hundreds of li behind them, and since they had the heart to not persecute them too tightly, Ya Mu and the woman approached the Remains of the Barren Isles swiftly. After the time taken for an incense stick to burn, empty islands slowly appeared in their field of vision on the surface of the sea before them.

They closed in swiftly, and when they arrived in the air above the island, they saw the dozen something Fated Kin beneath a screen of light underneath, worshiping the statue.

The two were not unfamiliar with that statue. In truth, they had come to this place two years ago and tried to persuade the Shamans in this place to come with them to Southern Swamp Island. That was the biggest island in the region after the calamity.

However, these people had been aloof towards them, causing their persuasion to fall flat. In Ya Mu's eyes, these Shamans were incredibly strange. They called themselves the Fated Kin and worshiped this 'Respected Senior Mo'. And that 'Respected Senior Mo' of theirs was the statue.

What surprised Ya Mu even more was that the statue felt somewhat familiar to him, but since it was crudely made and because its appearance was indistinct, he could not tell why that statue felt familiar to him.

Ya Mu and the woman arrived at the island, and neither of them noticed Su Ming standing on a mountain rock and watching the two of them.

"Ya Mu..."

The man outside the screen of light felt somewhat familiar to Su Ming. Once he thought about it, he recognized him. He had also noticed the old man, who was the source for Ya Mu's hidden panic,

chasing leisurely after.

‘A Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm.’

Su Ming decided at that point that he would not walk out. Instead, he sat down on the mountain rock and started watching in silence.

"Fated Kin, our fellow friends in the Land of South Morning, I am Ya Mu, originally a part of Autumn Sea Tribe, currently a third level guard of Southern Swamp Island Alliance. I came here two years ago."

As Ya Mu stood outside the screen of light, he forced down the panic in his heart and wrapped his fist in a palm before bowing towards the dozen something people in the valley.

The female Berserker beside him also wrapped her fist in her palm and bowed.

"We are now being pursued by a powerful enemy, and he is right behind us. My fellow friends, please open your screen of light and let us avoid danger once again..."

When Ya Mu said these words, he too felt that he had gone overboard. This practically meant that he was luring the enemy to the island, but he did not have a choice. They either had to die or use the Fated Kin here. And perhaps they would gain a chance of survival in this place.

The thought of returning to Southern Swamp Island did not even cross his mind. He knew that the Eastern Wastelanders had been searching for inhabited islands during the two years after the calamity, and every single time they found one, a bloody massacre would rain down on it.

Since Southern Swamp Island was one of the big islands in the region, the powerful Shamans and Berserkers had done their best to hide it, and that was the reason why it could remain untouched. There was no way outsiders could learn about the island's

existence, and a seal was placed inside the bodies of all those who left the island. If anyone tried searching their memories forcefully, then their memories of the island would be instantly destroyed.

"Our pursuer came from Eastern Wastelands, and he is the mortal enemy of us from South Morning. If he runs into any of us from South Morning, he will kill them and take their souls... We were forced to a corner and are in a desperate situation. My fellow friends, please help us. Even if we leave now, the island will be exposed..." Ya Mu spoke in anguish, and the crowd within the valley behind the screen of light lifted their heads and looked at both of them aloofly.

There was not a hint of fear or terror on the Fated Kin. Compared to the things they had to suffer through during those fifteen years in the World of Nine Yin, all of this was really just a speck of dust in their eyes.

After all, the enemy they had to face now was still human, not a Sacred Bat, or a Drifting Roamer, or a Spirit of Nine Yin...

An old man walked out from among the dozen something Fated Kin. His gaze was as sharp as lightning, and his level of cultivation was the same as that of Ya Mu. They were both Medial Shamans who had reached the peak of that stage, and were both halfway through to becoming Latter Shamans.

He first cast an aloof glance at Ya Mu and the woman, then waved his arm. Immediately, a crack opened up in the screen of light beneath them.

Ya Mu and the woman did not hesitate and quickly crawled into the crack to step into the island. When the crack in the screen of light closed up, an old man with a boy in tow could be seen in the sky far away, walking leisurely in the air.

Ya Mu swept his gaze across all the Fated Kin as he stood in the valley. All their expressions were incredibly aloof, and when they looked at the both of them, he had a feeling they were treating

them as air.

This sort of gaze made the woman beside Ya Mu instinctively take a few steps back.

Ya Mu did not have a lot of knowledge regarding the Fated Kin, but he still knew a little more than the woman. He knew that this strange race was entirely composed of Shamans. They worshiped this Respected Senior Mo and did not want to have any form of contact with outsiders. They were a very closed off group.

He knew nothing else besides this.

Under the Fated Kin's aloof gazes, Ya Mu immediately took a step forward and wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed deeply towards the gigantic statue before him.

"I am Ya Mu, from Southern Swamp Island. Greetings, statue of respected senior Mo. I hope that you will last forever and your spirit will never die!"

The woman beside Ya Mu also instantly took a few steps forward and bowed to the statue as well.

When the Fated Kin saw these two people acting this way, they gradually warmed up slightly, but their expressions were still rather cold.

"Respected Senior Mo is not a spirit, he is even stronger than a spirit. He is our people's God. You will only find yourself in good hands if you worship him. Nothing bad will come to you," the old man stated languidly at that moment. He was also the leader of the Fated Kin on this island.

Ya Mu did not agree to the old man's words in his heart, but his expression was solemn, nonetheless. Just as he was about to speak, he saw the old Fated Kin lifting his right hand, and immediately, a large black bow manifested in his hand with a flash.

A middle-aged man walked out from the Fated Kin gathered around them at that moment, and banging sounds appeared all

over his hand. When he lifted his right hand, a similarly large bow appeared in his grasp.

The next instant, four people immediately walked out from among the crowd gathered around the two who had never seen the Fated Kin attack before. Their presences spread out from their bodies, and the duo found, to their amazement, that they were all Soul Catchers!

Moreover, they were all Medial Soul Catchers who had reached the later stage. While they might not have reached great completion, but Soul Catchers were powerful to begin with, and they were few and rare in-between!

Then, when Ya Mu still had not recovered from his shock, another four people walked out from among the dozen something people. They stopped beside the old man and the middle-aged man with the large bows, and the instant their presences spread out from their bodies, he found that they were Spirit Mediums!

‘They have nineteen people, and three of them are teenagers. Among the remaining sixteen, four are Soul Catchers, four are Spirit Mediums, and two are Battle Shamans...’ Ya Mu sucked in a sharp breath. Even before the calamity, only a middle-sized tribe could bring out a group like this, and what was more, they were all Medial Shamans.

Yet before he finished sucking in that breath, he found himself widening his eyes immediately, because he saw four other people walking out once again from among the few left in the group!

These four people closed their eyes before the crowd and lifted their hands. Then the power of Thought Soothsayers abruptly spread forth from their bodies.

‘Thought Soothsayers!’ Ya Mu instinctively took a step back, finding himself in disbelief towards what he saw.

‘Four Thought Soothsayers, four Soul Catchers, four Spirit

Mediums, and two Battle Shamans... They are only nineteen people, and such powerful warriors exist among them?!

Ya Mu knew full well just how powerful Thought Soothsayers were. When he saw these four were Medial Thought Soothsayers who had arrived at the later stage of their Realm, he could not help but be stunned.

What pushed him into further disbelief was that a thick wave of murderous aura that rose from beneath their still aloof demeanor. That murderous aura was absolutely not something that could be born overnight. This was a murderous aura that could only manifest through continuous slaughter and nonstop waves of heated frenzy, a murderous aura that could only be born after prolonged exposure to a unique situation!

When Ya Mu saw the same thick wave of murderous aura around the three children, he suddenly became incredibly wary of these mysterious Fated Kin that had suddenly appeared during the past few years.

‘Just... where did they come from?’

Translator’s Note:

Ya Mu: The only guy from Autumn Sea Tribe who had been nice to Su Ming when he traveled with their tribe, and was not a total jerk, even though he had tested Su Ming slightly. He also gave Su Ming the map of the land of the Shamans before Su Ming left.

Also, the identity of the woman will be revealed later. She’s also someone Su Ming knew. I wonder if you people can remember her

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Chapter 517: Fated Kin's Glory!

When Su Ming saw these Fated Kin from the distance, a smile curled up on his lips. This group of people had gone through trials and tribulations that put them constantly at death's door during those fifteen years in the World of Nine Yin. All those who could survive would definitely be outstanding people who stood out in a crowd.

These people might not be Latter Shamans, but their unique experiences had made resolution and the murderous aura within them to surpass all those around them. The two of them could have them surge into the sky and make them stand firmly against powerful existences and fight for their own fates!

Because they were the Fated Kin!

Because they had their fates in their own hands. They would not beg for outsiders to save them. They would save themselves!

Because they wanted to let all the people in the world see how the Fated Kin born within the World of Nine Yin would shape their own future, after they had been abandoned and lost it!

Their aloofness was born because the world had abandoned them, and so they were distant towards all those in the world. They would only give their warmth to their own kinsmen, and they would only spill their warm blood in battles to protect their own fates!

As time passed and years went by, when these Fated Kin eventually managed to take that one step and become Latter Shamans, they would stir up an indescribable storm in this land and the world!

This storm would come from their resolve, their desire to control their own fates after they had been abandoned!

As Su Ming looked at them, he found a vague shadow of himself

on them, and he gave up on the thought of helping them. He wanted to see just how much power these Fated Kin could bring out. The time had still not come for him to interfere with the Fated Kin's battle.

Moreover, since he was around, he would definitely not let any of the Fated Kin be caught in a life threatening crisis!

Four Thought Soothsayers, four Soul Catchers, four Spirit Mediums, two Battle Shamans. These fourteen people stood in the valley. Waves of murderous aura spread out from their bodies and surged into the sky, causing the old man who had arrived outside the screen of light to pause in his footsteps.

A grim look appeared on his face at that moment as he stared at the small island thousands of feet away and the dozen something people who were looking at him from the valley.

"I didn't expect such radiant souls to exist in the Land of South Morning after the calamity... Just one of their souls alone is already equivalent to several dozens of those other in this continent!" the old man mumbled. A flicker of light flashed in his eyes, and he took a step towards the island.

The instant he took that one step, the old man swung his right arm forward, and immediately, the seawater beneath him charged forth with a roar and surrounded the entire island. It turned into a large amount of waves that surged forward with the intention of flooding the land.

At the same time as the old man swung his arm forward, a Dead Sea Giant of one thousand feet appeared from the depths. Its eyes were dull and lifeless, as if it had been enslaved by the old man. It let out a roar and leapt up to charge straight towards the island.

Ya Mu's heart lurched forward. He had seen this Dead Sea Giant before. This was the ferocious beast that had killed most of the people in the team he'd led.

Just as he was about to shout out a warning to these Fated Kin, the four Thought Soothsayers closed their eyes, and the power that belonged to their kind burst forth swiftly, surrounding them, turning into wisps of aura that could not be seen with the naked eye and rushed straight towards the two Battle Shamans.

Right when the two lifted the large weapons in their hands. The instant they drew those bows wide apart, the eyes of the four Soul Catchers shone with a dark light, and the clouds in the sky started tumbling about even more furiously. Even the rain that was falling from the sky seemed to have gathered in midair for the Soul Catchers.

Soon after, the four Spirit Mediums spread their arms wide open. As mumbling sounds echoed in the air, wisps of dead souls surged up from the Dead Sea around the island with a sharp howl and charged towards the large bows in the Battle Shamans' hands.

With a hum, the middle-aged Battle Shaman became the first to let go of the bowstring in his hand. A ray of dark light sliced through the air and shot out of the screen of light, charging straight towards the Dead Sea Giant.

It was so quick that it broke through space in an instant, ripping up a crack in the air. There was also an indescribable madness and murderous aura contained within that ray of light, so strong that it caused some of the layers of clouds in the sky to roll backwards. In a moment, the ray of light crashed into the Dead Sea Giant that was roaring as it closed in on them.

"The power to tear apart space?!" Ya Mu's jaw fell slack in shock, and he cried out in surprise. The breathing of the female Berserker beside him also quickened, and she was filled with disbelief.

Booming sounds instantly reverberated in the air and spread in all directions. The Dead Sea Giant let out a scream of pain, and with one loud bang, most of its body was blasted off by the arrow. The creature then fell to the surface of the sea.

"What's with that arrow?!" The same words tumbled out of Ya Mu, the female Berserker, and the old Eastern Wastelander's mouths at the same time.

Ya Mu was completely stunned. He could not imagine that the previously unremarkable Fated Kin living on this island would possess such great strength!

The old Eastern Wastelander was shocked. After all, a Dead Sea Giant was as strong as a Berserker in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, but that arrow had managed to destroy it. The creature might not have died, but that sort of power was still enough to shock him.

"This is the Fated Kin's Arrow, created after fifteen years of fighting against the Sacred Bats and the Drifting Roamers, and a countless number of their own kinsmen dying!" Su Ming said in a soft voice.

"We Fated Kin will not fight against outsiders, be they from South Morning or Eastern Wasteland. This place belongs to us Fated Kin, do not trespass!" The person who spoke was the old man who had yet to let go of the big bow in his hand. He looked at the old Eastern Wastelander in the sky and declared sternly.

"Fated Kin..." The old Eastern Wastelander's pupils shrank. This was the first time he'd heard of this name. The boy behind him had already turned ashen pale. That arrow just now had already struck him dumb with shock.

'Thank goodness these Fated Kin only number to a dozen something. If there were several hundreds of them... Then they would become a terrifying force!'

The old Eastern Wastelander sucked in a sharp breath. He could already imagine it. If there were nearly a hundred of those arrows just now, then the destructive force behind them would have been on par with a Berserker in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm striking at full power.

The old man stared at the people holding the bows on the island, then with a gleam in his eyes, he took a step forward and closed in on the island as his lips curled up in a cold sneer.

"That arrow of yours might be strong, but I'd like to see what other secrets you Fated Kin still have!" As he said those words, he closed in on the island and swiftly lifted his right hand. Immediately, booming sounds reverberated in the sky above him. An incredibly real looking mountain with flowing rivers manifested above him, and it plunged right down towards the island.

The old Fated Kin with the bow narrowed his eyes. Without a single bit of delay, he let go of his hand, and buzzing sounds echoed in the air once again. As the world rumbled, a dark ray of light flashed and moved through the air. It ignored the illusion of the mountain and river to charge straight towards the old Eastern Wastelander.

The ray of light closed in on the old Eastern Wastelander in an instant, and his pupils shrank. He lifted his right hand, and a strong blast of light suddenly burst forth from a ring on one of his fingers. That light illuminated the whole region in an instant, causing everyone to not be able to see clearly.

The light disappeared in an instant, but it made the dark arrow disappear. The old man took three steps back, and his face turned slightly pale.

"What a powerful shot... If you were a Latter Shaman, you could have injured me badly, but now..." Killing intent flashed in the old man's eyes, and as he lifted his right hand, the illusion of the mountain and river rammed itself onto the screen of light surrounding the island.

That screen of light shattered and turned into an innumerable amount of shards that tumbled backwards, causing the island to lose all form of protection in an instant. Ya Mu's face turned pale,

and the woman beside him had the same reaction. Despair appeared in their eyes.

As they saw it, while the Fated Kin were strong, they had a limit to their strength. They could not hope to even put up a fight against the old Eastern Wastelander, who was already in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm.

Yet soon, the both of them quickly realized that the Fated Kin's expressions had not changed even a single bit. They were still as aloof and detached as ever, and right at that moment, the old man who had fired the arrow lifted his right leg and stomped on the ground.

The island started trembling with loud, booming sounds. The instant that illusion of the mountain and river broke the screen of light and started plunging towards them, the Spirit Mediums and Soul Catchers in the group knelt down below Su Ming's statue. Dense waves of aura of death gathered up and shot up swiftly from the valley before they exploded in the sky with a bang.

"Aura of Death's Assault!" the old Fated Kin declared slowly. The Fated Kin would always gather at places where there were thick waves of aura of death. This was a tradition of theirs that had never disappeared over the fifteen years of resistances and slaughters in the World of Nine Yin.

That was why they chose this small island, because they had noticed that it contained the aura of death. It might be unable to compare to the aura in the World of Nine Yin's valley, but if they released some of it, they could still bring out two charges!

This change was a unique method that belonged to the Fated Kin, and they had tested it out through numerous trials and errors in the midst of life and death situations.

The aura of death charged out with a bang and went towards the illusion that was sinking down on the island. The instant they clashed, booming sounds reverberated in the air violently. The

mountain and river were destroyed, and the aura of death disappeared. Disbelief could be seen clearly on the old Eastern Wastelander in the sky.

The boy's, who stood next to him, eyes went wide, revealing his shock.

"Yin Death Waves...? You... Just where did you Fated Kin come from?! This island could have only been formed at most four years ago. It's impossible to change this place to bring out the power of Yin Death Waves in just four years! Even the Great Tribe of Yin Agents can only do it in ten years!" The old man took a few steps back as he exclaimed.

Su Ming looked at the aura of death erupting forth from the valley. When he heard the old Eastern Wastelander's words in the air, he suddenly came to understand how the Fated Kin worked. During the fifteen years they had stayed in the World of Nine Yin's valley, they had relied on the valley to struggle and fight back. This sort of experience had caused them to be incredibly good at using geographical advantages.

Perhaps more accurately speaking, they were good at using the aura of death!

Ever since Ya Mu came to this island, he was repeatedly shocked, and the shock this time was the strongest. He stared at the valley with a blank expression, and he felt his skin crawl.

The strength of the Fated Kin had once again exceeded his expectations.

He would not be able to imagine at the moment either, that in the distant future, when the Fated Kin truly rose up and became unrivaled in the entire land of the Berserkers and even Yin Death's Region, they would have a few distinct characteristics unique to their existence!

The valleys would forever be the location where they would built

their tribes!

That astonishing big bow would forever be a part of their selection of weapons!

That dense aura of death would forever exist beneath their tribes!

Similarly, their deceased tribesmen would forever be buried under an altar built behind the valley, and they would become a part of the aura of death that kept their people safe, becoming an existence that could be truly said to be the ancestors of the race protecting their descendants!

"Do you still want to fight? If you want to, then we will fight you till the end! But even if we die, you should be prepared and remain on constant alert, because the other Kinsfolk of Death will come for your life, and they will not stop until you die!

"Because the souls of us Fated Kin are tied together. If you kill one of us, all our people can sense it. Our Respected Senior Mo will also let you know what exactly is hell and what exactly is purgatory!" the old Fated Kin declared coldly, lifting his head.

Then all of them, including the children, looked over coldly.

Chapter 518: That Call of Disciple Niece...

Ya Mu stared at the Fated Kin, dumbstruck. His mind was blank at that moment. Suddenly, he had a feeling that he had made the correct decision to escape to the Fated Kin's island.

The old man's face was as dark as thunderclouds at that moment as he stood in the sky. He was a Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm and could be considered a powerful warrior in the Eastern Wastelands. However, in the face of these dozen something weaklings on the island, a hint of wariness had actually risen within him!

That wariness shot up in his heart incredibly swiftly and he could feel it very clearly!

That wariness was due to the murderous aura and the aloofness from the dozen something people on the island. Even the children were as aloof and detached as the adults. He had indeed seen this sort of people before, but he had never run into an entire race like this!

"Fated Kin. I'll remember you." After some time, the old man spoke languidly.

"Once I kill all of you, I will tell all the tribes in Eastern Wasteland that there is a race called Fated Kin in the Land of South Morning, and if any of us run into you, we will slaughter all of you!!" The old man's eerie words were filled with killing intent and a freezing chill, but not a single hint of change of emotion could be found on the faces of the dozen something Fated Kin.

Even the children were fearless, and their expressions remained as aloof as ever.

Even Ya Mu felt chills crawling through his entire body when he saw that aloofness. As for the old Eastern Wastelander who was their enemy, he had begun to detest those gazes. With a cold

harrumph, he lifted his right hand and swung his arm forward. Immediately, the world thundered and a large amount of clouds tumbled about. Then a gigantic statue of three hundred something feet descended slowly from the sky.

Right when this statue started sinking down, a mighty pressure descended on the entire world!!

The appearance of the statue meant that the old man had brought out his full power, because he wanted to kill all the people on the island!

Remaining aloof, the dozen something Fated Kin sat down cross-legged and gathered together around Su Mig's statue. They closed their eyes and no longer bothered themselves with the old man and his statue of the God of Berserkers. Instead, they started mumbling under their breaths, and their voices echoed in the air.

"We Fated Kin were born in a barren and undeveloped world. We, our children, and our children's children will worship Respected Senior Mo for all eternity..."

"Respected Senior Mo is our God. We fight for our fate, because we want to control our own fates..."

"The gods have no eyes, the earth has no tears, the heavens have no love for us, that is why we Fated Kin have been abandoned. We lost our future, but it has made us Fated Kin and gathered us together and from then on... we rose for our fates!"

Ya Mu and the female Berserker looked at the Fated Kin with a dumbfounded expression. In their eyes, these people were mad, and their strangeness made the duo's faces pale.

The old Eastern Wastelander smiled coldly, then lifted his right hand to point towards the island. Immediately, a piercing dark light spread out from the statue, and under that dark light, the statue melted to turn into hundreds of dark rays that charged straight towards the ground.

The dark rays of light charged forth and turned into a ferocious face of a ghost that rushed towards all the living souls on the island.

‘This is the Fated Kin’s final strike... They will offer up their lives and fuse it with the aura of death to release the final shout of their lives and struggle against fate.’

Su Ming stood up and walked towards the dozen something Fated Kin sitting around his statue.

He did not seem to be walking very quickly, but with just one step, he managed to stand on top the statue surrounded by all the Fated Kin. The instant he stopped there, a gentle wave of ripples spread out, cutting off the Fated Kin’s offering. The moment they opened their eyes, they saw only one person.

Su Ming who was standing on the stone statue!

His long hair danced in the sea breeze, his white robes fluttered in the wind, his gaze seemed to contain the abyss itself, and he exuded a presence that could practically replace the sky.

"Respected Senior Mo!!" All the Fated Kin were taken aback for a moment, and the aloofness on their faces that looked as if it would never change immediately melted, to be replaced by a sort of zeal that would shock all those who saw it!

This zeal was a stark contrast to the aloofness from moments ago!

Su Ming swept his gaze across these Fated Kin, then nodded his head. At that moment, the malicious ghost face that was formed from the hundreds of dark rays was behind him, and it had opened its mouth while charging forward.

"It’s over." Su Ming turned around, and right at the instant he looked towards the sky, golden light shone in his eyes, and he lifted his right hand before throwing a punch at the sky.

With Su Ming as its center, a huge gust of wind surged up from the ground when his fist landed. It then rushed towards the sky

along with the movement of the fist. That wind had come too suddenly and moaning sounds spread through the place. The gust of wind charged towards the sky, and wherever it went, rumbling sounds would immediately reverberate when it touched the dark rays of light. And then, without any form of resistance, those rays of light were destroyed.

In an instant, the gust of wind that appeared when Su Ming lifted his arm destroyed all the rays of dark light, and immediately after, it surged into the clouds in the sky. When they touched the thick layers of them, loud booms roared in the sky. The clouds scattered, shaking, and started rolling in all directions.

The old Eastern Wastelander's expression changed drastically. He stared fixedly at Su Ming, who had appeared suddenly, and a huge storm raged in his heart. He was shocked. He had not noticed anyone else on the island.

It was as if Su Ming had forced himself into his line of sight, and that presence that had stirred up when he attacked had also made his heart clench in fear.

All of these things meant only one thing. This young man had already surpassed him in terms of strength!

The Fated Kin had already brought him enough shock, and now, another person who stunned him appeared. Without a hint of hesitation, the old man grabbed the boy beside him and quickly retreated. He was going to escape without a single word!

With a calm face, Su Ming took a step from the stone statue. Once his foot landed, he disappeared, and when he reappeared, he was already before the retreating old man.

Without another word, Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed at the center of the old man's brows. That finger immediately made the old man feel as if it was the Law of the world. It made him feel as if his soul was about to disappear, and he could not fight against it. His eyes went wide and he let out a low roar. He

had no time to bother about looking like a pathetic mess. His Berserker Mark instantly emerged on his whole body and turned into a gigantic mountain before him.

That image seemed to have enveloped Su Ming within and sealed him up inside.

"Break!" the old man roared out as he retreated, and at the same time, light shone at the center of his brows. Immediately, his statue of the God of Berserkers appeared once again. This time, the statue looked much more corporeal than the last!

Even so, the old man still felt that he could not relax. When he lifted his left hand, a huge cauldron immediately appeared in it. There were four strange beasts carved on top of the vessel. At that moment, the four beasts woke up and roared so loudly that they actually managed to make the cauldron move.

Yet a breath before the old man could said that one word, the mountain before Su Ming exploded abruptly, and right then, without slowing down for even a single bit, Su Ming pressed his finger on the old man's statue of the God of Berserkers.

Roaring sounds echoed in the air, and the statue shuddered before immediately breaking into pieces. When it turned into fragments that were stained with ribbons of blood, the retreating old man coughed out blood. Then, as his face filled with shock, he saw the black-haired young man touching the square cauldron before him with a finger.

That cauldron rumbled, and huge cracks appeared on it before it collapsed right from the center. It split into two parts that bounced off from each other, causing there to no longer be anything between the old man and his enemy.

It caused Su Ming's finger to reach the center of the old man's brows with lightning speed as an aloof expression filled Su Ming's face.

The old man shuddered violently. The instant Su Ming's finger landed, he bit the tip of his tongue, coughed out a mouthful of blood, and the boy whose wrist he held immediately started withering away rapidly, before he could even let out a scream of pain. In the end, he exploded in pieces of flesh and blood.

At the same time, the old man moved his body quickly backwards, and he actually managed to stay alive under Su Ming's jab! However, his survival was because he had cast a secret art that would cause him endless problems later on, and he was alive only because he had made his disciple take his place and die!

"Great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm! You've already reached great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!"

The old Eastern Wastelander looked incredibly pathetic at that moment, but he was caught in a life and death crisis and had no time to bother with these things. His eyes went wide, and disbelief appeared within them.

During that instant, he had sensed death looming right above his head, and it was coming right towards him with incredible power. He had also felt fear bubbling within him, because he realized that there was no way he could fight against this. In his eyes, a mere Berserker in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm could not possibly bring about this feeling to him with just one finger. Only... those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm could!

His fear was like a surging wave that drowned him within. He might be a Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, but he was still a human being. He was not a soul that could not think on its own. He could also be afraid and terrified. He would also lose his cool, though it was rarely seen. However, when he ran into this person and made the judgment that he was a Berserker that had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, he could not help but be shocked.

After all... there were only six in the entire Eastern Wastelands who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm! All of them were well-renowned, and they were all unrivaled!

As he retreated, his mind was thrown into turmoil. In his bitterness, he could not help but remember himself talking about 'fishing' to his disciple. Well, he had indeed managed to 'catch' a 'fish', but that 'fish' was not something he could fight against.

He knew that it was impossible for him to escape from a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm. That was why he decided to stop running, and instead, like a madman, he lifted his right hand and jabbed the center of his brows harshly.

Immediately, his Berserker Mark appeared on his whole body, and in the next instant, it looked as if it was burning up. This was a unique divine ability to those in the Berserker Soul Realm - burning their own Berserker Marks! His aura started rising rapidly, and with bloodshot eyes, just as he was about to cast his divine abilities in a desperate attack...

An aloof voice spoke beside his ears. That voice turned into a phrase that would last for eternity in his life.

"My left hand represents the past. When time flows back, it marks the arrival of Destiny..."

The instant the old man heard that voice, he felt the world around him instantly becoming different. The fire burning his Berserker Mark was instantly extinguished, and he started moving in reverse. As confusion appeared in his eyes, he saw Su Ming and felt the sharp pain from when that finger had tapped the center of his brows.

After that, everything turned back... The only sound that was left behind in his ears was the clear sound of his soul shattering to pieces.

Right before the Fated Kin, Ya Mu, and the female Berserker's eyes, they saw the originally retreating old Eastern Wastelander suddenly take a few steps forward as if he was voluntarily placing his head before Su Ming's lifted finger. Then his head exploded and his body fell to the ground. The old man's storage bag flew out on its own and was seized by Su Ming.

"The Fated Kin greet Respected Senior Mo!" The dozen something Fated Kin beside Ya Mu knelt down on the ground and looked at Su Ming with fervent zeal burning in their eyes.

Ya Mu stared at Su Ming blankly. For some reason, he had a feeling that this respected senior Mo was incredibly familiar...

At that moment, disbelief appeared in the female Berserker's eyes.

"Su... Su Ming!"

"Disciple niece Zi Yan, it's been a while... Is my second senior brother alright?"

As Su Ming stood in midair, his gaze fell on the female Berserker, and once again, he felt that a long time had passed.

Twenty years...

Translator's Notes:

Zi Yan: Zi Che's sister had been under the same Master as Fang Cang Lan/Han Cang Zi. Second senior brother liked her.

Chapter 519: Concubine

The instant Zi Yan recognized Su Ming to be that fellow clan member of hers from the ninth summit, her eyes went fine, and she found herself unable to believe what she was seeing. In truth, she was still somewhat uncertain moments ago, but the moment he called her his disciple niece, Zi Yan froze, stunned, as if she had been struck by lightning.

"You... Are you really Su Ming?"

Zi Yan looked at Su Ming. Even then, she still found it hard to relate the person from the ninth summit in her memories with this person who, with just a wave of his hand, could make a powerful Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm die as he retreated in shock.

"You should be calling me uncle master."

As Su Ming looked at Zi Yan, a smile appeared on his face. To him, the woman before his eyes was not just Zi Che's older sister, but also the person his second senior brother had somewhat fancied.

"Uncle master... Su." Zi Yan hesitated for a moment, then instinctively wrapped her fist in her palm to bow towards him. There was still shock lingering in her eyes.

"I haven't been back to the land of the Berserkers for many years. How is the ninth summit?"

Su Ming looked at the woman standing before him. She had already lost the glory of her youth. The graceful teenage girl in the past was now a middle-aged woman. The wrinkles at the corners of her eyes might not be very clear, but he could still see some of them.

Time had been gentle on this woman. It had not taken away too much of her youth, while giving her an ancient look and an air of

maturity. The girl of the past had now become a married woman full of grace and charm.

She was beautiful in the past, and even though she had aged, she still looked attractive enough to stir the hearts of men. There was a charm about her that was different compared to those of young girls. However... when Su Ming saw the distance between her and Ya Mu, he had a feeling that their relationship was not an ordinary one.

When Zi Yan heard Su Ming's question, she forced down the shock in her heart, and it was replaced with a wave of mixed feelings. She would never have expected that the Su Ming who had disappeared twenty years ago would one day be standing so strong before her. This sort of strength was something that she would not even dare to dream of possessing.

As of then, he was truly worthy of being her uncle master, and without her even realizing it herself, a respectful expression that intertwined with the complicated emotions within her came to her face.

"Freezing Sky Clan... has split up since five years ago. Heaven Gate left, and they brought with them many outstanding disciples so that they could resist the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands up above the nine heavens with the power of Heaven Gate.

"The mountains on the ground are still around, but have been abandoned... All our clan members from the other summits are mostly scattered. I left with some of my sisters under the same Master... We experienced many things on the way, and this lasted until... we met senior Yun Lai..." When Zi Yan said those words, her expression turned a little gloomy, and she seemed to be finding it hard to articulate her words.

"The clan was in a mess at that time. I... I didn't pay too much attention to the ninth summit." When Zi Yan said those words, she saw Su Ming's brows crinkle slightly.

"But I do remember second uncle master leaving a few years before the chaos, and he seemed to have yet to come back," Zi Yan quickly said.

Su Ming fell silent. After a long while, he lifted his head to look in the direction of the land of the Berserkers, which laid in the distance.

"What about my Master?"

"I... I'm not too sure about granduncle master Tian Xie Zi. But I do know that your eldest senior brother came out of isolation five years after the great battle between the Shamans and Berserkers. I wonder whether he made it back after he left."

Zi Yan thought about it for a moment, then quickly offered her answer. She looked at Su Ming. They might not have seen each other for twenty years, but the memories of the past still remained in her head. The ninth summit's second uncle master had liked her, there was no way she would have been unable to see it.

However, when she remembered this, besides anguish, there was also a feeling that times had changed greatly in Zi Yan's heart.

'If I had been together with his second senior brother, then now...' Zi Yan felt a slight stab of pain in her heart, and she fell silent.

Ya Mu was in a daze as he stood by the side. As he listened to Zi Yan and Su Ming's conversation, his eyes gradually went wide. He stared at Su Ming with a dumbfounded expression, and his breathing quickened abruptly.

'Mo Su... Mo Su... Su Ming...'

Ya Mu looked at Su Ming, and his mind fell into a state of chaos. He had recognized Su Ming, had recognized him as the person who had talked to him for a long time by the bonfire when they were both in Autumn Sea Tribe.

He also managed to recognize...

"Greetings, senior. I am Ya Mu. I will never forget how you gave me a chance to remold myself!" Ya Mu took a few steps back and wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing deeply towards Su Ming.

He was bowing towards Hong Luo, who had appeared before him in the past, showing his gratitude towards Hong Luo giving all the life force of the Latter Shaman in Autumn Sea Tribe to Ya Mu after he killed her. This was the reason why Ya Mu was halfway through to become a Latter Shaman.

As time passed by, the things that had happened in the past were gradually made known to the people who had set their minds to learn about them, especially for those who'd seen Su Ming before and were acquainted with him.

"I didn't expect that senior Mo would be from the same clan as my lover. You both came from the Berserkers' Freezing Sky Clan..." There was a rather respectful look on Ya Mu's face, and when he stood up, he was filled with a rather sentimental feeling.

"Lover?"

A sharp glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He had not been acquainted with Ya Mu for long, and they could not even be considered friends. At most, they could only be considered acquaintances. Their relationship was completely different compared to the relationship he had with Zi Yan.

To other people, that glint in Su Ming's eyes was skin to looking at a flashing golden light. A mighty pressure that pressed against the hearts and souls of all the living abruptly shot out from his eyes, causing Ya Mu to feel as if his mind was about to shatter. He moved back once again, and rumbling sounds roared in his head. He felt as if he had turned into a lone ship caught in a raging sea, and he was about to break down at any moment.

This mighty pressure felt like the awe-inspiring and dignified air of a leader. It made Ya Mu's expression change drastically, and his

breathing almost stopped. Right at that moment, Su Ming occupied his entire vision, as well as his entire soul. It was as if Su Ming just needed a single thought and Ya Mu's life would be destroyed.

Zi Yan quickly took a step forward and blocked off Su Ming's gaze towards Ya Mu. There was a complicated look on her face that had been marked by time. She opened her mouth, looking as if she wanted to say something.

"This is your personal affair, and it has nothing to do with me. I just don't understand. What part of my second senior brother is not worthy of you?" Su Ming frowned and looked at Zi Yan before he shook his head.

"Go."

Zi Yan's face turned pale. In silence, she wrapped her fist in a palm towards Su Ming as a form of respect, then dragged Ya Mu away, who still looked a little dazed. As both of them were just about to leave, Zi Yan hesitated for a moment before she turned her head around and looked towards Su Ming.

"Uncle... master Su, do you still remember Han Cang Zi? When that change happened to the clan, she came with me to this place. If you still remember her, then I'm begging you, please help her..." Zi Yan looked at Su Ming and spoke softly.

"On behalf of us as members of the same clan, on behalf of her... being so devoted in her love for you in the past, please help her, uncle master Su..."

"Han Cang Zi..."

When Su Ming heard this name, a beautiful woman appeared in his mind. That woman's gentle gaze, her meek personality, her determined eyes, the things that happened in Han Mountain City, and all his conflicts with Si Ma Xins.

These memories were originally rather murky in his head, but

were becoming clearer with each passing moment.

"Fang Cang Lan," Su Ming stated calmly.

"Yes! It's junior sister Fang!" When Zi Yan heard Su Ming mentioning Han Cang Zi's name, excitement grew in her eyes.

"Four years ago, senior Yun Lai wanted to make junior sister Fang his concubine, but this thing was put on hold because junior sister Fang wanted to practice her cultivation. It was still the same two years ago. But now, junior sister Fang is about to complete her training. It'll be difficult for her to continue pushing this aside. Once senior Yun Lai comes out of his isolation and makes this request again, junior sister Fang won't be able to reject him..." Zi Yan looked at Su Ming and immediately spoke quickly.

Su Ming remained silent. The appearance of the woman in his memories grew clearer. Usually, when he remembered all the things that had happened to him in the past, he would always feel as if there was a veil covering his memories. Twenty years was not long, but Su Ming had died and reincarnated for an endless amount of times in the Undying and Imperishable World, and it had caused an ancient air to constantly linger about his face, though other people would not be able to see it.

Zi Yan waited for Su Ming's answer. Time passed. However, even when Ya Mu had regained his senses and started regarding Su Ming in fear, Su Ming still had yet to speak. He simply stood there and looked into the distance, immersed in his thoughts.

Zi Yan's face turned paler. In the end, she started laughing brokenly as she looked at Su Ming, and her eyes gradually grew wet with tears.

"Forget it. This has nothing to do with you. There is no reason for you to help. I know that your second senior brother liked me in the past. If we could turn back time and I could return to the past, then I would choose to accept his feelings..."

"But that's impossible, isn't it...?"

"Ya Mu is right. I am his companion for dual cultivation¹. I'm no longer my youthful self either. Not only am I his companion for dual cultivation, I was even senior Yun Lai's concubine, and he gave me to Ya Mu as if I was some sort of object!"

Zi Yan's face was ashen pale. Her broken laughter sounded rather desolate. Tears flowed down her cheeks. It was as if she had been suppressing her emotions for many years, and now, she could no longer hold them back anymore. Her emotions burst forth from within her.

"You can look down on me as much as you want, but you are not me. You will never be able to understand what a girl has to do to survive after she was abandoned by her own clan and has to come face to face with the chaos in the land of the Berserkers as well as having to face the possibility of the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands arriving at any moment!

"Cang Lan has always been rather meek and gentle. How were the two of us supposed to survive in the chaos before the calamity, when the world had lost all order and the only law that remained was the law of the jungle?!"

"This lasted until we met senior Yun Lai. He took a fancy to Cang Lan, but there is also a toughness that exists under Cang Lan's meek personality. She would rather die than submit to him. I was the one who took her place and became senior Yun Lai's concubine. I tried to please him in every manner that I could, and that is the only reason why we were both able to survive during the calamity and arrive to the land of the Shamans.

"Everyone has a right to choose how they survive. Even if it's wrong, at least we are still alive. Even if the decision is right... You can choose not to help Cang Lan. It's simply her fault for keeping the wrong person in her heart from twenty years ago!"

Zi Yan wiped away her tears, and resolution appeared in her eyes.

She no longer looked at Su Ming, but chose instead to turn into a long arc and fly into the sky. Ya Mu followed behind her silently. His gaze as he looked at Zi Yan was filled with great gentleness and deep compassion, a caring hidden in his eyes.

He loved Zi Yan. When he first saw her several years ago, he had fallen in love this woman, who hid her sorrow with her usually charming demeanor.

This adoration had turned into a love that would last for eternity and would not be weakened in Ya Mu's heart, once he saw her standing alone by a reef as she looked at the seawater in the world. Tears had shone in her eyes, as well as deeply rooted fatigue.

That was why he begged the End Shaman Zong Ze to help him and paid a huge price to buy Zi Yan from Yun Lai, who had grown bored of her by then.

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at Zi Yan leaving with Ya Mu. He might look calm, but his heart had been moved by Zi Yan's words.

"Where is she?" he asked languidly. He had never considered rejecting her favor to begin with, but had simply become absent minded due to his memories, and it had caused Zi Yan to misunderstand him.

Translator's Notes:

1. Dual cultivation: 双修 (shuang¹ xiu¹). Perhaps you've seen this before. When a male Cultivator and a female Cultivator, or a male Cultivator and a male Cultivator, or a female Cultivator and a female Cultivator, or a human and a fairy/monster (whatever floats their boat) love each other very much and decide they want to train together, they ahem

Speaking of which, I wonder if you all know why Su Ming can tell straight away that a woman is married or not, considering rings on the left ring finger don't mean married at that time.

What comes up next is just trivia, by the way.

In Imperial China, young girls wore their hair in braids, meaning that they were not eligible for marriage yet. When they were fifteen and had their coming-of-age ceremony, they would comb their hair into a twist and hold it together with a hairstick. At that time, they were eligible for marriage.

When a woman was married, she would have to tie up her hair. So they would choose to tie their hair in buns, and then they would have the rest of their hair tied in a loose knot at the nape of their necks.

This is just a rough and simple idea of how people could tell whether a woman is married in ancient China.

Also, I didn't mention this before, but here is my distinction between Master and master.

Master is when someone refers to another person as a teacher who so happens to be like his or her surrogate father as well. There is definitely respect in there, hence capitalized M.

As for master, I use it when someone refers to another person who owns their lives. Since the person can choose to not be respectful, I use the non-capitalized m.

Chapter 520: Southern Swamp Island

"Southern Swamp Island!" Zi Yan's body came to an abrupt halt in midair and she immediately turned her head around to look at Su Ming.

"Wait here for me for a few days, then come with me to Southern Swamp Island." Su Ming's voice was cool as ice, but it made Zi Yan's heart beat with joy, though that joy was mixed with the agony she had felt moments ago. She looked at Su Ming and nodded her head.

Ya Mu had never gone against Zi Yan's decisions during the occasional moments she decided to make some. Instead, he quietly allowed her to invite Su Ming and speak freely. He did not leave either, but stayed on the island.

The zealous gazes in the eyes of the Fated Kin when they saw Su Ming seemed to be able to shake the world. It was as if Su Ming just needed to say one word, and they would give up everything for him.

This was not something born overnight. This was born over the years from the impression Su Ming had left in their hearts, along with how they had worshipped him when he had brought them out of the World of Nine Yin, as well as everything that he had done for them.

Fated Kin were different, making it difficult for them to mingle with outsiders for an extended period of time. Their aloofness and abandonment caused them to not believe in outsiders. They only trusted themselves and their own tribesmen.

They did not harbor much selfish desires in their lives. Their fifteen years of life in the World of Nine Yin had changed them too much, including their attitude towards practicing cultivation. Almost every single one of the Fated Kin who survived through the fifteen years would spend most of their time in training.

Only when they were stronger, only when they could endure the loneliness that other people couldn't bear could they survive and control their own fate!

That was why they refused Ya Mu's invitation in the past once they gathered a dozen something people together, choosing instead to live on this island, cut off from the rest of the world. They changed the island and turned it into a place suitable for living.

This was the reason why Su Ming did not choose to persuade the Fated Kin to leave with him. Instead, he used three days to make some detailed fixes and arrangements to the island.

He had first fortified the protective Rune in this place. With Su Ming's current power, he had spread out all the Runes Hu Zi had given to him in the past on the island, turning it into the first layer of defense.

Then, he dived into the depths of the Dead Sea.

When he returned, eight Dead Sea Giants surrounded the island at the depths of the Dead Sea. They were all sitting down cross-legged, empty. Their souls had been taken away by Su Ming's Spirit Plunder.

He gave that Spirit Plunder to the Fated Kin. If the island ran into any other dangers, then these eight Dead Sea Giants would turn into the island's second layer of defense!

Once Su Ming finished doing all this, he took the two large bows in his hands and smoothed out the force in them with all his power of Bone Sacrifice, causing the might of the bows to be even sharper when they were drawn. This was the third layer of defense.

It did not end there. Su Ming might not understand the waves that belonged to the aura of death, but the Fated Kin understood it. He started rearranging the island according to their opinions and ideas, which in turn made the waves of aura of death become even stronger than before. This was their fourth layer of defense.

Su Ming still did not feel at ease with just these. After all, this was the Dead Sea. Not only did they have to face the disasters from the Eastern Wastelands, the ferocious beasts from the Dead Sea would also attack them. That was why he left behind a wisp of his divine sense and gathered it on his statue. Once the power of the statue fused with his divine sense, it could have three charges that would attack the minds of others, and the power of those charges would be akin to the embodiment of his power of cultivation.

This was the fifth layer of defense!

The Poison Corpse was left behind, and this was the sixth layer of defense Su Ming gave to the Fated Kin on this island! With the Poison Corpse and all the other means they had in their disposal, if another Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm came again, the numerous defenses would be able to force that person away, and there would be no need for Su Ming to act at all!

Unless, of course, someone decided to launch a mass invasion on the island. However, Su Ming was also prepared for this. With the skills he had inherited from Hong Luo, he laid out a simple Relocation Rune. This Rune was activated by Su Ming's spirit stones, and if they were in grave danger, the Fated Kin could leave through it.

The island was so massively fortified by Su Ming's arrangements that it had practically become an impregnable fortress. It also gave the Fated Kin a chance to venture out without worry. This would allow them to search for more of their tribesmen.

This place was not just a tribe for the Fated Kin, it was also a temporary training grounds for Su Ming among the many islands on the Dead Sea. Over here, his heart would find boundless peace, because in this place, he was their God!

Once he finished those arrangements, he, Zi Yan, and Ya Mu left the island, sent off by the Fated Kin who knelt down on one knee as they worshipped in the direction of the sky, with loud shouts

calling his title while looking at him with fervent zeal.

Even after Ya Mu left, he still felt as if he was in a dream. The Fated Kin's strength, their mysteriousness, their aloofness, and the zeal that appeared once they saw Su Ming were all deeply embedded in to his memories, and he would never forget it for the rest of his life. The impression the Fated Kin left in his mind would never disappear.

When they left, Su Ming remained silent. However, due to the matter in Southern Swamp Island, his silence seemed to cause the air around them to feel slightly stifling. In the midst of this suffocating atmosphere, Zi Yan and Ya Mu led Su Ming along the way at full speed.

Several days later, the trio stopped above a vast region of sea about tens of thousands of li away from the Fated Kin's island.

"Senior Su, that is Southern Swamp Island," said Ya Mu respectfully as he stood by the side.

Su Ming cast his gaze downwards. The place seemed empty, and there was not a single island that could be found. Even if he spread his divine sense outwards to check, he still found nothing.

A glint appeared in his eyes and he lifted his head to look at the dark clouds in the sky. When he dipped his head down once more, his divine sense swept out swiftly. But this time he sent it charging down to the depths of the sea. Gradually, a sharp gleam appeared in his eyes.

The bottom of the sea was murky, and there was a power that repelled divine senses. However, Su Ming could still sense something different about the bottom of the sea in this region.

However, it was difficult to figure out just what made it different. If he did not look into it carefully, it would be hard for him to see through it.

"Southern Swamp Island does indeed have its own intriguing

parts to be able to become one of the few gathering spots for the people of South Morning in such a big region and not be discovered by the Cultivators from the Eastern Wastelands after the calamity," Su Ming commented languidly and retrieved his divine sense.

Ya Mu wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming respectfully, then took a few steps forward. As he lifted his right hand, a normal looking jade slip appeared on his palm, and holding it in a firm grip, he threw it out.

Immediately, that jade slip turned into a long arc and charged downwards, towards the empty looking sea. Without making a single sound, it fell into the sea.

Ya Mu calculated silently in his heart. Ten breaths after the jade slip fell into the water, he suddenly lifted his right hand, and after making some strange seals in succession, he pointed towards the air beneath him.

Immediately, booming sounds appeared from the seawater underneath and it started churning. At the same time, in the air above the seawater, two indistinct figures abruptly appeared, and their bodies started gaining form rapidly as they walked out.

These were two middle-aged men. They both wore simple robes, but their gazes were electrifying. One of them was a Shaman, and the other a Berserker. The Shaman was a Medial Shaman, and the Berserker was in the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. The instant these two people appeared, their gazes fell on Ya Mu and Zi Yan, then when they looked towards Su Ming, a freezing glare shining in their eyes.

They could not see through Su Ming's level of cultivation, and his face was incredibly unfamiliar to them.

"Messenger Ya Mu, who is this?" the middle-aged Medial Shaman asked coldly.

"I owe my life to senior Su. Don't be rude, you two. I can be his guarantor, open the tunnel!" A stern expression appeared on Ya Mu's face.

The two people who were clearly guards hesitated for a moment, then the Berserker wrapped his fist in his palm towards Ya Mu and Zi Yan.

"Southern Swamp Temple just sent an order the day before yesterday that we are not allowed to let any outsiders into Southern Swamp Island during this period of time. We have our duties. Messenger Ya Mu, you can enter the place with messenger Zi Yan first. Once you receive your letter of guarantee, we will allow this person to enter."

Ya Mu was momentarily stunned. Southern Swamp Temple was the faction that had been responsible for all the affairs of Southern Swamp Island after the two protectors of their island, Zong Ze and Yun Lai, decided to enter isolation. They would usually not issue this sort of order, unless...

"Could it be that Sir Zong Ze or Sir Yun Lai is about to come out of isolation?" Ya Mu immediately asked.

"We don't know about this. But without a letter of guarantee, this person cannot enter," the male Shaman said coldly.

Ya Mu was a little hesitant. He cast his gaze towards Zi Yan. She frowned, and just as she was about to speak, Su Ming walked past her calmly.

When he moved forward, the two middle-aged guards immediately raised their guard. Yet the instant they did so, they looked into Su Ming's eyes, and a dazed look instantaneously appeared there.

They stood stunned in the air, and simply allowed Su Ming to walk past them. Ya Mu's heart shuddered, and Su Ming became even more mysterious to him. The old Eastern Wastelander calling

him a Berserker who had attained great completion of the Berserker Soul Realm before his death appeared in his mind once again.

He quickly moved forward and personally opened the defense on the island. As booming sounds echoed in the air, a thick light screen suddenly manifested on the empty sea. It covered about several hundreds of li and looked like a huge bowl that was turned upside down.

The same thoughts as Ya Mu's also appeared in Zi Yan's heart when she saw Su Ming's strange actions. She followed behind him, and the three of them walked into the light screen.

When they disappeared, the light screen gradually faded away as well. The dazed look in the eyes of the two middle-aged men in the air only scattered away after some time. In their memories, they only remembered that Ya Mu and Zi Yan had returned to the island. There was not a single memory left of Su Ming in their heads.

This was the power of a Soul Catcher, and it was part of the Candle Dragon's Curse. Right then, if anyone looked through all the Shamans to try and find anyone else who could use the power of a Soul Catcher to this extent, they would find that there was no one else besides Su Ming who could do so!

Even the End Soul Catcher Zong Ze would find it impossible to perform such a task, unless he used other methods to do so.

The instant Su Ming stepped into the light screen, he immediately noticed a Relocation power surrounding him. Once that power disappeared, what appeared before him was a huge Rune. There were eight people sitting around it, and all of them looked towards them.

There was a mountain range rising and falling outside the Rune. Numerous towers could be seen on its mountains, and all of them looked incredibly elegant from the distance. In fact, he could even

see several cave abodes built there.

He could even see the basic outline of a city moat surrounding that mountain range.

The entire area was brightly lit. There were no clouds in the sky. It was just a clear blue sky, and a sun that was shining brightly.

All of this was like paradise, and it was completely different from the world outside!

Chapter 521: That's Not Real...

Ya Mu would naturally go up to speak to those people who were looking towards them. Su Ming walked out of the Rune calmly and looked at the sun in the sky. He narrowed his eyes, and the sun in his field of vision gradually turned transparent, and a Rune that was made of nearly a hundred spirit stones could be seen inside.

The effect of that Rune was to shine and let out heat, giving the false impression that people were looking at the sun.

The blue sky was also peeled off layer by layer before Su Ming's eyes, revealing the black seawater behind it. The sky was actually a protective screen of light. Perhaps it had concealing abilities when seen from the outside, but from within, it turned into an expanse of blue sky.

This was an island that had sunk to the depths of the sea. Perhaps it did not sink in the beginning, but someone had forced it to do so with an Art, causing this place to be isolated from the world, and no matter how hard the Eastern Wastelanders searched, it would still be difficult for them to find where Southern Swamp lay.

Su Ming spread his divine sense outward and swept through the entire Southern Swamp Island. Once he did so, he immediately noticed strong waves of ripples coming from two spots.

He was familiar with one of these ripples. That one naturally belonged to Zong Ze. As for the other one, it was slightly jumbled up, but it was still powerful. Judging by the presence in those ripples, he could tell that to whoever those ripples belonged to had already reached the peak of the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, and he seemed to only be one step away from entering the later stage!

Perhaps more accurately speaking, he already had moved one step into the gates of the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm.

The instant Su Ming noticed the two ripples, they also noticed him. Those two ripples instantly spread out, but before they could locate him, he had already made his divine sense disappear without a trace. They could not find him.

There was a cave abode located to the left of one of the two tallest mountains in this mountain range. At that moment, the long-haired Zong Ze swiftly opened his eyes in there. A brilliant flash flickered in his eyes and he stood up. With one step, he appeared outside his cave abode and stood on the mountain. His long robes fluttered in the wind and he had his hands placed behind his back with a grave expression on his face as he cast his gaze towards the ground.

"What a powerful presence... Looks like we have a visitor," Zong Ze mumbled. He did not look too different from how he had been all those years ago, but he did seem slightly older. He also had a wave of aura of death in him, but he had hidden it away.

To the right of the mountain was another cave abode. It was incredibly luxurious, filled with jewels and treasures. There were also panting and moaning sounds echoing from inside it.

A naked man sat in the main chamber of the cave abode. His skin was the color of bronze. He did not have any hair, and his expression was cold. There was not a hint of emotion on his face.

There were seven women who were completely uncovered around him. These women hugged his body and their eyes were misted with lust. With lascivious expressions on their faces, they shifted their bodies about, as if they were asking for sex. Panting sounds echoed in the air, and all those who heard it would find it hard to control themselves.

These seven women were incredibly beautiful, they flushed red skin was especially filled with an appealing charm that would steal breaths away.

The instant Su Ming swept his divine sense across the place, the

bald man who had been meditating with his eyes closed opened his eyes swiftly. His expression visibly changed, and almost the instant Zong Ze walked out, he appeared in midair, and a long white robe was already covering his body.

He stood in midair, and once he met gazes with Zong Ze, he, too, cast his eyes to the land below.

"I can't find him. Is he a powerful Shaman?"

"His presence vanished almost the moment he spread it out. It's difficult for me to tell," Zong Ze stated languidly with a calm face as he stood further in the distance.

The bald man fell into a moment of pensive silence, then declared coldly, "Seal off the Rune leading outside. No matter who he is, he will eventually appear!" .

Almost the instant Zong Ze and the bald man started searching for the stranger, Su Ming, who stood just outside the Rune, seemed to have ceased to exist, causing Zong Ze and the bald middle-aged not to notice him.

‘The Immortals’ Restraining Presence Seal is really ingenious.’

Su Ming slowly loosened his right hand, which had been kept in the position of the seal.

Neither Ya Mu nor Zi Yan had noticed what had happened just now. Once they finished providing their explanations to the eight people, they appeared beside Su Ming.

"Senior Su, I'll take you to junior sister Fang right now," Zi Yan said softly.

"No need, I'll go there myself," Su Ming said lightly. He took a step forward, and he instantly disappeared from his original spot.

Zi Yan was momentarily stunned, then a rather melancholic look appeared on her face. She looked at the mountain range in the distance and started mumbling in a voice that only she could hear.

"Cang Lan, he's here... Compared to me, you are lucky, but I will never regret the decision I made in the past. If we wanted to survive, then one of us had to give up more..."

As slight hints of pain, melancholy, and complicated feelings rose in her heart, she remembered that person who had loved turning his head to the side so that the sun would shine on his face when he saw her, the person who thought that by doing so he would be very elegant...

As she was immersed in her own thoughts, a pair of arms appeared behind her and pulled her into a warm embrace.

"Zi Yan..." Ya Mu's voice traveled gently into her ears.

That voice and the embrace snapped her out of her thoughts. Even though this embrace was not the one she wanted, it still managed to produce a warmth that she had never had before in her heart. This warmth was not love though, just mere feelings of being moved.

Tears fell from the corners of Zi Yan's eyes. Once she wiped them away, she turned towards Ya Mu and put on an attractive smile.

'Zi Yan, I will protect you. Even if the world is no longer here, even if my life ends, my soul will stay by your side. I will use every fiber of my being to protect you...

'I know that you simply aren't repulsed by me. You don't like me... but I believe that someday, you will change.' Ya Mu hugged Zi Yan and mumbled softly in his heart. He was serious.

Yet even though Zi Yan was smiling in his embrace, the tears at the corners of her eyes were filled with mixed emotions. They might no longer be flowing down, but they had landed in her heart, turning into the figure that had constantly stood under the sun all those years ago.

'There are no 'what ifs' in this world... just as there are no longer any 'what ifs' left for my defiled body...'

Zi Yan closed her eyes, but due to Su Ming's appearance, it had now become too difficult for her to once again bury the memories she had once sealed away.

.....

The man-made sun in the sky gradually turned dark and gained a red hue, becoming a setting sun. If Su Ming had not used his divine sense and just looked with his naked eye, he would have been unable to tell that this was fake.

Under this setting sun, the shadows of the mountain range started appearing on the green grass. Among one of the mountains in that mountain range was a tower.

This tower was simple but elegant. There were not many ornaments decorating it. As the setting sun cast its last remaining rays of light over the land, it dyed everything in a shade of reddish orange. There were originally two people living in that tower, but two years ago, after Zi Yan was given to Ya Mu, there was only one woman left there.

She was a woman who looked around thirty years old. Not many signs of age could be seen on her face, and she looked to be at the prime of her life. Perhaps she was no longer young based on her true age, but even time seemed to have been moved by her quiet nature and did not want to visit her too often.

She sat there quietly and looked at the setting sun in the sky. She simply sat there, quietly looking at the sun's hue and the blue sky. Sunlight fell on her face, and she turned into an incredibly beautiful sight.

In fact, the fine hairs on her face could be seen under the sunlight. The gentleness that existed within her quietness made all those who saw it to instinctively want to protect her.

"Master, why must you do this...?"

"Sir Yun Lai has been good to you over the years, and he is kind

to me as well. What's wrong with agreeing with him?

"Besides, Sir Yun Lai already said that if you agree, he will help you break through your current level of cultivation to reach the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. I can also become his foster son.

"My status in Southern Swamp Island will also rise considerably. If I can get Sir Yun Lai's direct legacy, then I will have a chance to reach the Berserker Soul Realm. Master, stop being so stubborn."

As the woman watched the sunset in the tower, a discordant sound that did not fit into the tranquil atmosphere echoed in the air constantly. There was an anxious and agitated edge to that voice, and the person who spoke was a boy of about seventeen or eighteen years, and he was standing right beside her.

"Let me be alone for a while." As the boy continued pestering the gentle woman, she frowned and spoke softly. Even her words were incredibly soft and meek, and it was as if not even a single bit of temper could be found in her.

"Master! I just don't understand what you're thinking. We've suffered so much before and after the calamity, and after so much trouble, we got to meet Sir Yun Lai, and he likes you, why are you refusing him?

"Aunt master Zi Yan didn't refuse him in the past and took to his offer immediately. I know, she did it to protect you, but don't you want to repay her for the suffering she had to endure over the years?" The boy's words held an agitated edge, and his voice started sounding piercing to the ears.

The woman shuddered and bit her bottom lip.

"With Sir Yun Lai's power, he can get whatever woman he wants, but he's an upright man. He doesn't like to use force and would rather have the person submit to him willingly. If that wasn't the case, with your current level of cultivation, do you think you could

have refused himi?!" The boy continued speaking, and his voice grew sharper.

Trembling, the woman turned her head slowly to look at the boy.

"Sir Yun Lai is also Southern Swamp Island's guardian. He let us have a safe place to live. What sort of right do you have to refuse a person like this? What's so bad about becoming a concu..."

Before the boy could finish speaking, the woman lifted her hand and slapped him.

The boy staggered backwards, then lifted his head to glare at his Master and started shouting loudly.

"Even if you don't think for yourself, you should think for me! I want to become Sir Yun Lai's foster son! I want to learn his cultivation methods!"

The woman stared at the boy, at his face, currently twisted in ferociousness. Sharp stabs of pain struck her heart. She had heard such words from this disciple of hers for many years, but that sharp voice of his sounded extremely unfamiliar to her at that moment.

She looked at the boy. His face was so incredibly familiar to her, because his face was similar to that person's from her memories. It was why she had accepted this person as her disciple all those years ago.

"I'll fulfill your request. I'll agree to it. Once you become Yun Lai's foster son, you will no longer be my disciple." The woman closed her eyes, and fatigue filled her face.

The boy was momentarily stunned, then with a face filled with delighted surprise, he immediately rushed out of the tower. Clearly, he was off to tell his future foster father, Yun Lai, that piece of news.

The sound of the boy's retreating footsteps made the woman's heart clench in even more pain. She slowly opened her eyes and

stared at the setting sun in the sky for a long, long time...

"This is not real."

Right at that moment, a voice sounding like a sigh filled with deep emotion came from behind her.

Chapter 522: Fang Cang Lan!

The instant the woman heard that voice, she shuddered. She swiftly turned around and saw another person standing at the spot where the boy had previously been behind her.

That person was dressed in white and looked around twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age. He looked incredibly handsome, but the scar under his eye added a slight devilish air to his face. The ancient look in his eyes also made him look as if he was submerged in the passage of time.

He stood there and looked at her silently.

His appearance was about a sixth similar to the boy's who had left just now, causing the woman to be caught in a daze for an instant.

The two of them looked each other in the eyes. Time trickled by. The room was quiet. After a long while, the dazed expression on the woman's face disappeared, and a smile appeared on her lips as her eyes twinkled.

"I know that it's not real," she said gently. She lifted her pearly white hand and tugged a lock of her hair. Then, she abruptly lifted her right hand, and immediately, several rays of dark light shot straight towards Su Ming like lightning.

The rays of dark light shone with a chilling presence and closed in on Su Ming in an instant. The woman's attack had caused Su Ming to be momentarily stunned, but an Art of this level was simply nothing to him.

He did not dodge. A faint golden light simply flashed briefly on his person, and banging sounds immediately reverberated in the air. Right before him, three strands of hair gathered together in midair before shattering to pieces.

The woman had stood up at that point and now took a few steps

backwards. Her eyes were filled with murderous aura and anger as she glared at him.

"Just who are you?!"

"I am Su Ming." Su Ming cast a glance at the woman, then suddenly started smiling.

"There's no way Su Ming would have your level of cultivation." The woman frowned and took a couple more steps back.

"This is Southern Swamp Island. There are plenty of powerful warriors standing guard in this place. Even if you're good with illusions and I have no idea how you came to know how Su Ming looks like, but this sort of trick is simply despicable!" the woman bit out with a chilling voice.

Su Ming looked at the woman before him and smiled even wider. They had not seen each other for twenty years, and she had changed quite a lot. She might seem as if she was a calm person, but in truth, all those who managed to survive through the calamity would be incredibly alert. They would not believe in others so easily. After all, the things a person heard and the things a person saw might contain some degree of falsehood at times.

Clearly, this awareness existed in the woman's mind.

"Then why do you think I would need to transform into another person to appear before you?" Su Ming smiled and took a step forward.

When he did so, the woman immediately moved back, looking as if she was about to cross over to the exit, but she did not leave. Instead, she glared at Su Ming, and the anger in her eyes burned even stronger.

"If you can transform into him, then you must know him well. Either you met me early on in my life, or this is connected to senior sister Zi Yan." As the woman spoke, she took another step backwards. However, right when she took that one step, Rune

light immediately appeared on the ground around Su Ming.

That Rune was filled with a fierce air that instantly turned into nine ice blades which appeared out of nowhere, as the Rune started rotating rapidly. Those ice blades charged towards Su Ming as they spun.

He took a step forward and simply allowed those ice blades to close in on him. Once they exploded with huge banging sounds around him, the inside of the tower was immediately filled with a freezing air.

Yet the instant Su Ming took that step forward, Runes appeared on the ground under his feet once more. And this time it was not one single Rune, but nine Runes that had him completely surrounded!

As their light flashed, the freezing air around the area suddenly tumbled backwards. Once it was swiftly absorbed by the Runes, it abruptly shot out, and the denseness of the freezing air actually managed to make Su Ming feel as if his flesh and blood were turning cold, like he was about to be instantly frozen. That was the power of that freezing air!

Su Ming let out a faint gasp of surprise, then golden light shone from his whole body. He took a step and walked straight out of the freezing air, but right at the moment he walked out, cracking sounds echoed behind him, and a gigantic ice block gathered where he'd been.

The woman's face was incredibly grave, but her heart was filled with shock. She had prepared the Runes in this tower for Yun Lai, and she had been preparing them for years, all for the sake of killing him at the final moment!

In everyone's eyes, killing a powerful Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm was impossible for a weak woman like her. However, she believed that it was not impossible!

Yet when she saw the person who had turned into Su Ming dodging the first two of her killing Runes without even having a single strand of his hair harmed, her confidence was shaken. By her calculations, while the first two Runes would not be able to kill Yun Lai, they could still cause him to freeze for a moment, and she would have time to execute her next moves.

But the things that happened now filled her heart with shock. Still, she lifted her right hand without any hesitation and pointed forward. Immediately, Runes appeared once again around Su Ming, and this time, there were thirty-six of them, and they practically covered the entire floor in the tower. Freezing air abruptly exploded, and the woman used that momentum as it swept her away to swiftly back away until she left the tower. She seemed to have made precise calculations in her retreat, exactly thirteen steps had been taken.

The instant she took her thirteenth step, she felt a bump under her foot. Once she stepped on it, light circled around the tower's courtyard, causing the entire area outside the tower to become a gigantic Rune!

It started rotating with loud rumbling sounds and turned into numerous black flames. They surrounded the tower and gathered together to turn into a black fire dragon that charged straight inside.

The moment the freezing air in the tower erupted, it turned into a humongous ice block. When it touched the fire dragon, cold and heat crashed into each other, and an astonishing power was born. A loud bang shot into the air. It should have echoed in all directions, but was strangely contained within the mountain and did not spread out.

The tower crumbled and the ice block exploded. The black flames had devoured everything, but the woman had still yet to let down her guard. As the ice tower exploded, she retreated once again until she was a hundred something feet away, as if she was swept

away by the impact. She lifted her hand, and a jade skull appeared in her hand. She sat down cross-legged, pressed her palms on the skull, and a dark light appeared in her eyes.

The instant it started shining, the color of the jade skull she had her hands on instantly changed from white to black. At the same time, the entire mountain shuddered with a boom.

From ninety-nine spots in the mountain, ninety-nine rays of black light shot up. Bringing with them a powerful presence, they charged towards where the tower had been. Each of those ninety-nine rays of black light contained power equivalent to a Berserker in the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. When they got closer, the dark light on the skull in the woman's hands shone once again, and immediately, the imposing presence of the rays of black light instantly increased exponentially, becoming equivalent to the power of a Berserker in the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. They then instantly charged to the spot to the center of the previous explosion.

Su Ming had just walked out of the ice as it collapsed around him with a resigned expression on his face, when a serious look appeared on his face. The ninety-nine rays of black light were not strong in his eyes, but their speed and the spot where they were charging towards had sealed off all the possible spots where he could dodge.

However, that was not what made Su Ming serious. The reason behind that expression was because he had sensed a threat... from the sky!

Almost the instant Su Ming discovered that threat, killing intent shone in the woman's eyes, and she softly said a word.

"Su!"

The instant that word tumbled out of her lips, the setting sun in the sky that she had been watching serenely just moments ago and the one she had been looking at for most of her time every single

day, gazing at it as if she could never get enough of it, suddenly grew much brighter!

The hundreds of spirit stones in the setting sun instantly shattered, and a powerful blast of light abruptly shot out right after the sun darkened. It shook the world, causing all the Southern Swamp Islanders go slack-jawed in shock!

That strong light seemed to have absorbed all the rays of the sun. It charged down swiftly, and with an incredibly fast speed, it rushed towards the mountain where the woman was, straight towards... Su Ming, who was in the Rune and among the ninety-nine black rays of light!

An intense bang caused the entire mountain to tremble. Thick fog surrounded where the tower had previously been, and people could only see a big sunken hole there. Everything else was unclear.

This was Han Cang Zi's true killing move. Everything beforehand was simply for the use of confusing her enemy, even the ninety-nine black rays of light had been used to achieve the same effect!

Perhaps this strong ray of light could still not kill a Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, but the woman still had other tricks up her sleeve. At that moment, she formed a seal with both her hands, and just as she was about to bite the tip of her tongue, suddenly, the jade skull under her right hand started shining with a dark light. Her body disappeared instantly and she appeared a hundred something feet away from where she had been previously. Perhaps it was just a coincidence, but she appeared right where Su Ming had previously traversed.

Su Ming took a step forward, right to where she had moved. There was a wry smile on his lips, but his gaze as he looked at the woman was filled with praise.

He did not expect that the meek woman from the past could lay out such a shocking murder plan while being only in the initial

stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. If a Berserker in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm stepped in here, then the slightest mistake could cause them to be grievously injured. Even a Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm would find some trouble with this.

Every single one of her moves were calculated precisely and were all connected to each other. Su Ming could even imagine that if this woman continued executing her moves, then perhaps the entire Southern Swamp Island would be used as part of her plan, and an unimaginable change might happen to the island.

When he saw the woman standing a hundred something feet away and looking as if she was about to continue, Su Ming took a step forward, thinking of closing in on her, but right at the instant he was about to move, that woman gave up on casting her Art and instead brought out a black knife, placing it directly against her neck.

"Take one more step and I will kill myself! There's venom on this knife!" Han Cang Zi glared at Su Ming coldly as she declared coolly.

"Your level of cultivation has exceeded my expectations. I can't kill you, but since you turned into him, then you must be thinking of capturing me alive. If I died, then you will gain nothing!"

"I'm really Su Ming..."

Su Ming laughed wryly, but before he could finish speaking, the knife in Han Cang Zi's hands fell to the ground where she sat on the ground. Tears spilled from her eyes and she looked at Su Ming, stupefied. The aloofness in her eyes turned to gentleness.

"Su Ming... it's really you..." Su Ming saw pictures flashing in her pupils, and those pictures contained all of Su Ming's memories from the past twenty years!

This was Han Cang Zi's unique Art. As long as someone had touched an item or walked past a place before, she could use these

to see everything in the person's past.

"Of course it's me. We haven't seen each other for twenty years, and you seriously left a deep impression on me this time. Are you really not scared that you'll die of poison?" Su Ming laughed wryly.

"If you aren't Su Ming, then I'd rather die. If you are Su Ming, you will naturally not let me die." Fang Cang Lan winked at him and smiled happily as she spoke.

Chapter 523: She Said She Doesn't Want To

As the sky darkened and the sun lost its rays, even the blue sky turned dark. Only starlight flickered in the sky, causing the land to also fuse into the obscure darkness.

This change along with the powerful ripples spreading out from Fang Cang Lan's mountain was like a bright flame burning in the darkness. All the people in Southern Swamp Island could feel it clearly.

The tower was no longer around at the top of the mountain, having turned into rubble. There was a deep pit on the ground. In fact, there were also faint and indistinct waves of freezing air around the area that were spreading in all directions.

Fang Cang Lan was sitting cross-legged on the ground and looking at Su Ming with a delighted smile on her face.

Su Ming took a few steps forward and sat down before her. His gaze fell on the woman's face. He had a vague feeling that he had returned to the past, it was just that the darkness around them caused his memories to also be faded and unclear.

"It's been a while." After a long time, Su Ming spoke softly.

"It hasn't been that long." Fang Cang Lan smiled softly and twirled a lock of hair. She put away the jade skull in her hand.

Su Ming looked at Fang Cang Lan. As he looked at the joy in her eyes and the face that existed in his memories, he suddenly did not know what he wanted to say. In this darkness, on this Southern Swamp Island that existed in the depths of the sea, the things that had happened in the past appeared before his eyes.

Time trickled by, and a long time seemed to have passed by. The smile on Fang Cang Lan's face gradually disappeared and turned into serenity. She sighed in her heart and gradually lowered her head. Just like Su Ming, she stayed silent.

"How is Han Mountain City?" Su Ming asked softly.

Fang Cang Lan closed her eyes and mumbled, "It's no longer there."

"Your tribe..."

"Has dispersed." Fang Cang Lan opened her eyes and looked at Su Ming, at the face she had never been able to forget for the past twenty years. This amount of time might not be long, but it was not short either. Besides, far too many things had happened during these twenty years.

The two of them fell silent once more in the darkness, as if they had nothing to say to each other.

After some time, Su Ming broke the silence. "Zi Yan told me the things the two of you went through during the past few years..."

Fang Cang Lan bit her bottom lip and whispered softly, "Senior sister Zi Yan has given up a lot for me, but I can't repay her."

"That's why you set up the murder plan just now to kill this person called Yun Lai?" Su Ming looked at the seemingly meek and gentle woman before him. She was just as he had seen her in the past. There was a tough attitude hidden under that meek demeanor of hers.

"It's a pity it's all wasted. I can't use it anymore." Fang Cang Lan lowered her head and looked at her hand. She suddenly lifted her head, and her glittering eyes fell on Su Ming's face.

"If I didn't have the divine ability that allows me to see other people's pasts and I didn't know the things that had happened to you over the past twenty years, would we have more to say to each other?"

Su Ming opened his mouth, as if he wanted to say something, but in the end chose to remain silent. This woman before him had loved him in the past, and she still loved him now, but he did not know how to respond to her. In fact, his impression of her in his

heart was frozen as well, to that image of the past.

"We got to know each other when we were in Han Mountain City.

"We went to Freezing Sky Clan together.

"The seed of love Si Ma Xin planted in me was destroyed all those years ago thanks to you. You... don't owe me anything," Fang Cang Lan said softly. Her gentle voice echoed in the air around them, and it gave off the same feeling as the woman herself—they were both meek and delicate.

"We're friends." When Su Ming heard Fang Cang Lan's words, he spoke softly.

"Friends...? We're friends," Fang Cang Lan mumbled, and a smile appeared on her face once again, but that smile was a whole lot different compared to the smile she had showed him when she recognized him just then.

That smile was not one of joy but held a hint of anguish.

"I already know why you came here...

"Either you will take me away, or... don't bother about me." Fang Cang Lan closed her eyes again.

Su Ming fell silent.

"Since you won't take me away, then why did you come here? Isn't it better to just let me immerse myself in the world of my memories? Su Ming... go!" Fang Cang Lan still had her eyes closed, but there was a firm edge to her soft voice.

"I can't take you away from this place, but I can kill the person who is forcing you against your will." Su Ming looked at Fang Cang Lan and spoke with a low voice.

"I don't need it. Why would I be unwilling? If you're not taking me away, then I'll need to choose how I will survive." Fang Cang Lan's face was calm and her words were still as gentle as ever, but

within that gentleness was grief. Su Ming could sense it.

He remained silent for a moment, then cast a complicated glance at Fang Cang Lan and stood up silently, walking away into the distance.

He could not accept Fang Cang Lan. It was not that this woman was not good enough. The problem lay with Su Ming himself. He did not want to have too many concerns tying him down. Love was something he had buried in Dark Mountain all those years ago. The women's words and actions during treasure gambling event in the World of Nine Yin had also let him see through even more things in the world.

"I'm really envious of Bai Su... I want to know, Su Ming, during all these years, which woman was the hardest for you to erase from your heart?" Fang Cang Lan's soft and gentle voice traveled from behind Su Ming.

His footstep halted for a moment, and the faces he had seen appeared in his eyes. There were some which were clear and some faint, but eventually, all of them faded away, none remained... If he had to say that there was one, then perhaps the girl called Bai Ling who had made his heart flutter when he was still a boy was the one who was still difficult for him to forget even to this date.

But that was already in the past.

"You are a heartless man... Su Ming..." Fang Cang Lan seemed to have already guessed what was in Su Ming's mind, and she spoke softly behind him.

'Perhaps,' Su Ming answered quietly in his heart. Besides Bai Ling, there were two other women who had left the deepest impression in his heart. One of them was Bai Su, and the other Tian Lan Meng.

However, Bai Su had not taken the path of return Su Ming had provided for her. While Tian Lan Meng's avoidance of his gaze and

her subsequent silence in the World of Nine Yin had also caused that deep impression to gradually turn back to something normal.

When Su Ming left and Fang Cang Lan was the only one on the mountain, she quietly opened her eyes while sitting there. Tears fell down her face, causing the world in her sight to turn blurry.

"I can see other people's past, but not my own future..."

She whispered softly, and in her anguish, more tears fell from her eyes. When the person who she had always found hard to forget even during these twenty years appeared before her once again, their end was the same as before. Nothing much had changed.

'Perhaps forgetting is the best choice.' Fang Cang Lan lowered her head, but at the instant she dipped her head down, another person appeared on the mountain some distance away from her.

It was a man in a large robe. He was bald and his eyes shone with a dark light. He was filled with a devilish air, and he seemed to have fused together with the mountain under his feet.

He stared at Fang Cang Lan and the wreckage around her coldly before walking towards her.

His body was like an illusion. When he walked closer, the air around him started distorting, and it continued twisting until the man was a hundred feet away from Fang Cang Lan.

"This was prepared for me, right?" The man was naturally the person Zi Yan had spoken of, Yun Lai. Once he swept his gaze through the area, he cast a glance at the spot where the sun should have been, and his pupils shrank.

Fang Cang Lan lifted her head and looked at Yun Lai with a detached expression. She did not speak.

"The tower here before and the waves of ripples from the Runes within it should have been able to make me freeze for a moment when I was caught in them," Yun Lai stated calmly, and his gaze

landed at the pit.

"After I walked out of the tower, I would step into another Rune. This Rune could freeze me, and even with my level of cultivation, I would be sealed for a moment." A hint of admiration appeared on Yun Lai's face, and he took another few steps closer.

"And then would come the ninety-nine sword aura from the mountain. Once it covered the entire area, it would make me be unable to find your true killing move falling from the sky." Yun Lai stood thirty feet away from Fang Cang Lan, and his gaze landed on her body.

"You must have other methods that you would continue executing until you killed me, too. Not bad! Not bad indeed! As expected of the woman I fancy. You have a calculative heart and a forbearing soul. But that b*tch Zi Yan should be involved in this as well, no?" Yun Lai suddenly laughed.

"I don't understand. Where does your hate towards me come from? If it wasn't for me, you would have met a miserable fate, and that b*tch Zi Yan would have been the same as well. If it wasn't for me, you would have become a ghost by now.

"The both of you just needed to pay a price for this. You'll simply become my concubine, that's all. This is a trade, why would you hate it? The strong prey on the weak, this is the law set by heaven itself. If you want to survive, if you want to obtain the protection from those who are powerful, then how could you not give up something in return?

"And I have been different to you compared to all the other women. If you are unwilling, I won't force you. Several years have passed since then, have I ever forced you into anything?" Yun Lai shook his head and asked slowly.

"Why are you asking when you already know the answer? The thing that you value in me is my skills and my divine abilities. I have also seen your memories, all those involved when you

seemingly ran into me and my senior sister by pure coincidence.

"I've already helped you many times in the past. I won't even mention your ulterior motives and your schemes, but the times I've helped you are already enough for me to have repaid for your protection," Fang Cang Lan retorted calmly.

"It's not enough. I can't bear killing you like this. But I've changed my mind about that b*tch Zi Yan, I will take her back... As for you, I can forgive you, but you have no choice. You must come and become my concubine!" A glint appeared in Yun Lai's eyes. He took one step forward again, and there was now less than twenty feet between them.

"He has already left, you don't need to waste your time testing and explaining yourself." A hint of derision appeared in Fang Cang Lan's eyes.

"Also, the word 'must' does not exist in my dictionary. If I, Fang Cang Lan, am unwilling to do something, then I would rather die. And. I. Do. Not. Want. To. Be. Your. Concubine!"

Yun Lai narrowed his eyes and let out a cold harrumph. He lifted his foot and took another step forward, thinking of closing in on Fang Cang Lan.

But right at the instant he lifted his foot, suddenly, an incredibly aloof voice so cold that it felt like biting, freezing wind sweeping past his skin came from behind him.

"She said she doesn't want to, didn't you hear her?"

The instant that voice spoke up, Yun Lai turned around swiftly, and the first thing he saw was a person who had appeared behind him at some unknown point of time. He was dressed in long robes with a head full of black hair. He had a handsome face, but his expression was as cold as winter.

Yun Lai narrowed his eyes and circulated his power as a middle stage Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm through his entire

body, causing the air around him to start distorting so violently that it seemed like it was about to be ripped apart. He stood there and stared at Su Ming, then suddenly smiled.

"It's rare to find a fellow powerful Berserker. If you like this woman, then I'm afraid I have been rude towards her."

Chapter 524: Unreasonable

As Yun Lai smiled, he even moved back a little and left the spot where Fang Cang Lan was to avoid any misunderstandings. In truth, he had already made preparations before he came to this place.

After all, he had already sensed the presence that swept through the entire Southern Swamp Island before seeing the change in the mountain where Fang Cang Lan was. Once he made the connections, he could guess what had happened pretty easily.

When he saw the layouts of the Runes and felt the remaining ripples in the air once he came over, he became wary of the mysterious person who had suddenly come to Southern Swamp Island.

Yun Lai had always been a cautious man and would not attack easily, especially in the face of an enemy he could not see through. Su Ming, who was standing before his eyes right then, was one such person.

Even if he thought that Fang Cang Lan was very important, the woman was too fierce and her divine abilities were strange. She might not have a high level of cultivation, but it was still enough to make it difficult for Yun Lai to make her submit to him. That was why he had chosen to be kind to her to win her heart. However, compared to offending the person before him, his cautious nature had made him choose to put this on hold.

In his mind, he had already humbled himself despite his level of cultivation, then this person should not choose to stir conflict with him. Then Yun Lai would have enough time to understand him. He had plenty of time in his hands for that.

This decisive surrender was why he could become the chief of an area before and after the calamity, and also the main reason why he could survive till now. If he came face to face with a fight he had

no confidence in winning, he would try his best to not engage in battle.

It was just that he ran into Su Ming...

Su Ming's expression remained aloof. Almost at the instant Yun Lai spoke with a smile, he took a step forward, then like an arrow that left the bow, he arrived before him.

He was so quick that he closed in on the man in the blink of an eye. Yun Lai's expression changed, and he immediately took a few steps backwards, then lifted his right hand and waved his arm. Immediately, the distortions around him spread forward, charging straight towards Su Ming and crashing into the finger Su Ming had extended as he closed in on Yun Lai.

A loud bang echoed in the air. Su Ming's expression remained calm and golden light flashed around his entire body. In the midst of the rumbling sounds, his body did not move back even a single inch, and he simply bore through the rebounding waves with raw power before he continued moving forward.

As for Yun Lai, he felt a huge power tumbling backwards and crashing into him, and his body shook. It made him retreat a hundred something feet as rumbling sounds reverberated in the air. His face turned stark white, and he immediately lifted his head to glare at Su Ming, who was walking over.

"You're going overboard. I've already given up and handed over the woman to you! There are no grudges nor any form of enmity between us, why do you do this?!"

"I do not need a reason to kill," Su Ming said calmly. In his eyes, this Yun Lai had to die. Even if it was not for Fang Cang Lai, Zi Yan's words alone had already convinced Su Ming to kill this person.

If he really had to provide a reason, then it was because he wanted to be able to say that he had not turned a blind eye towards

Zi Yan to his second senior brother. He believed that if his second senior brother was here, he would do the same.

With one move, he lifted his right hand and swiftly hurled his fist forward. That punch landed in the air, and shocking booms immediately rang out. Yun Lai let out a low growl and lifted his hands to form a seal. A layer of red fog immediately appeared before him.

The fog tumbled about and turned into numerous shadows. Each and every single one of them were women, and with piercing screeches, they pounced on Su Ming from all sides.

Once they were struck by Su Ming's fist in midair, the entire Southern Swamp Island trembled furiously, and all the shadows crumbled. Yun Lai's expression changed continuously, and he started charging back.

Su Ming walked out of the crumbling red fog and looked towards Yun Lai, who was already in midair and leaving this place. He lifted his right hand and seized the air. A gigantic vortex immediately appeared in the fake sky. That vortex rotated and charged towards Su Ming's right hand with loud, rumbling sounds. In the blink of an eye, it arrived in his right hand as if he had caught hold of it, and he swung it towards the sky.

The instant he swung his hand, it was as if the vortex of wind exploded and turned into a violent gust of wind that lashed out in all directions. It caught up with the fleeing Yun Lai, and the moment it swept past him, light spilled out from Yun Lai's whole body. Once he bore through it with raw power, blood trickled down from the corners of his lips, and he paused for a moment.

At the same moment, Su Ming took a step forward with an expressionless face and disappeared. When he reappeared, he was already standing right before Yun Lai. Terror appeared in the man's eyes. When he had attacked just then, Yun Lai had immediately felt a strong offensive power erupting forth from Su

Ming's body. It was such that he could not hope to stand against it. In fact, when he had thrown that one punch and one jab, Yun Lai had the impression that he had come face to face with the calamity that had fallen on South Morning all those years ago.

In his eyes, this person was completely unreasonable. He had already humbled himself, but this person still attacked. This made Yun Lai seethe in anger, but he could do nothing about it.

'Damn it. This person's level of cultivation is so high, and he's being completely unreasonable. This is...' When he saw Su Ming getting closer to him, a life-and-death sense of danger filled Yun Lai's heart and body. As he retreated hastily, he quickly spoke once again.

"Sir, let me speak! I may have protected this Fang Cang Lan for many years, but I've never touched even a single strand of hair on her head!

"As for that Zi Yan, if it wasn't for me, she would have died a long time ago in the chaos of the calamity. This is a trade, I didn't do anything wrong!"

Yun Lai's words did not make Su Ming stop for even a single moment. He simply continued calmly moving forward, and when he closed in once again, he waved his right hand, and bolts of lightning instantly swam in the air as thunder roared, and a dozen something balls of lightning appeared in the air. As they swam about, they fused together with the balls of lightning and charged straight towards Yun Lai.

"Sir, how could you be so unreasonable?! Do you really think that I'm afraid of you?!"

When Yun Lai saw that Su Ming had completely ignored his words, his pupils shrank. With a low roar, he stretched his arms apart, and immediately, his statue of the God of Berserkers appeared behind him. That statue had nine arms and three eyes at the center of its brows. Once it manifested itself, it swiftly grew

larger. Dark light started flashing on its body, and it lifted all nine of its arms at the same time to press down on Su Ming.

At the same time, Yun Lai bit the tip of his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood. It immediately exploded and turned into a layer of blood fog. Yun Lai stretched his right hand inside and seized at something. Then, an impressive, long, and blood-red blade was pulled out of the fog.

Once Yun Lai lifted it up, he sat down in the air and a string of incantations spilled out from his mouth. The long, blood-red blade hummed and murderous aura shot into the sky before spreading out. About a hundred souls of women surrounded that long blade, and it sliced down toward Su Ming.

Su Ming's expression was as calm as usual. The instant the statue closed in on him, he lifted his right hand and seized the air in its direction. The seemingly simple grasp immediately caused booming sounds to come from the entirety of the incoming statue. Cracks appeared on it, and the instant they spread out, Su Ming closed his hand into a fist, looking as if he had gripped something.

The statue immediately exploded with a loud bang, and red threads of aura spilled out from its body, charging towards Su Ming's right hand. That seize and grip was one of the divine abilities born of a binary opposite, which Su Ming had mastered in the Undying and Imperishable World.

At that moment, red aura surrounded Su Ming's arm. It looked like fog, and it was formed when Yun Lai's statue of the God of Berserkers shattered. There was also a large layer of red fog tumbling about before him. Within it was a long, blood-red blade, and it was charging straight towards him.

"Nine Transformations, Ten Transfigurations, One Voice!" Su Ming said calmly.

His Nascent Divinity spread out abruptly and enveloped him before turning into his own Nascent Divinity's body. This Nascent

Divinity stared at the long blade and a brilliant flash appeared in its eyes. The shadow of the incoming blade gradually appeared in his eyes. At the same time, the red aura tumbled about around Su Ming's right arm and also turned into a long red blade!

This was the Immortal's divine ability which Su Ming had obtained - Hong Luo's Nine Transformations Art, which was a part of the Nine Transformations, Ten Transfigurations, One Voice Art.

This Art was activated in an instant and turned into the long red blade in Su Ming's right hand. He lifted it up and sliced up towards the same long red blade that was coming down from the sky.

Rumbling sounds spread out, and the two long blades shattered completely together, but before the shards disappeared, Su Ming let out a breath, and that breath turned into a violent gust of wind that swept up the blood-red blade fragments to charge towards Yun Lai.

"Zong Ze! If I die, Southern Swamp Island will return to the surface of the sea! Are you still going to standby and do nothing?!"

Shock and terror appeared on Yun Lai's face. Su Ming's strength had far exceeded his expectations, and he was also shocked by the divine abilities Su Ming possessed. When he saw the blood-red blade fragments charging towards him with a sharp whistle, he hastily fled and immediately started shouting.

Almost the instant he let out that roar, a sigh echoed in the world, and Zong Ze took a step out of the air beside the retreating Yun Lai. The instant he walked out, he looked at Su Ming with a complicated gaze. Yun Lai continued fleeing behind him, charging straight towards his cave abode as his heart roared madly. He still had one killing move left, but he had to return to his cave abode before he could execute it with the help of the offerings there.

Zong Ze stood face to face against the incoming shard storm in the midst of all his mixed feelings. He lifted his right hand, formed a seal, and pushed forward. His body instantly touched the shard

storm that was sweeping towards him, and booming sounds reverberated in the air.

Another person appeared behind Zong Ze. That person looked a little old, and judging by his looks, he was Zong Ze as well. Immediately after, another person appeared, and that person was also Zong Ze, but he looked even older.

Eight of these increasingly older figures appeared and stood in a line to resist the wind before they eventually fused together, turning back into Zong Ze. He spread his arms wide open, and a presence belonging to an End Shaman instantly turned into a screen of light that separated Su Ming and the rapidly fleeing Yun Lai.

"If my friend Yun Lai dies, then Southern Swamp will face a great change. There are thousands of Shamans and Berserkers on this island, please..."

Before Zong Ze could finish speaking, his pupils shrank and he immediately took a few steps backwards. His presence as an End Shaman shot up in his body once again, and at the same moment, he formed a seal with both his hands and tapped a few spots on his body before a dark light flickered in his eyes.

The reason behind his actions was because violet light had started flashing on Su Ming's body as he continued walking towards him. That violet light was like flowing water. Once it covered Su Ming's entire body, it turned into a set of violet armor. At the same time, Su Ming lifted his right hand, and during that process, that violet light spread out, and a long violet spear of several dozens of feet appeared in a stunning manner right before Zong Ze's eyes.

Power. Madness. Slaughter. These sensations ripped into Zong Ze's heart, causing a dazed expression to appear briefly in his eyes. It felt as if his heart and soul had been dragged into a vortex called the abyss.

The instant clarity returned to his eyes, he found himself facing a sight that he would never forget - a violet hue that filled the entire sky. He saw Su Ming rising his hand and tossing that long spear swiftly outwards. With a hum, it shot through the isolation light screen Zong Ze had placed up, and the light screen could not fight back even for a single moment. It exploded into pieces, and during that instant, the long spear turned into a purple shadow that surged into the sky and charged straight towards the clouds. It was so quick that it seemed like it had sliced through the world to pierce through the utterly shocked and terrified Yun Lai.

As he let out screams of pain, he exploded, and that long spear stabbed into an empty mountain in the distance with a bang. That mountain shuddered and was reduced to ashes...

Su Ming stood in midair. The violet light covering his entire body quickly faded away, and the armor changed to fine threads that seeped into his body. The long spear he had thrown out just now into the distance also turned into a ray of violet light that returned to Su Ming's hand. In the span of a breath, he returned to his normal self, and he wrapped his hand in his fist towards Zong Ze in an apology.

"Sorry, my hand slipped."

Chapter 525: I'll Do One Thing

Zong Ze sighed, and his gaze when he looked towards Su Ming became even more complicated. When they had first met in the past, Su Ming was still very weak, but even then, he had managed to attract his attention.

When they met again, that shocking power of cultivation and the strength that could seal the whole world with just a wave of his arm had shocked Zong Ze, but he had been able to tell vaguely that Su Ming was not himself when he was in that state!

Then there was their encounter this time. He met Su Ming once again, but this time, the shock Su Ming had brought to him had surpassed those two previous times. That was not because Su Ming's level of cultivation had surpassed Hong Luo's, but because Zong Ze could tell that this Su Ming who was standing before him was the real man himself!

They had met three times, and each time, he was different. Among all the people Zong Ze had met in his life, only Su Ming had been able to give him such intense feelings.

"Your carelessness this time has caused Southern Swamp Island to no longer know peace... From now on, the islanders who have survived through the calamity will have to face life threatening dangers once again and be hunted by Eastern Wastelanders..." Zong Ze did not look at the torn pieces of flesh left behind him, but let out a sigh instead.

Su Ming was silent. He did not speak. Almost the instant he killed Yun Lai, he sensed a faint tremor traveling through the ground of the entire Southern Swamp Island.

Those tremors did not start off strong, but quickly turned into booming sounds. The man-made sky started flickering non-stop, flashes of brightness followed quickly by darkness. When Su Ming lifted his head to look, the man-made darkness let out a brilliant

flash, and then the entire Southern Swamp Island was instantly illuminated. However, that light was like a flash of lightning that sliced through the sky before it disappeared without a trace.

Banging sounds came from above, and as the light faded away, the stars in the man-made sky started dimming in a manner as if they were all connected together. Eventually, they became dark once again, but the darkness at this moment and the darkness just moments ago were different in their very nature!

The darkness just moments ago was due to the man-made sky that had lost all the spiritual Qi needed for its operations, but the darkness right now was because of the change that had appeared in Southern Swamp Island. The man-made sky exploded. Although the protective screen still existed, the screen had become transparent, and the intense darkness that fell into Su Ming's eyes was... the color of the Dead Sea outside!

As he saw the darkness of the Dead Sea, Zong Ze too saw it, and Fang Cang Lan, who was standing on the mountain on the ground, did as well. All the Shamans and Berserkers living in Southern Swamp Island, too, saw it clearly.

Some of the people who had survived through the calamity had been lucky, but a lot more of them had experienced different trials and tribulations. These experiences varied, but there was one shocking similarity between all of them, and that was the unswerving determination that was born out of these experiences!

If they did not have determination, then it would be difficult for them to struggle and survive in this chaotic world. If they did not have determination, then it would be difficult for them to crawl out of death. If they did not have determination, it would be difficult for them to still be able to open their eyes after countless people had died in the Land of South Morning!

That was why even though this change had appeared in Southern Swamp Island, even though more than a few people had seen Yun

Lai's death and Su Ming's appearance, they only had shock on their expressions. There was little panic evident in them, much less any form of commotion traveling out of their mouths.

Instead, they looked at the sky quietly and silently felt the tremors shaking the ground beneath their feet as Southern Swamp Island slowly rose to the surface of the sea.

Zi Yan looked at all of this with a stupefied expression as she stood in the crowd. The things that had happened were entirely within her expectations, but she did not expect that it would end up this way. She might have been Yun Lai's concubine before and believed that she knew a lot about him, but she still did not know that Southern Swamp Island's Rune was linked to his life!

Fang Cang Lan remained silent. She knew about the Rune being linked to Yun Lai's life. This was also the reason why she was confident she could kill or heavily injure Yun Lai through her multiple preparations. She also knew that the Rune in Southern Swamp Island would crumble after Yun Lai died, along with the fact that the island would once again appear on the surface of the sea after his death.

But... Firm resolution appeared in her eyes.

'Zi Yan has already suffered for me for many years. She might be together with Ya Mu now, but she doesn't know that she still has Yun Lai's seal in her body. She might look as if she has regained the freedom to live and die as she wishes, but in truth, her life is still in Yun Lai's hands.

'Zong Ze would not interfere much in this matter either, unless Ya Mu became a Latter Shaman... This is what I saw in Yun Lai's memories...

'If Zi Yan could suffer for me, then I could also bear living in infamy and being ridiculed for the rest of my life for her. Even if the entire Southern Swamp Island had to pay for this, as long as Zi Yan could obtain true freedom, it's worth it!'

This was what Fang Cang Lan had told herself in her heart when she set her plan to kill Yun Lai all those years ago.

There was a second stage to her plans, and she had already made detailed preparations for it. Once she killed or heavily injured Yun Lai, she would leave quietly with Zi Yan and head to other islands to begin a new life.

However, Su Ming's appearance had thrown all her plans into chaos...

Su Ming could feel the tremors in the island becoming more intense under his feet. Booming sounds rolled into the air from beneath him. He noticed Southern Swamp Island rising up, and in silence, he noticed the seawater at the depths of the Dead Sea looking as if it had been split apart. A massive area on the surface of the sea also sank down, and waves started rolling towards the edges of the pit.

In just a moment, with a shocking boom that shook the sky and earth, an island emerged from the very depths of the sea on the originally empty surface. The instant it appeared, a large amount of seawater rolled about, causing booming sounds to reverberate in the air. The people could see an arc shaped screen of light covering this island, and as it appeared on the sea, the light from the world outside instantly shot through and fell on the island!

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the clouds in the sky outside the screen of light, then listened to the roaring waves of the sea around him. Zong Ze's voice reached his ears.

"The crash of the Eastern Wastelands in our land caused South Morning to be split into pieces... turning into three much smaller continents and the numerous islands around the edges of these continents... The three much smaller continents are protected by Runes, prohibiting all outsiders from entering, as if they are sealed off.

"Besides the three much smaller continents there are numerous

islands that vary in sizes. Most of these islands are uninhabited, and only some of them serve as a home for those who survived through the calamity, just like us.

"Compared to the three sealed off continents, those who live on the islands face a whole lot more dangers, and many of these dangers come from Eastern Wastelands instead of from the Dead Sea...

"Once South Morning shattered because of the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands, a disaster also fell on the latter. Their continent also collapsed and many islands appeared, but since there were a lot more powerful warriors in Eastern Wastelands compared to South Morning, that was why the damage to their land was much smaller compared to ours, and their continent was not torn to pieces.

"There were too many casualties in South Morning, and Eastern Wastelands did not suffer much damage. This caused a huge disparity between our strengths. The Eastern Wastelanders hunt those of us from South Morning for entertainment. To them, all of us from South Morning are inferior, be it who are Shamans or Berserkers. Take for example, that Scour Sieve Festival of theirs. It is a bloody festival hosted by Scour Sieve Island, the biggest island located outside the Eastern Wastelands, and their aim is to hunt those of us from South Morning.

"This Scour Sieve Festival is hosted once every two years, and now... it's almost here. If Southern Swamp Island appears on the surface of the sea now, we'll definitely catch the attention of the Cultivators from Eastern Wasteland. Su Ming... you really shouldn't have killed Yun Lai." Zong Ze looked at the sky outside the screen of light, then at the sea around him, and there was a sense of age in his voice when he spoke.

"Sir Zong Ze, do you happen to have a map of the islands surrounding Eastern Wastelands, especially of Scour Sieve Island?" Su Ming turned his gaze away from the sky to look at Zong Ze as he

asked calmly.

A brilliant sparkle appeared in Zong Ze's eyes and he looked at Su Ming with a stern expression on his face.

"Do you know that Scour Sieve Island is the biggest island outside Eastern Wastelands and that old Mo Luo¹ on the island has already reached the peak of the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, and he is already halfway to attaining great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm? I fought against him once, and I lost. This person's divine abilities are unpredictable, and he also has the power of Great Yu Sky Palace. Based on your race's words, he is someone who has gone to Great Yu Dynasty before.

"Once this sort of person attains great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, then it would be the same as him reaching the pinnacle of being an End Shaman. That stage belongs to those who have the right to explore becoming Hollow Shamans.

"You do indeed have extraordinary power, but do you have confidence to be able to fight against him?" Zong Ze asked solemnly.

"I once heard from someone that among your Medial, Latter, and End Shamans, the End Shamans have power that is equivalent to the Berserkers who have attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm. Is that true?" Su Ming did not answer Zong Ze's question, but instead threw out his question lightly.

"In theory, that is true. But in truth, the Berserkers' constitution has a long history and serves the main cultivation system for Berserkers after the first God of Berserkers created it, but the Shamans' constitution was created by our Lord of Nine Li after he discarded his identity as a Berserker all those years ago.

"Due to the strangeness of our divine abilities, all our Realms that are below End are stronger than the Berserkers', but... if we compare the Berserkers who have attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm to End Shamans, then End Shamans... are

not their opponents.

"If I truly go and fight against them, then with my experience, I can tell that I will be able to fight against a Berserker in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, but I cannot win against those who have attained great completion. In fact, even if the old Mo Luo is halfway through attaining great completion, since he has mastered the power of Great Yu, I still cannot hope to be his opponent.

"Unless, that is... a Hollow Shaman like the Great Patriarch appeared among us Shamans again!"

Su Ming nodded his head. He did not speak.

"From what I know, besides the old Mo Luo, this Scour Sieve Island also has an End Shaman, Bao Shan, the traitor of our people... and there are also three Berserkers in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm who are as powerful as Yun Lai. There are also quite a number of Berserkers in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm and Latter Shamans who are still affiliated with our precious mountain.

"This sort of strength is simply not something we can stand up against. That is why most of the islands around this area, including Southern Swamp Island, have decided to hide," Zong Ze stated in a low voice.

"Senior Zong Ze, how many years do you have left?" Su Ming suddenly asked.

Zong Ze fell silent, and after a long while, he closed his eyes. The aura of death he had hidden in his body became a little more distinct.

"Less than ten years."

"I am a Berserker. I have lived in the land of Shamans for many years. Now, after the calamity that fell on South Morning, the Shamans and Berserkers have fused together..."

Su Ming's gaze landed on Zong Ze, and he slowly shifted his eyes away. He looked towards Fang Cang Lan, whose expression was filled with a complicated array of emotions, then at the Shamans and Berserkers who had walked out of their own cave abodes.

"I have not done anything for the Berserkers before... Now, let me do one thing for all of you." Su Ming looked at all these people, who were dressed in ragged clothing, looked at them needing to hide themselves even though they had survived through the calamity, and all of this... was because of Eastern Wastelands...

Translator's Notes:

1. The relationship between Scour Sieve and Mo Luo: Scour Sieve Island/Festival/Temple is actually named after Mo Luo, which are based on the characters of his name. Mo Luo is the pinyin for these two words 摩罗, and scour sieve is the meaning for the words. Treat it as Mo Luo deciding to name the island/festival/temple after the meaning of his own name, which is the same for Tian Lan (天嵐), which is the surname for Tian Lan Meng, Tian Lan You, and Sky Mist's ancestor. And Sky Mist City/Wall is the meaning of 天嵐.

Chapter 526: Eldest Senior Brother's Whereabouts!

As Southern Swamp Island appeared on the surface of the sea, seawater started churning in all directions. The Shamans and Berserkers behind the screen of light in the island stared wordlessly at Su Ming and Zong Ze, who were both standing in the sky.

Zong Ze lifted his right hand, and a jade slip immediately appeared on his palm. He flung it towards Su Ming, and the jade slip turned into a long arc that instantly appeared before Su Ming. Once he caught it in his hands, he looked at it carefully.

It was a simple map, and where South Morning originally was were three smaller continents. Each of them was separated by the Dead Sea. They might be called continents, but were really just slightly larger islands.

Around the area near Eastern Wastelands was an endless amount of islands. There was also quite a number of them located at the edge of continent as well. One of them was an island that was several times the size of Southern Swamp. The words 'Scour Sieve' were written on top of it.

"It's difficult for me to leave this land, so I can't go with you. I can only... give you a bow as a plea for you to do this and as a sign of gratitude for this matter." Zong Ze looked at Su Ming, and the complicated look in his eyes gradually turned to a regretful one as he wrapped his fist in the palm and bowed towards Su Ming.

"Sir Zong Ze, please tell me, did my eldest senior brother come to the land of the Shamans in the past?" Su Ming averted his gaze from the jade slip and looked at Zong Ze before he suddenly threw this question out of the blue.

"The Young Lord came to Autumn Sea Tribe before the calamity,

but he didn't go to the God of Shamans Temple. Instead... when the calamity fell on our heads, he went to Eastern Wastelands..." Zong Ze said deeply.

Su Ming frowned.

"From what I know, the Young Lord went to Eastern Wastelands because of his Master, who went there many years ago and never returned. It seems like something had happened there." Zong Ze fell silent for a moment, but in the end, he still said those words.

He knew about the relationship between Nine Li's Young Lord and Su Ming. He couldn't hide this from him.

Su Ming lifted his head swiftly and looked towards Zong Ze.

"Please tell me in detail, senior Zong Ze."

"I didn't learn the details because the Shamans and Berserkers were at war at that time, but from what I understand, senior Tian Xie Zi passed through the Dead Sea alone and went to Eastern Wastelands. It seems like he wanted to try and prevent this calamity, but... he never returned. But the date of the calamity falling on us had indeed been pushed back considerably.

"I remember that the Young Lord stood on a mountain for the entire night before he went to Eastern Wastelands. He held a broken wooden plate in his hands, and his face was filled with sorrow..." Zong Ze looked at Su Ming and spoke softly.

A shudder ran through Su Ming's body, and a bang instantly went off in his head. He could tell that Zong Ze was not lying, and there was no need for him to lie about this either. A picture appeared in his head.

In that picture, he saw the waves in the vast sea surging into the sky. On a mountain towering into the clouds, he saw his eldest senior brother standing silently, looking at the roaring Dead Sea as it came rushing forth from the distance and at the gigantic Eastern Wastelands charging forward to this place from far, far away. His

face was filled with sorrow, and in his hands he held a wooden plate. On that wooden plate were three words - Tian Xie Zi!

There were cracks on that wooden plate, and it looked as if it were about to shatter at any moment...

As the seawater roared and Eastern Wastelands crashed into the continent, by his lonesome, eldest senior brother stepped into the air, and with his sorrow, he flew towards Eastern Wastelands!

"Master! Eldest senior brother!" Su Ming turned his head around and looked towards the direction where Eastern Wastelands laid. A crazed killing intent burned in his eyes.

He did not want to think about this too much. He was afraid that the more he thought about it, the more answers he would get, and the more he would feel that he had lost.

He suddenly understood what Zi Yan had meant when she said that his second senior brother had left the ninth summit and never returned. He had been slightly puzzled when he first heard it, because his second senior brother loved the ninth summit. The ninth summit was his home, and unless something as serious as the world collapsing happened, he would definitely not leave it!

But he still left, and... he never returned. Su Ming had originally been wondering where he went, but now, he was absolutely certain that his second senior brother... had gone to Eastern Wastelands!

He went to search for his Master!

His eldest senior brother also left for the same reason, to search for their Master. Perhaps he had even gone off to search for his second junior brother as well!

"What about Hu Zi...? Is he still in the ninth summit...?" Su Ming mumbled under his breath.

He suddenly had a great urge to return to the ninth summit. He wanted to see whether Hu Zi was still around, then he would go to

Eastern Wastelands. Over there, he would search for his eldest senior brother and his second senior brother's traces, and he would find them. Then, they would look for their Master together!

Zong Ze looked at Su Ming. This young man who had given him three different kinds of feelings during the three times they had met reminded him of the Young Lord of Nine Li. He remembered the person who had left for Eastern Wastelands, and also remembered his very own Autumn Sea Tribe, now dispersed. Most of his tribe members were scattered as well. Then he remembered his few remaining years of life, and remembered how great and awe-inspiring he had been when he was younger.

Gradually, Zong Ze turned around and left with a melancholic expression.

The sky slowly darkened. Waves upon waves of water crashed onto the surface of the sea, creating splashing sounds. Su Ming sat on a mountain and looked towards the darkness in the distance without a single word.

At some point in time, Fang Cang Lan walked out from the darkness and approached him from behind. She looked at Su Ming gently, but did not speak, simply sat down next to him.

The seawater created rushing sounds. The world was covered in darkness. There were no words, no exchange of gazes between the two people. Fang Cang Lan simply stayed beside Su Ming quietly on the mountain throughout the entire night.

When light started shining through the gray clouds in the sky, Su Ming, who had immersed himself in his many thoughts, with the ninth summit constantly appearing in his mind, closed his eyes.

"Thank you," he whispered softly.

Fang Cang Lan did not speak. She simply looked in the distance. It might still be dim, but the sky was still much brighter than complete darkness. She shook her head.

"If you don't want to stay on Southern Swamp Island, you can leave with Zi Yan to the Fated Kin's island. She knows where it is." Su Ming opened his eyes and looked at the woman who had stayed with him for the entire night. He looked at her side profile; her face was breathtakingly beautiful.

"You don't need to worry about me. My level of cultivation might not be high, but I've prepared a lot of backup plans, and they're all laid out in great detail. I won't run into any dangers that I can't solve.

"But you, though... That Scour Sieve Island..." Fang Cang Lan turned her head around, and she fixed her beautiful eyes on Su Ming.

"I know that Yun Lai had been refining an Enchanted Treasure. He needed my divine ability to be able to activate it fully. The origin of this treasure is unknown, but if you bring it over here..." Fang Cang Lan immediately said, and Su Ming could see the concern as well as worry clearly on her face.

"I won't need it. Since it needs your divine ability to be activated fully, then you can also use it."

"But..." Anxiety rushed through Fang Cang Lan's system, and just as she was about to continue, a smile appeared on Su Ming's lips. It was very faint, but there was a wave of confidence contained within.

"The twenty years of memories you saw were only fragments. You didn't see everything." He looked at her and the smile stayed on his lips.

Fang Cang Lan was taken aback, but she quickly remembered how Yun Lai had been completely unable to fight back against Su Ming despite his strength. That sort of power had already surpassed Fang Cang Lan's understanding.

"You... What is your level of cultivation now?" Fang Cang Lan

remained silent for a while before she asked softly.

"Bone Sacrifice." Su Ming looked towards her.

"That's impossible..." Fang Cang Lan eyes went wide. A dark light shone in them, and as she lifted her right hand, the jade skull appeared on her palm. Once she pressed her hand against it, she lifted her left hand and held Su Ming's hand, then closed her eyes.

Su Ming did not shake her off. After a moment, Fang Cang Lan trembled, and her eyes flew open.

"The Candle Dragon's blessing... Sacrificing all the bones in your body..." she mumbled, then looked at Su Ming with disbelieving eyes.

Su Ming did not speak. He simply nodded.

Fang Cang Lan only recovered from her shock after some time. She looked at him, and her eyes shone increasingly brighter, but she seemed slightly hesitant. She bit her lip, and after a moment, a grim expression appeared on her face and she spoke softly.

"Su Ming, do you remember when we first met? At that time, after you left my brother's place, I... saw your memories."

Su Ming remained calm. How could he have forgotten about this? That had been the first time he began suspecting his own identity, and all of this was due to Fang Cang Lan's compassion as well as her muttering those words that he could not understand back then.

"Destiny, huh...?" he said lightly.

"You... already know?" The pity that had appeared in her eyes all those years ago gradually surfaced once again as she asked softly.

"I saw you living through fifty years of your life in a void... I also saw you chained up, up till the moment of your death..." After keeping that secret for twenty odd years in her heart, Fang Cang Lan finally told Su Ming about it.

"I saw them calling you Destiny... I saw you dying hundreds of times... I also saw a place called Dark Mountain. But when I wanted to continue looking, a power from another world destroyed my ability.

"That power was too strong, and there was no way I could hope to fight back against it. I could feel the power trying to destroy it, because I saw something I shouldn't have.

"But for some unknown reason, when that power wanted to wipe out my existence, it disappeared..." Fang Cang Lan muttered. Still holding Su Ming's hand, she closed her eyes once more.

The instant she did so, a bang went off in Su Ming's head, and flowing pictures appeared in his mind. Those pictures were everything that Fang Cang Lan had seen in the past.

"Over these twenty years, my level of cultivation rose incredibly quickly, and the main reason for it was because of that power that tried to destroy me when I was reading through your memories. I slowly discovered that it did not disappear, but remained within me...

"I want to help you. I want to let you know just what you lost, and just how many of your true memories have been changed or sealed. That's why I've been training so diligently to fuse with that power... I want to practice this unique divine ability of mine until I reach perfection. I always believed that someday, I would definitely be able to help you.

"If you trust me, then let me try looking one more time... into your past memories..."

Fang Cang Lan's mutters echoed in Su Ming's ears. In silence, he gradually relaxed his mind, and under Fang Cang Lan's guidance, they both began going back to the past that had returned to the passage of time.

Right before Su Ming's eyes, the void appeared, the him that was

shackled by chains, the gigantic head, the person sitting on top of the head, as well as that one sentence...

"You... truly disappoint me..."

He did not know how much time had passed, but at some point, Su Ming's eyes flew open, and Fang Cang Lan shuddered before him. A mouthful of blood spilled out of her mouth.

Su Ming stretched out his left hand and dragged her behind himself before lifting his right hand and throwing a punch towards the spot where she had sat moments ago without any hesitation.

That one punch immediately caused the air to begin distorting, and a cold harrumph that seemed to come from a place far away abruptly traveled forth!

Chapter 527: Elder, Who... Are You?

The instant Su Ming threw that punch forward, a cold harrumph from the air shot up. A violent bang reverberated in the air. An intense shudder ran through Su Ming's entire body, and rumbling sounds made it seem as if he was about to shatter and collapse came from his entire person. With Fang Cang Lan in his grip, he tumbled backwards without any hesitation and disappeared instantly. When they reappeared, they were already thousands of feet away.

Fang Cang Lan's face turned pale, but determination could be seen on her face. When Su Ming pulled her away, she lifted her hand without any hint of panic and pointed forward with one finger.

The protective screen of light outside Southern Swamp Island started shining with a brilliant light that spilled out in all directions before gathering to one point and turning to a powerful ray of light that went charging towards the illusory figure before Su Ming.

They crashed into each other in an instant, and as booming sounds reverberated in the air, Su Ming let go of Fang Cang Lan's hand with a grim face. All his power of Bone Sacrifice erupted forth from his body, and he took a step towards the illusory figure.

Almost the instant he took that step, Fang Cang Lan immediately sat down by the side without caring about how dangerous the place was, neither was she worried about Su Ming being distracted. Instead, she closed her eyes, and after casting some unknown divine ability, she suddenly cried out.

"Thirty-two feet to his left. Seventy-nine feet to his right. Two hundred forty-eight feet to his front. These are his dimensional realm loci!"

The instant Fang Cang Lan said those words, the eyes of the semi-

transparent figure charging towards Su Ming flashed and he looked straight towards her. When that illusory figure closed in, golden light shone about Su Ming's body, and he pointed towards the spot thirty-two feet away from the figure's left. A cracking sound immediately rang in the air, and the transparent figure froze momentarily.

The instant it froze up, Su Ming laid out his right palm straight and pressed towards his right. A strong force moved to the spot seventy-nine feet away from the figure's right. Rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, and the cracking sounds rang out once again. The transparent figure let out a low growl and lifted his arms as if he was about to form a seal. He did not go on to attack Su Ming, but pushed his palms in Fang Cang Lan's direction!

Right at that moment, Su Ming formed his left hand into a fist and hurled a punch straight towards the third dimensional realm locus, exactly Two hundred forty-eight feet before that figure. The instant his punch landed, the area around the semi-transparent figure distorted, and as if space itself was collapsing, a large suction force appeared, causing the figure to be instantly sucked inside, disappearing without a trace.

Yet even though it disappeared, the killing intent within the palm strike aimed towards Fang Cang Lan after it formed that seal still remained, and it was about to touch her.

With Fang Cang Lan's power, there was no way she could possibly dodge that strike. She lifted her head and looked towards Su Ming. There was a look in her eyes saying that she did not want to part with him, but she was smiling.

When everything seemed to have been set in stone and could not be changed, a sharp glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he lifted his left hand to point towards the sky while pushing his right hand in the direction of the ground.

"The past... the future..."

As Su Ming whispered, shadows of himself overlapped and intersected with each other. Time seemed to be flowing backwards around them, and the entire world froze at that instant. The palm strike closing in on Fang Cang Lan also froze, and even began showing signs of reversing.

Su Ming did not hesitate. He took a step forward and warped, appearing right before Fang Cang Lan. When he lifted his right hand, time was restored, and during that instant, the movement for everything around them increased, as if these things wanted to catch up to for the time they had lost.

The palm strike crashed into Su Ming's right hand. With a shocking boom rising into the air, the palm strike shattered. A trickle of blood flowed out of Su Ming's mouth, but he continued standing there and did not move, because right behind him was Fang Cang Lan, a woman who had been exposed to a life-threatening crisis because of him.

Fang Cang Lan stared at the figure before her with a dazed expression, and the gentleness in her eyes grew stronger with each passing moment.

The disappearance of that palm strike caused the air around them to return to normal. Yet strangely, even though there was such a strong ripple of power in this place and such a loud bang in the air, no one in Southern Swamp Island caught on. It was as if they did not hear or feel anything.

"This is that power I was talking about. But it has a bit more intelligence compared to last time..." Fang Cang Lan spoke softly and stood up, walking up to Su Ming and wiping away the blood at the corners of his mouth.

But the instant her hands touched Su Ming's blood, that blood on her finger started rotting away and turning black in the blink of an eye. Soon, it turned into a wave of aura of death that spread out, causing both Su Ming and Fang Cang Lan to be stunned by the

sight.

Her eyes went wide. She did not know what had happened. When she lifted her head to look towards Su Ming, she saw a hint of grief in his eyes.

Her heart lurched in her chest, but just as she was about to ask, Su Ming closed his eyes.

Su Ming was not unfamiliar with that semi-transparent figure. He felt a hint of Di Tian's presence on that figure just now, but that presence had been incredibly faint, and it felt as if it had come forth through an endless amount of dimensions.

When Fang Cang Lan activated her divine ability in an attempt to help Su Ming probe deeper into his memories, they failed, and had even attracted Di Tian's presence over. If Su Ming had still been the same as he was before, then Fang Cang Lan would have definitely died.

"Dimensional realm locus... Is that the name for the three spots that were connected to the space here just now that allowed that semi-transparent figure to come here?" Su Ming opened his eyes and looked towards Fang Cang Lan.

"How did you learn about them?" he asked calmly.

"I... I don't know either. The instant I sensed that presence coming, I saw those three spots around him. He seemed to have also used those three spots to arrive to this place.

"The distance between him and those three spots would never change."

Confusion appeared in Fang Cang Lan's eyes as she whispered. She was still caught in the sight of witnessing Su Ming's blood turn black before changing into the aura of death on her finger.

Su Ming's expression grew more complicated. The sight of his blood turning into the aura of death kept repeating itself in his head, along with the three spots Fang Cang Lan had mentioned

just now.

After a long while, Fang Cang Lan looked towards Su Ming and bit her bottom lip.

"Why did your blood turn that way on my hand?"

"I'm tired, Cang Lan." Su Ming then fell silent and sat down cross-legged on the ground and slowly closed his eyes.

Fang Cang Lan stood by the side quietly for a long while before she discovered, in her anguish, that this Su Ming was different from the Su Ming she knew in the past. Right now, his emotions changed constantly, and he swung between moments of friendliness and aloofness.

'All of this must be related to his blood turning into the aura of death on my finger. I will definitely find the reason behind this!' Determination appeared in Fang Cang Lan's eyes. She cast Su Ming a glance before turning around and leaving.

As she was leaving, she did not hear him mumble his next words.

"Thank you, Cang Lan."

Su Ming had originally planned to ask Fang Cang Lan to use her unique abilities to look into the memories of Di Tian's servant, whom he had captured, but the sight just now made him temporarily give up on this idea.

It was far too easy for unforeseen circumstances to happen in this matter. Su Ming knew that if they attracted that semi-transparent figure containing a hint of Di Tian's presence here again, it would be difficult for him to protect Fang Cang Lan with his current level of cultivation, especially when it would definitely come prepared this time.

He sat quietly and looked at the sky turning dark, then at the darkness gradually disappearing to welcome a new day. During these few days, the islanders had been repeatedly fortifying the Rune under Zong Ze's arrangements. They tried to make the island

sink into the bottom of the sea once again. It was not impossible, but they needed time to be able to do so.

Su Ming was not worried about Fang Cang Lan. This woman had changed greatly, and his impression of her changed a lot from what it was in the past. It did not matter whether it was her intelligence or her decisiveness, with these things along with her strange divine abilities, they were enough to ensure her safety, despite her low level of cultivation.

After all, this was a woman who would dare to try to kill a Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm even though she was only in the Bone Sacrifice Realm. Su Ming would not dare to underestimate this sort of person.

Besides...

"This is the first time I've seen such a person like you. I wonder how many are there in the land of the Berserkers who are like you...?" Su Ming mumbled to himself.

The instant his blood turned into the aura of death on Fang Cang Lan's finger, he was reminded of the moment he flew out of the vortex with the ancient bronze sword from the True Sacred Yin Realm, and how he had felt as if he was nearly drowned by a thick wave of aura of death the moment he saw the stars and the galaxy.

If he minimized that feeling several times and turned it into a drop of blood, then it would be exactly like what he saw on Fang Cang Lan's finger just now.

"32, 79, 248..."

Su Ming looked at the horizon connecting the sky and the sea in the distance and mumbled under his breath. His expression grew more complicated with each passing moment, and a nostalgic look appeared in his eyes as he uttered those three so called dimensional realm loci.

When Fang Cang Lan had first mentioned those three spots, Su Ming had not thought much about them, but once his blood turned into the aura of death, he had been stunned, and those three numbers began appearing in his head nonstop.

He had a vague feeling that these three numbers were familiar. Very familiar... That sense of familiarity was the sort that was carved into his soul, engraved into his bones. It was a sort of familiarity that he would never forget.

"If there is a fourth dimensional realm locus, then would it be located 371 feet away...? If there is a fifth, would it be located 563 feet away...? If there is a sixth dimensional realm locus, would that be a spot 781 feet away...?" he whispered to himself softly in agony. How could he forget these six numbers? How could he not be familiar with them?!

'32, 79, 248, 371, 563, 781... Elder, what were you trying to tell me...? You gave me these six numbers when we were in Wind Stream Tribe before I went to climb those stairs on their sacred mountain. You asked me to remember them well, and I originally thought they were just locations for me to rest, but now... only now do I know that they aren't...' Su Ming closed his eyes, and tears fell down his cheeks.

'Elder... are you... really my elder...? Are you really Dark Mountain Tribe's elder...? Are you really the elder who taught me how to be a person since I was young, taught me how to exercise caution, taught me how to reason, taught me how to fight...?

'Elder, who... are you?' More tears fell from Su Ming's tightly shut eyes. 'Elder, is Dark Mountain real? Are Bei Ling, Lei Chen, Wu La, Bai Ling... Are all of them real?'

Su Ming opened his eyes and looked towards the sky and the sea. He looked into the distance just like that until his tears became dry, until a thick wave of sorrow appeared and found permanent residence in his body, until he stood up and did not even cast a

glance at the woman who had been watching him over these past few days from another mountain far away.

He took a step into the sky.

Chapter 528: Why Should I Cherish this Life and not Defy the World?!

"The place where I was born still did things according to the laws of the universe. When I was born, the Berserkers had weakened..." Su Ming took a step forward and walked onto air. Sorrow could be seen on his face, and loneliness could be felt coming from his body as he mumbled under his breath.

"If the heavens are heartless, then we will all be separated. The earth was heartless, and it made my Dark Mountain die.

"When war begins, the world is broken and torn to shreds. When a person is lost, his path home grieves for him...

"If the heavens have eyes, then why do they never see that my world is plunged into eternal darkness? If the deities have souls, then why did they divide the sky and seas to the south and north?

"I kept my duty to the heavens, so why did they not let me see the darkness of night? I kept my duty to the deities, so why did they tear me into pieces and scatter my memories?!

"I yearn for my home all day and night, I am forced to wander and cannot see the pain of the heavens... I yearn for my family and friends, but where are they? Their souls yearn for me, but we are separated by death!

"Reality and fantasy cannot be differentiated, and Dark Mountain is too far away! We live and we die in this world, but where is my place in all of it?! I cry tears of blood when I lift my head, and tell me, why should I cherish this life and not defy the world?!"

Su Ming lifted his head and roared. His voice sounded like thunder rumbling, causing the clouds in the sky to tumble backwards, and a slim ray of sunlight shot through the thinned out layers of clouds.

When the sunlight descended, Su Ming took a huge step forward

and charged towards Scour Sieve Island.

Killing intent and murderous aura filled his entire body. The sorrow brought by the six numbers, the confusion behind whether Dark Mountain was real or simply a fake, and the aura of death that had transformed from his drop of blood on Fang Cang Lan's fingertips, all of these things made Su Ming begin laughing loudly as he continued moving forward.

His laughter rang through the air, but it was filled with a freezing chill!

He laughed at the heavens, laughed at the world, laughed at his own life, laughed at Di Tian's intentions!

'I cry tears of blood when I lift my head, and tell me, why should I cherish this life and not defy the world?!'

"Who am I? It doesn't matter whether I am Su Ming or Destiny. I don't know who I am, but I know that no matter how big this world is, I will be the one who will control my own fate!

"Who am I? Is that really important...?"

Su Ming threw up his head and laughed. He understood now. All the life and death experiences he had gone through had allowed him to grow. He had even come to understand the secrets of Dark Mountain on Southern Swamp Island, had seen how different Fang Cang Lan had become, and all of this had allowed him to understand!

"It's not important. What is important is that I exist! What is important is that I will exist forever! What is important is that I will tear apart this mystery with all my power! What is important is that I will crush all of these things under my heel!

"I am not me!

"I am me!"

There was a wave of wild arrogance in Su Ming's laughter, along

with a wave of sorrow that was hidden beneath. When a person found that the things he treasured the most might possibly be fake time and again, how would he end up...?

Either he would give up, or... he would rise!

"What is reality, and what is fantasy? So what if it's reality? So what if it's fantasy?!"

Su Ming charged forth, and wherever he went, the world would rumble. Under his extreme speed, the giants in the sea dared not lift their heads, the birds in the sky dared not get closer, and all the living beings around him did not dare look at him!

"Since you call me Destiny, then I, Su Ming, will be your Destiny!

"And if you call me Su Ming, then from now on, I will still be Su Ming!"

Su Ming let out a long string of laughter towards the sky. His killing intent and murderous aura became even thicker as he laughed, surging towards the sky and pushing the layers of clouds to charge straight towards Eastern Wasteland's Scour Sieve Island!

As he rushed forward under that extreme speed, he did not see that woman who still remained on the now distant Southern Swamp Island, did not see the Fated Kin worship his statue on their island, neither did he see Hu Zi roaring towards the sky in fury and in endless suffering on the ninth summit in the land of the Berserkers.

Nor did he see the relocation gate deep in the depths of the ground that would lead him to another place. In that place was a frozen world, and in that frozen world was the buried Great Yu Imperial City. In that city was a tall altar, and on that altar was the frozen Court Diviner of Great Yu. Right before him was a ferocious beast's spine, and on it... were a line of words that were carved into the spine before the old man died!

"When you learn who you are, you... are no longer you!"

"When you no longer know who you are, you... will be you!"

Besides these sentences, the things Great Yu's Court Diviner had seen in the past with those gray eyes that could no longer see the world had all turned into a faint, loving smile filled with compassion and expectation.

Su Ming had not seen that smile clearly when he came, but if he had been able to see it, then he would have definitely been shocked to the core and his mind would have definitely gone blank with loud rumbles occupying his thoughts... and tears would have absolutely fallen from his eyes as he stood before Great Yu's Court Diviner on the frozen altar.

Because Su Ming would never forget that smile, that loving smile...

He did not think about who he was. It did not matter whether he was a Berserker or a Shaman, Su Ming or Destiny. It did not matter where he came from or whether he was alive or dead. It did not matter whether this place was truly the land of the Berserkers or just that so called Yin's Death Region.

He did not bother about these things. The only thing he cared about right then was what laid right before his eyes. The only things he cared about were the ninth summit and the Scour Sieve Festival that was held once every two years. He was going to help all the people of South Morning get rid of this festival!

Get rid of it forever!

He was going to tell the Cultivators in Eastern Wastelands... that there were also powerful warriors in South Morning after the calamity, and he would not let anyone trespass their land!

With that killing intent burning within him, Su Ming's speed reached its peak. Several days later, as the sky turned bright and dark before the process repeated itself, as rumbling sounds continued traveling from the clouds, as the rain falling from the

sky was dragged out and pulled into a long river of water in the sky by Su Ming as he continued onward with that extreme speed, a gigantic island appeared before his eyes!

A screen of light flashed outside it with a variety of colors. There was also a great power coming from it. There were seven small islands around that big island, looking as if they were stars surrounding the moon, like guards protecting their master.

Waves upon waves of powerful presences faintly traveled forth from the main island. If the screen of light had not been around, those presences would spread out without any filter. Yet even so, it was enough to intimidate all the people who came, as well as the ferocious beasts in the Dead Sea.

The island was shaped in the form of a crescent moon. Numerous pompous buildings built of jade and marble could be seen there, and the island itself was decorated extravagantly. Su Ming also could see a large number of Eastern Wasteland Cultivators moving about on the ground. It was an incredibly lively sight.

Even though the Scour Sieve Festival still had yet to begin, the preparations for it were already on the way!

Su Ming did not even attempt to hide his arrival a single bit. That was why the moment he closed in on the island, the long arc he brought along with him in the sky startled all the people on Scour Sieve Island!

"I, Su Ming of South Morning, have come to Scour Sieve Island to destroy your island. When I leave, blood will be flowing through this island in rivers, and you will all serve as a warning for Eastern Wastelands!"

Without holding anything back, he swiftly spread out his great divine sense and sent it crashing right down on the island!

His voice instantly caused thunder to roar down below, and the moment all the people heard his words, that long river of rain that

Su Ming had brought along behind him charged forth with a howl, and like the river of heaven spilling down from the sky, it rammed straight down on Scour Sieve Island's protective screen of light.

Right before everyone's eyes, the river from heaven fell on them!

Right before everyone's eyes, rain poured down on them like arrows!

Right before everyone's eyes, the Dead Sea roared!

Right before everyone's eyes, the world shattered!

Chapter 529: Island Destruction! (1)

Su Ming's voice reverberated in the air above Scour Sieve Island, and as it shook it, an endless wave of echoes stirred up in the sky. As those echoes spread out and the river crashed into the island, the land seemed to have let out a thunderous roar that fell into the ears of all the people on the island.

That voice was as cold as snow. That voice burned with a killing intent that surged into the skies. That voice also exuded a terrifying intent to destroy everything, causing most of all the people who heard it to feel greatly shaken. As they lifted their heads, they saw the shocking sight of the long river of rain filling the entire sky and crashing down on the protective screen of light on their island.

Scour Sieve Island was one of the bigger islands among all those surrounding Eastern Wastelands. But it had originally not existed. It only came into being when the great continent crashed into South Morning and its top layer shattered.

Later on, these islands were taken over by all the Eastern Wastelands Cultivators who had been unable to go back to their mainland due to all sorts of reasons. They turned these islands into their paradise. These Cultivators had all sorts of backgrounds. Some of them were people who had too much blood on their hands and could not return to the mainland. Some of them were people who had betrayed their clans or tribes, and some of them were people who trained on their own.

The people whose hands were stained with blood were everywhere. They were brutal, bloodthirsty, and it was as if all of them had the same natural disposition, especially in regards towards their brutality to the people of South Morning. This in particular had turned into their biggest entertainment over the past few years.

If they ran into men from South Morning, they would usually kill them, drag their souls, and refine them. If they ran into women, then these women would suffer even worse fates. Over the past few years, the people from South Morning who had died in their hands numbered so high that they could not be counted!

Tho people from South Morning had only managed to survive through the calamity with much difficulty, and yet they had to run into another fate that was almost akin to that of the calamity itself. All of this was because South Morning was much smaller than Eastern Wastelands, that was why it had shattered completely after a few crashes, while the level of disaster Eastern Wastelands had to suffer was much smaller in comparison due to its immense size.

It could be said that when the islands were formed around Eastern Wastelands, these places turned into the gathering spots for all those who were exiled from the continent itself. In fact, over the past few years, quite a large number of people from the mainland came to these islands, causing the strength of these islands to grow day by day.

It was especially so after old Mo Luo appeared. He had used his mighty power of cultivation to sweep through the entire land and occupy most of the island, naming it Scour Sieve and becoming the biggest faction of power among all the Cultivators gathered on the sea around Eastern Wastelands!

All the Eastern Wastelands Cultivators who had affiliated themselves to old Mo Luo joined a group called Barren Swamp, and they would call themselves Savages. Not only were they brutal towards those in South Morning and invaded their land many times to slaughter them, these people were also hostile towards the orthodox Cultivators from the mainland.

However, due to their wariness towards these Cultivators, they did not dare provoke them. But if they ran into them traveling alone, those orthodox Cultivators would also end up just like

people from South Morning.

Su Ming's arrival, his astonishing presence, and the river of rain crashing onto the protective screen of light caused all the people on Scour Sieve Island to feel shocked, but they were not afraid. Instead, a wave of brutality rose within their hearts.

This was a faction formed by numerous violent criminals. These people oppressed the kind and were afraid of the wicked. They showed their fangs towards the weak, created this Scour Sieve Festival that was nothing short of them drinking the blood of those from South Morning, because this was the only way they could find any sort of value to their existence.

Due to their vast numbers, they also scoffed at the idea of submitting to those who were powerful. They thought that if they killed, if they were brutal, then they could intimidate all the powerful warriors.

Over the years, their actions had indeed caused many people to choose to avoid them, but they did not know that this time, they had run into Su Ming!

Against this sort of people, there was no need for any form of humanity. Only one word was needed to deal with them, and that was to kill!

Kill them until their blood formed flowing rivers!

Kill them until no survivors were left!

Kill them until their terror was carried even to their deaths!

He would turn this island into a warning for all of Eastern Wastelands!

Rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, and violent booms erupted forth when the rain from the sky crashed into the protective screen of light. Light kept flickering on the screen continuously, but it did not shatter.

Roars shot out from the island, and Savages flew up from all over in a group, bringing with them brutality and bloodlust.

At the same time, seven shocking, long arcs instantly flew out from the seven guardian islands around Scour Sieve Island. Hundreds of people followed behind those arcs, and at that moment, roaring sounds that shook the sky and earth shot up around Scour Sieve Island, so loud that they were deafening to the ears.

Su Ming's arrival and his powerful presence might not have caused the Savages on Scour Sieve Island any sort of fear, but he had brought about great shock towards them. That was why they had chosen to attack with an entire group.

Most of the time, when they ran into powerful warriors, they would do the same thing, and there had been many of these powerful warriors who had been shocked and chased away by their seemingly mad and fearless attitude towards death.

This time, they wanted to use the same method!

But... this method was useless against Su Ming!

With a calm expression, he decided to temporarily put Scour Sieve Island's protective screen of light aside. He stood in midair and looked at the ferocious faces and brutal figures charging towards him while roaring, then lifted his right hand slowly before clenching his fist in a tight grip. Immediately, strong violet light burst forth from his palm.

That violet light in Su Ming's palm was piercing to the eyes, and with its swift spread, it turned into an impressive violet spear that was dozens of feet long, startling all those who saw it. Once Su Ming held it in one hand, his lips curled up into a cold sneer, and within his aloof eyes, killing intent shone.

The instant his killing intent appeared, violet light shone around his entire body. The violet light covered him like flowing water. In

the midst of that dazzling light, his right arm became covered in armor, and as if it possessed life, it spread out rapidly. In the blink of an eye, it covered Su Ming's entire body. Once a violet helmet manifested to cover his head as well, his hair too looked as if it had turned violet as it flowed behind his head.

With the violet armor and long spear, Su Ming's presence immediately became even more shocking as he stood in the sky.

He lifted his head swiftly, and with one swing of the long spear lying horizontally before him, a piercing sound reverberated in the air. He pointed the tip of the spear towards one of the seven guardian islands around Scour Sieve Island, straight in the direction of the many long arcs coming towards him.

"All those who violate us from South Morning will be executed, no matter how far away you are!"

The moment Su Ming said those words, he took a step forward, and with an indescribable speed, he turned into a long violet arc that charged in the direction of the group of people coming towards him.

This group of people were the guardians from the sixth island. The person leading the charge was a middle-aged man. He was dressed in a Hanfu [1] and his expression was tainted with sullenness along with bloodthirst. However, his heart was shuddering, filled with shock at the moment.

Su Ming had arrived among them with that mighty, intimidating presence as well as that violet armor manifesting on his body. Its light filled the man's entire vision and made fear grow in his heart, despite the fact that he was already a Berserker in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm.

However, he believed that all powerful warriors would choose to run under the Savages' crazed and reckless charge. With that thought in mind, the middle-aged man let out a roar, and as he lifted his right hand, his divine ability took physical form. Just as

he was about to strike with his full power, a violet figure suddenly appeared in his pupils.

That violet figure seemed to have forced himself into his field of view, causing the middle-aged man to be momentarily stunned. When he eventually reacted to it and was just about to retreat, a stab of pain appeared at the center of his brows. The long violet spear had pierced through his head at some unknown point of time, with the other end going out the back of his head, bringing with it blood that splattered everywhere.

Besides that long spear, he also saw an aloof figure in violet armor holding onto that long spear, and that was the last scene he saw in his life.

A loud bang rang in the air. The body of that person whose head had been shot through by Su Ming's spear under that extreme speed exploded. But even as his blood spilled in all directions in the air, the followers behind him did not stop for even a single moment and continued charging forward as if they had gone mad.

Su Ming looked towards them aloofly, then took a step forward. Violet light surged into the sky, and shrill screams of pain reverberated in the air the next instant. The violet spear would sweep through the air horizontally wherever Su Ming went, just like a violet dragon charging into the crowd. After a moment, when Su Ming walked out of the crowd, all the people from the sixth guardian island had exploded behind him and their blood poured into the sea.

There was even a trail of fresh blood that flowed with the movement of Su Ming's long spear, which was now traveling in a diagonal arc. He stood in midair and turned his head around slowly to look at the sky coldly, straight towards the remaining figures who had flown out of the other six islands.

"All those who have humiliated us from South Morning will have what they did to us... delivered right back to them!" Su Ming

declared coolly. His voice spread out, and at the same moment he turned into a long arc and charged into another crowd. It was as if once he donned on that violet armor, he would only attack, he would never retreat!

Murderous aura surged into the sky from his body. There was also a ferocious illusory shadow manifesting behind him, and it looked as if it was roaring murderously towards the sky!

All Scour Sieve's Savages who saw Su Ming at that moment were startled, shocked, and fear conquered their minds and bodies.

Because no matter what sort of cultivation level they had, when Su Ming closed in on them, no one standing in the sky outside the island had any chance of surviving!

Because even though they were filled with crazed frenzy, Su Ming was filled with even more madness!

Because even though they were brutal and bloodthirsty, they discovered that Su Ming was even more brutal than they were!

That phrase promising to return what they did to those in South Morning became the eulogy for these Savages, turning into an echo that shook the skies. Su Ming killed, and wherever he went, all those who tried to stop him, as well as all those who fell into his line of sight, would find their bodies exploding into smithereens when he left. Rain poured down from the sky, and the blood seemed to have fused with the rain from the sky, causing the sky to begin raining blood!

So what if these people were in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm? In just a moment, right before the people who were still on the Scour Sieve Island's eyes, the sky outside practically turned red with blood. As it poured down from above, most of the people from the guardian islands died. The sort of shock they felt in their hearts was something words could not describe.

If they were already in such a state, then it was even more so for

the Savages from the guardian island standing outside the screen of light. When this group of hundreds was cut down to merely dozens during the slaughter, the Savages who believed themselves to be more brutal and reckless than anyone else had their minds broken. Their wills were shattered, causing them to scream in fear and scatter away.

"He's mad!"

"He's a bloodthirsty malicious spirit!"

"There's... There's such a brutal person in South Morning? This... This is..."

When Su Ming saw the still alive people around him fleeing hastily in fear, he lifted his left hand and pointed towards the sky. All the clouds started spinning with a loud rumble, turning into a whirlwind that descended upon the escapees. It swept through the sea, lifted up a wave that surged into the skies, and as it swept through the air, the dozens of fleeing people were all dragged into the whirlwind, and as booming sounds filled the air, all of them were shredded apart! None survived!

Translator's Notes:

1. Hanfu: Traditional clothes for Han people, during the Han dynasty.

Chapter 530: Island Destruction! (2)

Almost the instant the remaining people from the guardian islands died, Su Ming slowly lifted the long spear in his right hand. Right when the Savages on Scour Sieve Island were startled by his actions, they saw him swiftly swinging his right hand in the sky.

With that one swing, the long spear was flung out and turned into a long violet arc that sliced through the air and ripped up a huge crack in the air as it charged straight towards the screen of light around Scour Sieve Island.

As a shocking boom reverberated through the air and shook the entire island, the protective screen of light was penetrated through by the violet light.

With a bang, the spear struck the island, turning into a visible violet-colored force that swept through the entire area. At that moment, the protective screen of light shattered inch by inch, turning into countless fragments that seemed as if they were shoved aside by a large, invisible hand. Soon after, the screen exploded, dragging along those fragments as it fell backwards.

There was a great temple built on one of the many mountains on Scour Sieve Island. That temple looked simple, but was incredibly elegant in design. There were rows upon rows of memorial tablets there, looking as if they were placed there for worship. They were positioned in a manner that made it seem as if they had built up a small tower. There were quite a large number of runic symbols carved on those memorial tablets, and they were all exuding a dark and strange presence.

There was an old man in white sitting cross-legged underneath those memorial tablets. Placed before him was a long blade, and there was a chilling and eerie air coming out from it. If anyone looked at it for a prolonged period of time, they would begin hearing shrill screams and howls from malicious souls right beside

their ears, though it would be just a figment of their imagination.

Faint and indistinct black aura spread out from the long blade and surrounded the area.

The old man's head was filled with white hair, and there was a scar traveling from the corner of his right brow to the left corner of his lips. That scar was reddish in color, and it gave off a savage air while also giving the old man an incredibly terrifying presence.

His expression was calm as he sat there, as if he was not paying too much attention to whatever was happening outside.

By his side was a middle-aged man. That man wore a long robe, and he too, looked calm. There were two finely polished skulls in his hands, and he was twirling them around on his palm.

Almost the moment the screen of light around the island was destroyed, three people appeared, standing near the main door leading to the temple. Two from the three were old men whose heads were already flecked with white. The other one was a boy. They stood there with incredibly respectful faces, and a hint of fear could even be seen in the midst of their respect.

"Progenitor, he calls himself Su Ming, and he's from South Morning. The seven guardians outside the island are already dead, and he has broken the island's first layer of defense," the boy said in a low voice.

"How dare he, a mere dreg of South Morning..." The scar-faced old man in white robes opened his eyes, and after sweeping his gaze past the three people, he looked towards the long black blade lying before him.

"Use my Scour Sieve Blade and activate the Great Barren Blood Rune. It'll be enough to kill this person. Bring his head back to me."

Once the old man said those words, the long black blade before him immediately let out a buzzing sound that exuded bloodthirst

and cruelty. Once that sound appeared, the long black blade rose up on its own, and after flying in a circle in the temple, it charged towards the boy, who received it respectfully with both hands.

Excitement appeared on his face and he quickly spoke.

"Don't worry, progenitor. With Scour Sieve Blade and the Great Barren Blood Rune, even if this person is in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, he will be cut down!"

The boy immediately asked for leave. The eyes of the two old men also began shining murderously. They left with respective postures, and along with the boy, they turned into three long arcs that flew out of the temple.

"You should know that those three aren't that person's opponent, even if they have your Scour Sieve Blade." After the three people left, the middle-aged man who had been toying with the skulls on his hands spoke flatly.

"So what?" The old man closed his eyes calmly.

"I didn't expect that there would be such a powerful warrior among my people in South Morning. I can't see through his level of cultivation either. At first glance, he seems like he's in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, but when I look closely, I can sense a power so great it's terrifying.

"He managed to kill the seven guardians within an instant, so my guess is that his combat power has already reached the peak of the later stage of your people's Berserker Soul Realm. In fact... he seems to be slightly above that." The middle-aged man voiced his musings slowly, deeply moved by what he discovered.

"Even you would have to be incredibly cautious against an enemy like this. That's why... you were not willing to walk out immediately, right?" A faint smile appeared on the middle-aged man's lips as he looked towards the old man.

"Are you done with your yapping?" The old man opened his eyes

and stared at the middle-aged man coldly.

"True. Even if everyone in Scour Sieve Island died, as long as you're here, more of those who no longer exist on paper in Eastern Wastelands will flock here, and your faction of power will continue growing." The middle-aged man smiled.

"You're letting the people under you test him out continuously, trying to make this person tire by spilling his blood and forcing him to fight nonstop. Under the continuous tests, you will find his weakness, and then you will reveal yourself and fight against him. Even if by that time, the entire Scour Sieve Island had already turned into an island flowing with blood, and even if by that time, it would be barren of life and not a single blade of grass would grow here anymore." The middle-aged man sighed deeply.

"Besides, as long as you are in this temple, you can bring out the power of the ancestors' souls you worship to the max, causing you to be able to bring forth the power of a Berserker who has attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm for a short amount of time. That is why it's much better for you to wait for him here instead of going out to face him.

"You also have Sir Mo Que around. Even if any sort of accidents occur, with him around, everything will be resolved." The middle-aged man shook his head, and felt a hint of regret for having to lose that person called Su Ming outside so soon.

"You're here as well," the scar-faced old man remarked calmly.

The middle-aged man fell silent and sighed in his heart.

Almost the instant he did so, a vicious bang reverberated through the air outside the temple. A force of impact spread out, causing the entire island to tremble because of it.

Sounds of battle surged from the sky outside the temple. Su Ming, in his violet armor and with the long spear in hand, walked forward. He did not move quickly, but there were still countless

corpses ripped to shreds lying behind him!

A green ray of light swam around the sky. That green light was, naturally, the small sword. It was under the control of Su Ming's Nascent Divinity, and all those who dared come near him would be cut down by that sword.

Further down in the sky was a gigantic illusion, and booming sounds rang in the air. That illusion was the Candle Dragon, which came from his snake. As it roared, it began to slaughter the people in a frenzy.

All the Savages' on the island eyes filled with blood and they rushed forward recklessly, throwing all the caution to the wind as they executed their divine abilities. Even the weakest among them were already in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, and those who were charging towards Su Ming at that moment were filled with thick murderous aura as their bodies shone with blood-red light. Their roars never stopped ringing in the air.

If anyone looked from above the sky, they would be able to see clearly that there was a blood-red screen of light with multiple layers covering most of Scour Sieve Island, enveloping all the islanders and Su Ming within.

That blood-red screen of light continued flashing, and every single time it flashed, rays of red light would descend with a bang and charge towards Su Ming.

If anyone took a closer look, they would find that there were nine layers to this blood-red screen of light, and each layer grew increasingly thicker the further it was from the island. These layers surrounded everyone and formed a Rune.

Floating right above the screen of light and that Rune was a long black blade, and there were three people sitting cross-legged there, next to that long blade. These three people were naturally the two old men and the one boy who had come out of the temple just now.

These three people had their eyes shut tight, as if they were keeping the Rune running.

"I once said, when I leave this island, your blood will flow in rivers."

Su Ming took a slow step forward and pointed to the side with his left index finger. Immediately, a Savage who had been charging towards him received a bloody hole in the center of his brows, and he fell back, dead.

"I once said, all those who humiliate my people in South Morning will be executed no matter how far away you are!"

Su Ming threw the long spear in his right hand with a vicious throw. That long spear charged out with a howl and fell on a mountain in the distance. With a bang, that mountain immediately broke into pieces. At the same moment, Su Ming lifted his right hand, seized the air in the direction of the shattered mountain, and flung his arm outwards.

A whirlwind instantly appeared out of thin air at the spot where the mountain had crumbled, dragging in the innumerable shattered stones and stirring up a sharp whistle in the air as it spread to the area with a bang. Each of the shattered stones contained Su Ming's power of the Wind Berserker, and their great strength caused bloody rain to fall.

"I once said I will have all of you pay an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and all of your blood for every single drop of blood you drained from the people of South Morning!"

Su Ming walked onto the destroyed mountain to stand beside the long spear that had sunk into the ground. Once he held it in his hand, he pulled it out slowly, and he lifted his left hand to casually seize the air behind him. Immediately, the Savage who had closed in behind him was seized by the throat.

When Su Ming turned around, he did not look at the person's

despair filled and terror stricken gaze. He crushed his neck, then let go and lifted his head to look at the three people sitting on the blood-red screen of light in the sky.

The instant he looked towards the trio, they too, immediately noticed his aloof gaze. Their hearts trembled, and at the same time, the hundreds of Savages within the blood-red screen of light covering most of Scour Sieve Island broke down in the midst of this continuous slaughter while surrounded by the red sky and the similarly red, and bloody, and wet ground.

They were afraid. They were terrified. And all of this was because of Su Ming's massacre. That detached, merciless, and crazed slaughter made all these people feel as if they had sunk into hell.

They had run into a person who was even more brutal and vicious than they were, and in the face of such a person, everything that made them who they were crumbled!

"So, you Savages, is this what you are...? A group of people who only know how to oppress the weak?" As Su Ming stated that calmly, he stabbed the long spear in his hand right into the ground.

The instant it touched the land, violet light immediately started shining on the spear, and it melted. The violet armor on Su Ming's body also melted, turning instantly into an uncountable amount of fine violet threads that surrounded him. Su Ming's entire body shone with that piercing violet light, and as if they possessed life, these violet threads crawled into the ground in an unbridled fashion.

Almost the instant they did so, shrill screams of pain abruptly shot through the air within the blood-red screen of light. Right under the feet of the hundreds of people remaining, fine violet threads suddenly crawled out and charged straight into their bodies. In the blink of an eye, the entire island was dyed violet!

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As the screams of pain rose and fell in the midst of that violet shade, explosions continuously rang in the air. Once Su Ming executed that bizarre killing move of his, the numerous violet threads crawled into the hundreds of savages still present under the blood-red screen of light, and their bodies were ripped apart by those same threads!

Rivers of blood flowed on the ground, and a countless amount of shredded corpses covered the land. Once all the savages in the red screen of light died, the violet threads left their mangled corpses and flew towards Su Ming.

In an instant, they gathered once again on Su Ming's body, surrounding him before turning into the violet armor and the long spear!

That sight fell into the eyes of the trio outside the screen of light. Their pupils shrank. Shock and terror appeared on their faces. In truth, they were not the only ones who saw this scene. The savages that numbered to nearly one thousand on this island outside the blood-red screen of light also saw it.

Everything that had happened within the short period of time caused all the people on the island feel an indescribable fear towards Su Ming. This fear was like a nightmare, and even if they managed to live through this calamity, it would stay with them for life, causing them to be shocked out from their meditation, jolted awake from their sleep.

The same scene also fell into the eyes of the old Mo Luo in the temple and the middle-aged man sitting beside him - the End Shaman, Bao Shan!

Their expressions differed, but the hints of shock in their eyes were similar!

"What is that armor?" Bao Shan's pupils shrank and he asked under his breath.

"That armor... I seem to have seen it recorded somewhere before..." Mo Luo's expression was incredibly grim.

Almost the instant all the eyewitnesses were shocked to the core, Su Ming lifted his head and looked towards the three people on the Rune in the sky as he stood within the blood-red screen of light. With one move, he charged upwards.

The trio were startled, and quickly formed a seal with both their hands before they pressed their palms on the screen of light. Immediately, the area inside it became foggy, and a bloody fog immediately filled the region, instantly becoming so thick that it could not be seen through with the naked eye!

Roars and sounds of battle echoed once again in the blood-red screen of light, even though there were no longer any savages inside, and right before Su Ming's eyes, the mangled corpses on the ground grouped together to turn into a dead but moving body!

The blood on the ground also gathered together to manifest into blood humans, and all of them charged towards Su Ming in a fit of madness in the fog!

This was the true activation of the Great Barren Blood Rune. The more this Rune killed, the stronger it would become. The fog in the Rune tumbled about, and once the sounds of battle reached up, the three people outside the Rune felt their hearts relax. They looked at each other, then bit the tips of their tongues and coughed out a mouthful of blood that fell on the long black blade in their midst.

The blade started buzzing again. Once it absorbed the blood, a wisp of black smoke seeped out and took shape. It looked like a person, but its facial features could not be seen clearly. The trio could only tell vaguely that the smoke was a woman.

She unsheathed the long black blade from its scabbard, then

charged into the Rune with the blade in her hand.

Time passed, and in the blink of an eye, twenty breaths went by. The trio's nerves were strung high during that time. They kept their gazes fixed on the fog in the Rune, and they were not the only ones. The savages outside the Rune were also watching nervously.

Even old Mo Luo and the End Shaman, Bao Shan, did the same thing!

The fog in the Rune started churning even more furiously, and the roars as well as the sounds of battle reached a volume that could almost ring through the sky. Piercing whistles that sounded as if there was a blade slicing through the air also echoed about.

Delight gradually appeared in the trio's eyes. They could sense that the Rune's power had been activated to its full potential!

"Even Berserkers in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm would find it difficult to survive in this Rune. My friends, the time has come for us to step in. Once we kill this person, we will have a huge achievement under our belts!

"This person must surely be a rare powerful warrior from South Morning, and if such a powerful warrior died in Scour Sieve Island, then who else in South Morning could hope to stand against us?!" As the three laughed, they began forming seals with both their hands, and their bodies slowly sank into the Rune to blend into the red fog.

Yet less than ten breaths after the trio fused into the red fog, the Rune started trembling, and the tremors grew more violent with each passing moment. It made all the savages around the area to be filled with anticipation in the midst of their anxiety, while their faces became twisted with ferociousness.

Suddenly, the Rune let out a bang, and right under the crowd's expectant gazes, they saw fine cracks appearing on the blood-red screen of light. And almost the instant these cracks appeared, the

Rune exploded with a loud bang that shook the sky and earth!

Three figures shot out from within as it exploded. The instant the savages around started laughing because they thought they had won, before seeing the whole process, a shrill scream of pain caused immense terror to appear within all these people, and that terror was reflected on their faces.

They saw the trio rushing out of the Rune, and the one who screamed was the old man who had come out last.

Because before he even managed to take a few steps forward, a hand immediately shot out and grabbed his neck. As he screamed, his body abruptly exploded, turning into a large amount of flesh and blood that spilled in the air. At that moment, Su Ming walked out of the collapsed Rune.

He flung off the blood on his hand. At the instant he appeared and the exploding Rune was swept off by the blood fog that was spreading through the entire area, he took a step forward and threw the long spear in his hand. It let out a buzz, sliced through the air, and caught up to the other old man who had now turned pale with shock and terror on his face. The spear pierced through his chest within the span of a breath.

Su Ming disappeared, and when he reappeared, he was already standing before the boy, whose pupils shrank. He would never forget what he saw in the fog.

He saw... the woman with the long blade, the divine soldier who was personally appointed by Progenitor Mo Luo, shivering as she stood before Su Ming, and as she shivered, that woman whose face was obscured prostrated herself before him.

He would never forget how this person used just one gaze to form a mighty pressure that caused all the existences within the fog to instantly crumble the moment the trio stepped inside. The boy had even sensed an emotion that was completely different from the aloofness moments ago contained within that gaze!

It was anger!

Aloofness and bloodlust were mostly what could be seen on this person's face before he came to the island and after he stepped into the Rune. That was something the boy remembered clearly, but there was no way he would have mistaken that gaze just now. It was anger!

It was an anger that could burn the skies!

Under it, the entire Rune collapsed and the fog inside tumbled backwards. Shocked, the trio immediately chose to retreat, but in an instant, two of them died, and before the boy could run too far away, Su Ming walked towards him with fury seething through his entire being.

"Progenitor, save me!" the boy screamed out in a shrill voice and started retreating desperately, but he still did not manage to dodge Su Ming pointing towards him with his left hand.

Almost the moment the boy screamed, his cries were immediately silenced. Su Ming's left index finger was already buried deep into the center of his brows, causing the boy to explode under the power. Su Ming's white robes were dyed red with blood.

As the red fog swept through the land, the savages around the area scattered desperately in the midst of their fear. Su Ming's massacre had stirred up a storm known as terror in their hearts. At that moment, there was only one thought in their minds. They could no longer be bothered about pretending not to be afraid of death, they only cared about one thing, and that was fleeing!

Their cruelty was only aimed towards the weak, and fear had completely drowned their minds and souls like a tidal wave.

Scour Sieve Island was already flowing with rivers of blood. During that instant, Su Ming did not look at the savages who were madly fleeing for their lives around him. Instead, he directed his

gaze towards the temple on the mountain in the island!

The instant he came here, he had immediately sensed two incredibly powerful presences within that temple. He flung off the blood on his long spear, then with a calm expression, walked towards the temple through the air.

The Candle Dragon would chase after the fleeing people. Su Ming did not need to bother about them too much.

He did not walk quickly. He simply approached that temple in the mountain at a leisurely pace. The ground underneath him was covered in fresh blood, and the stench of it spread through the air, causing ripples to appear on the surface of the Dead Sea around the island. It was as if the bloody stench in the air had attracted numerous ferocious beasts to the place.

However, these ferocious beasts only wandered around the island, not daring to come closer. They might not possess a lot of intellect, but they could still sense the terrifying murderous aura coming from the person who had caused those rivers of blood to run freely.

The sky was dark, and rain continued pouring down from above. Perhaps it was just as Su Ming had said. When he left this place, there would only be rivers of blood running on this island, and this place would serve as a warning for Eastern Wastelands!

As he walked, the once lively Scour Sieve Island was now filled with a deathly silence. Only a woman's figure remained prostrated on the ground once the fog from the Rune dissipated. By her side was that long blade which she had let go of.

The woman's face could not be seen clearly, but her trembling body caused something to begin struggling and resisting within her mind, and a runic symbol slowly appeared on her body. That runic symbol began to shatter little by little...

Su Ming's expression was dark and anger burned in his eyes. The

dead boy had not been mistaken. Su Ming was indeed livid, and the source of his anger came from that indistinct woman.

He was familiar with that figure. He knew her! And he hadn't expected that he would see her in this place!

When Su Ming stood before the main door to the temple, he glared coldly at the scar-faced old man who was staring at him with a face as dark as thunderclouds, along with the middle-aged man beside him, who was looking at him with a complicated expression.

Su Ming did not speak. He merely lifted the long spear in his right hand slowly and pointed its tip towards the two people in the temple.

The old man's face turned darker and he clenched his right fist tightly before standing up. He was incredibly tall and big, and when he stood up, a mighty pressure immediately spread out from his body. Killing intent shone in his eyes.

"My Shaman friend Bao Shan, if you kill this person, I will return to you your freedom!"

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When those words tumbled out of the old man's lips, the middle-aged man by his side stood up as well. He looked at Su Ming, then in silence, he moved, and immediately, after leaving behind an after image in the temple, his real body walked out. He clenched his right hand into a fist, and a powerful presence erupted forth from his body. There were even banging sounds reverberating from within him when he prepared to ram his fist onto the ground.

"I am Bao Shan, and I am an End Battle Thought Soothsayer!"

The instant he said those words, his fist crashed onto the ground, but the ground did not shudder. Instead, an aura that surged into the sky exploded from under Bao Shan's feet. That aura was incredibly pure, and it was clearly the power of the world.

At the same moment, Bao Shan's hair turned white. Several wrinkles appeared on his face, and he looked as if he had exchanged his soul with someone else, giving the impression that Su Ming was facing off against a Battle Shaman!

"When lives return to earth, I predict that I will become a Battle Shaman and fight!"

Banging sounds reverberated violently from within his body. As he lifted his head, veins popped up on his face, and he took a step towards Su Ming. He approached him, and an imposing presence that could topple mountains and overturn seas erupted from his body and crashed down against Su Ming!

Almost the moment Bao Shan walked out, a glint appeared in Mo Luo's eyes as he stood in the temple. He lifted his right hand, and immediately, black light spread out to instantly cover his whole body. His eyes turned dark and cold as he glared at Su Ming.

Bao Shan's punch contained the full power of an End Battle Shaman. At the moment he hurled it outward, numerous cracks

instantly appeared in the air between him and Su Ming, as if it could no longer withstand the force of the blast and was about to crumble!

Su Ming lifted his right hand, and the long spear in his grip started shining with violet light. He swung that spear towards Bao Shan, and at the same time, he lifted his left hand and seized the air in the direction of the sky. Immediately, a vortex began churning and roaring in the sky, stirring up a huge gust of wind that charged towards Su Ming's left hand.

Once he held it, he felt as if he was holding onto an endless amount of whirlwinds in his grasp. The moment his long spear crashed into Bao Shan and a rumbling sound reverberated in the air, Su Ming pressed his left palm towards the shaman, bringing along all the whirlwinds in his hand as well.

Rumbling sounds echoed in the air, and golden light circulated in Su Ming's body under the violet armor. At that moment, a mighty force erupted from all his Berserker Bones simultaneously.

At the same time, as he took that one step forward, his body instantly disappeared from the spot. When he reappeared, he was already beside Bao Shan. Lightning sparks swam all over the purple armor on his body. It was naturally Su Ming's power as the Lightning Berserker, and it was blasting out from his body at that moment.

The lightning sparks let out thunderous rumbles and covered the entire area in the blink of an eye. When Bao Shan was surrounded by them, Su Ming formed a seal with his left hand, and a profound gaze appeared in his eyes. Black wisps of smoke seeped out of his left hand, twirling around his palm like a black bundle of hair. Then, Su Ming pressed his left palm towards Bao Shan, who was currently surrounded by thunderous lightning.

The black threads were the manifestation of Su Ming's epiphany towards the power of the Candle Dragon's Curse. As they spread

out from the gaps of his fingers and he pressed his palm towards Bao Shan, the End Shaman swiftly spun his body around. His pupils constricted, but he did not fight back against that palm strike. Instead, he lifted his right leg and stomped down with his foot!

"When earth is affected by the sky, I foresee that I will become a Soul Catcher!"

A black air pillar immediately shot up from under Bao Shan's feet. Once it enveloped him within, his hair immediately turned from white to red. His face also became much older, but his gaze instantly turned as deep as the abyss. An incredibly pure presence that belonged to Soul Catchers erupted from his body.

When Su Ming pressed his palm forward, Bao Shan lifted his right hand and formed a seal. Similar wisps of black smoke appeared on his palm. That black smoke might be incredibly faint, but the same power of the Curse as Su Ming's could be felt from it.

At the instant their palms came into contact, Mo Luo's body was completely covered by that black light, and killing intent shone brilliantly in his eyes.

"If you can hold him captive, then you are free!" Mo Luo let out a low shout, then took a step forward, and he traveled so quickly that he arrived before Su Ming in the blink of an eye!

At the instant he closed in, Su Ming's eyes flickered. He had been able to tell since a long time ago that something was slightly off. This old Mo Luo had refused to walk out of the temple since the start, and even when he was slaughtering all the people on the island, this person had not attacked.

All of this was definitely connected to this temple. That was why Su Ming had not stepped inside just now. He had instead lifted that long spear while still outside, and even though he was fighting against Bao Shan, he had always been waiting for the moment this old man would walk out of the temple!

Even if the old man refused to walk out, Su Ming would still have ways to lure him out, and he was certain that once he revealed a weakness, this person would definitely not standby and do nothing!

During the previous moment in his fight against Bao Shan, Su Ming had finally managed to lure the old Mo Luo out of the temple, and almost the moment he walked out, Su Ming's eyes sparkled. But just as he was about to retreat, suddenly, a decisive expression appeared on Bao Shan's face, and he closed his eyes without any hesitation.

Once he closed his eyes and reopened them, five words tumbled out of Bao Shan's mouth!

"The sky provides for all!"

The instant he said those words, illusory shadows instantly appeared out of thin air around Su Ming. There were men and women, elderly and young among the shadows, but they were not vengeful spirits. All of them looked practically similar to each other!

It did not matter whether it was the men or the women, the young or the old, they all had the same faces. The only difference between them was the different body structures, as well as the different signs of time marking their faces. These shadows seemed endless in Su Ming's eyes, and they numbered to so many that he felt as if he had sunk into an illusion.

What shocked him was that he could clearly feel his own face changing rapidly, as if he was about to blend into the crowd.

This was the first time Su Ming had ran into such a strange divine ability. Almost the instant he was trapped by Bao Shan's Spell, Mo Luo walked out of the temple, and the black smoke from his entire body spread out to turn into fog in midair before charging straight towards Su Ming. By the looks of it, it wanted to gather around him.

By the time Su Ming realized it, the black fog had already closed in on him and surrounded him. It shrank abruptly, and looked as if it was about to solidify. Once that fog completely gathered around Su Ming, it would envelop him within and turn into a statue.

That statue was naturally Mo Luo's statue of the God of Berserkers. This divine ability was one of his best killing moves - Berserker Soul Rip!

However, if Su Ming had the courage to come to Scour Sieve Island and lure out Mo Luo by fighting against Bao Shan, then he naturally had made preparations. Almost the moment he noticed himself being trapped among the bizarre and strange people, he lifted his left hand, its palm turned towards the sky.

"Past, future, fuse together and become Destiny!" he declared calmly. When he mumbled out these words, the black fog had already had him completely surrounded, and a huge statue had manifested around him.

"Rip!"

A ferocious look appeared on Mo Luo's face and he immediately let out a low roar.

Yet the moment his voice traveled through the air, the statue around Su Ming exploded, and as it exploded, Bao Shan's face turned pale. He took a few steps back in succession, and as blood trickled out of the corners of his lips, he noticed that his Spell of having the sky provide for all had been forcefully broken through.

At the same time, a teenager slowly walked out from the crumbling statue... and he had half a head of white hair, and the other purple...

As that person appeared, a power that caused the universe to be turned upside down, caused the world to be drained off all color, caused the heavens to close their eyes emerged - Destiny's power!

"Since you're here now, don't even think about going back

anymore." A hint of youth could be heard in the chilling voice.

The instant Su Ming spoke those words, he lifted his head and looked towards Mo Luo and Bao Shan!

When they saw his gaze, their hearts trembled simultaneously.

Chapter 533: Mo Luo's Misunderstanding

Before Su Ming turned into Destiny, he had a seventh of all his bones turned into Berserker Bones and possessed the Wind Berserker and Lightning Berserker's inheritance. With the help of his large supply of Enchanted Treasures, he could surpass a normal powerful Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm, and his combat abilities could even catch up to a Berserker in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!

Even if he could not win against those in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, he could still win against all those who were below that stage!

Once he turned into Destiny, due to his mastery towards the power between the past and the future and his understanding towards the law governing binary opposites, his strange divine ability of making the past and future intersect with each other could make his combat abilities increase infinitely... and with all his skills, his presence would increase so greatly that he would be close to those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!

However, the time allowed for him to remain in this state every single time he turned into Destiny was only fifteen breaths! Even if Su Ming had been training for years in the frozen world and had prolonged his time as Destiny for about one or two breaths, the duration would still not go past twenty breaths!

Yet even so, that time was still enough for Su Ming to become an incredibly powerful existence in the world. Even if... he could only last for a dozen something breaths in this state, it was still enough for him to command the world as he pleased!

The instant he turned into Destiny, Su Ming walked out of Mo Luo's collapsing statue of the God of Berserkers. As he moved forward, he seemed as if he was still far in the distance, but in

truth, with just one step, he had already arrived before Bao Shan.

Bao Shan's pupils constricted. Almost the instant the teenager Su Ming walked towards him, he swiftly took a step back without any hesitation. Yet as he did so, he immediately saw Su Ming lifting his left hand while walking over, and with that aloof expression on his face, he swung his arm.

Bao Shan felt as if the world before him had frozen and shattered into pieces. Piercing howls were mixed with the rumbling sounds booming by his ears, causing the world he saw to shatter into pieces before it regrouped. However, when his vision was restored, it felt as if time had flowed backwards. He should have been moving back, but right before his own eyes, he saw his body moving forward against his will as the world's time flowed in reverse!

He was not retreating, but was instead taking a step forward as if his movements were reversing. This bizarre experience made shock appear in Bao Shan's eyes. With his current level of cultivation, he could tell with a single glance just what sort of unbelievable power was contained in this!

"This... This is time reversal!" When shock overcame Bao Shan, only then did Su Ming's words when he waved his arm reached his ears.

"My left hand represents the past..."

In Mo Luo's eyes, this scene was different. He saw Bao Shan moving backwards, but before his foot even landed, he immediately took a step forward, and by the looks of it, he seemed as if he was voluntarily walking right towards Su Ming's right index finger as Su Ming moved towards him.

He also noticed a strong power of the world rippling in the area at that instant. The signs of time reversing made fine cracks in the void, even making the blood on the ground flow backwards!

All of this seemed to have happened slowly, but when Mo Luo eventually registered what was going on, he saw Bao Shan touching Su Ming's right index finger. He did not show any signs of resistance or struggle whatsoever, and with a bang, he coughed out fresh blood and fell backwards.

But that was not the end. Mo Luo's shock and astonishment was far from ending. He saw another scene that made his skin crawl, and even if he had already reached the pinnacle in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, he still felt chills running down his spine, and he felt fear growing in him towards Su Ming!

He saw Bao Shan coughing out blood and falling backwards, then Su Ming taking a step forward aloofly, but right at the moment his foot landed, he lifted his left hand and waved his hand again. The tumbling Bao Shan froze in midair, and as if everything was going to reverse again, his body no longer tumbled backwards!

He charged towards Su Ming, and the blood he had coughed out gathered in midair, turning into blood drops that went back into Bao Shan's mouth!

Then, it was Su Ming jabbing his finger into Bao Shan's body again as he moved forward!

The first jab was on Bao Shan's chest, the second at the center of his brows, and the third on the shaman's throat! The three jabs seemed like they had happened through several cycles, but in truth they had only taken an instant!

After that instant, Bao Shan let out a muffled groan. He coughed out several mouthfuls of blood, and his body fell to the ground in the distance with a bang. His face turned pale from shock and terror. Blood trickled down the corners of his lips, and just as he was about to stand up and retreat, he did not notice the cold smile on Su Ming's lips, neither did he notice the Candle Dragon's mouth suddenly appearing behind him.

Bao Shan struggled to stand up. With his heart in shock and his

fear full of disbelief written clearly on his face, he felt a strong, intense sense of danger coming towards him, but he could not dodge it, and everything turned dark.

The small snake had transformed into the Candle Dragon and devoured Bao Shan. Its huge body showed up in the sky, and it let out a loud, rumbling roar towards the Heavens.

"Great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm! You've reached the great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!"

Mo Luo's eyes went wide and a huge storm raged in his heart. He had had a hunch previously, but he had thought that it was because of the violet armor. In truth, that was indeed the case. The Undertaker of Evil's Armor did not possess any form of defensive abilities. It only had one function, and that was to attack, attack, and attack!

With that armor equipped, a person would be filled with murderous aura. If that person's will was not strong enough, he or she would be immediately overcome by murderous intent and turn into a puppet without intelligence that only knew how to kill!

Yet even so, that armor could make a person's combat powers rise exponentially and make them bring out a level of strength that far surpassed their level of cultivation! That was why Su Ming had given Mo Luo a feeling that he was incredibly troublesome.

It was why he did not venture out so readily. Instead, he wanted to wait for him to continuously weaken.

Yet now, even though Su Ming was without the armor before his eyes, that strange divine ability, that terrifying time reversal, and the shocking three jabs had made Mo Luo realize to his shock that... this person could not even be considered terrifying when he was in that armor. This appearance of his when half his hair was white and the other purple, and when he was without the armor, was his absolute strongest!

With just three jabs, he managed to critically injure an End Shaman. This was something Mo Luo could not do. In his eyes, the only ones who could do such a thing were those rare old monsters who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!

Only these people would possess such astonishing power and would have the strength to kill an End Shaman with just three jabs!

‘He’s from South Morning... Could he be that he’s one of the three great powerful Berserkers in South Morning?! Among the three great Berserkers, Tian Xie Zi is said to be an old monster, and it’s the same for Guru Li Long. Only the mysterious third powerful Berserker remains a mystery despite our investigations. Could he be... Could he be that person?!’

Mo Luo’s face turned stark pale, his heart pounded against his chest, and his skin crawled. The instant this thought appeared in his heart, he hastily retreated without any hesitation, charging straight back to the temple.

He came from Eastern Wastelands, and his status was different from the others on the island. The reason he came to this island was because he was tasked with investigating the three great Berserkers of South Morning!

At that moment, he was already a seventh certain that this Su Ming was the mysterious third great Berserker of South Morning!

How would he dare fight with such an assumption in his head? His only thought right now was to return to the temple immediately. Only when he was there would he have the power to protect himself. After all, this temple... was the great Enchanted Vessel he had received from his clan after being given this mission!

However, once Su Ming lured him out, there was no way he would give him the chance to return. Almost the instant Mo Luo began retreating, charging towards the temple without any care towards the world, Su Ming looked towards him with a chilling

glare, and the next instant, he disappeared.

Only five breaths had gone by since Su Ming transformed into Destiny!

The moment Mo Luo saw Su Ming disappearing, his pupils shrank, and in his fear, he let out a roar, knowing that it would be difficult for him to return to the temple. Without any hesitation, he lifted his right hand and slammed his palm against his chest.

Once he did so, he opened his mouth and spat out a yellow ray of light. At the instant that light appeared, a vast amount of power immediately began churning in the area, stirring up an endless wave of ripples in the air around him.

Almost the instant Su Ming appeared beside Mo Luo, the old man lifted his left hand and pointed towards the yellow ray of light.

"Great Yu South Morus Alba Palace, Manifestation of Ancients!" Mo Luo roared.

He still clearly remembered the strange changes that had happened to Bao Shan before this person, and he was afraid he would end up the same way. At that moment, he had practically brought out his full power to execute this Art.

"Even if you've attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, but the source of the Berserkers' power come from the Great Yu Temple, and in its presence, even you will be trapped. You won't be able to stop me from returning inside!"

Mo Luo executed the Art with his full power. He was incredibly confident in this divine ability, which was really a form of an Enchanted Treasure. Ever since his clan had given him this treasure, he had fused it with his body. There were many who died in his hands because of this Art, and he was confident that even if he could not kill Su Ming, he could still trap him for some time!

That amount of time would be enough for him to return to the temple, and when he increased his power with the temple, he

could either fight against Su Ming or retreat and activate a Rune to escape from this place. He could even summon Sir Mo Que to help him.

When he remembered how terrified he had been towards Sir Mo Que's presence and how he had been unable to bring up any power to resist him, Mo Luo suddenly became incredibly interested and excited towards killing South Morning's three great Berserkers.

In an instant, the yellow light became so bright that it was piercing to the eyes, the clouds in the sky disappeared, and the blood on the ground vanished. A huge palace appeared in the world. It was an incredibly extravagantly built palace, and as the light flowed towards the area, a couple words could be seen carved clearly on the tablet placed right before the building.

Great Yu South Morus Alba!

When that palace appeared, a feeling of ancientness and a primitive power that made people feel as if they were rotting away instantly seeped through the area. A sharp glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. The only thing in his line of sight was this palace. He could no longer see that old Mo Luo.

‘Great Yu...’

Su Ming looked at the palace. He did not cast the power to cause time to flow away. Instead, he just looked at the palace, and a cold smile curled up on his lips.

The presence spreading from this palace from Great Yu was incredibly pure, but... was far too little! Perhaps this Art would be effective against other people, but to Su Ming, this illusion... was too fake!

Because he was one of the incredibly few people who had truly seen the Great Yu Dynasty, a person who had truly seen the imperial city and its numerous palaces. How could he possibly be shocked by this mere imitation?

All of this was just like a fool trying to teach a fish how to swim.

Chapter 534: The Strongest Spear!

‘But it did give me an inspiration... so divine abilities can be cast this way?’ A glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. He looked at the palace in this place and closed his eyes.

After some time, when he opened his eyes again, an illusion appeared in his eyes. In the illusion, he saw a palace, a gigantic moat, and that... was Great Yu Imperial City!

In that illusion was Great Yu’s main palace, and also... that Great Yu South Morus Alba Palace that had come to this world in the form of an illusion!

Almost the instant these palaces and the city appeared in Su Ming’s eyes, he took a step forward, and right at the moment his foot landed, the illusory palace before his eyes crumbled and shattered with a bang.

"How brittle is the copy compared to the fake."

The moment the Great Yu South Morus Alba Palace shattered, Su Ming sensed something. As it collapsed and turned into pieces that sliced through the air around him, it was as if a veil had been lifted from his eyes, revealing Scour Sieve Island lying behind this illusory world, as well as Mo Luo, who was already halfway into the temple, but whose body suddenly started trembling before he coughed out a mouthful of blood!

Mo Luo was shaken to the core and his heart was filled with astonishment. He had not placed his hopes on the power of Great Yu to be able to kill this person. After all, this Art was just an illusion and an imitation from what he had seen in the clan. Still, he had been confident that it could hold this person back for some time.

Yet, the truth was before his eyes. Only three breaths had gone by since he cast this Art to the moment the illusion of Great Yu

shattered!

Those three breaths felt like the world had collapsed. The yellow light in the sky faded out, and as Mo Luo coughed out a mouthful of blood, a tile fell from the darkened yellow light in the sky.

It was a crimson tile. A primal and ancient air could be sensed from it. The illusion of Great Yu had been brought up precisely because of this item. When it fell on the ground, it cracked, and looked as if it was about to break apart.

‘Impossible! The Clan Master once said that no one can leave the illusion of Great Yu within the span of a few breaths. Even when I used this against the extremely powerful warriors, they would also be trapped for at least the length of burning half an incense stick!’

Shock overwhelmed Mo Luo’s heart once again. At the moment he coughed out blood, he immediately stepped into the temple without hesitation, but before he could even manage to place his foot on the ground, the world around him instantly started distorting, and within those distortions, he saw, much to his shock, the very same sight that Bao Shan had seen previously!

He saw time flowing back, saw the world breaking into pieces before gathering up once again, saw his own feet moving backwards, and saw his body leaving the temple.

He also saw Su Ming lifting his right index finger and pointing it at his chest, just like when he did to critically injure Bao Shan. Sharp pain shot through his entire body, causing blood to trickle out of the corners of his lips. He was completely unable to resist, as if his will had been separated from his body as time flowed backwards.

When he had been moving forward just moments ago, he had not detected any sort of danger, that was why there was not any sign of struggle when he moved forward just now. Yet at this moment, as time flowed backwards, his body still maintained that non resisting posture, causing every single part of him to be exposed to

destruction.

This was Destiny's strongest aspect!

Mo Luo's soul was almost shattered. He had clearly seen Bao Shan's demise just moments prior, and now, he was in the same state. He could not resist, he could not dodge. It was as if he had turned into a puppet that was controlled by someone else, and time flowed forward and backwards interchangeably, he would be continuously injured until... he died!

It was especially so when he was struck by Destiny's finger. When blood flowed out of his mouth, a huge force crashed into his body, but before he could even take a few steps backwards, the world before him immediately shattered once again, turning into pieces before gathering together once more. Everything was a cycle, a repetition, and this was enough to make any person strongly feel as if their minds were about to shatter.

"I can't let this go on, or else I'll definitely die! This person is definitely one of the three great Berserkers in South Morning. He gained his fame many years ago, he definitely has more tricks up his sleeve!"

When Mo Luo saw his body falling back and Su Ming walking towards him to jab him with his finger a second time, his terror reached its peak. He had fought and killed for his entire life, but he had never met such a strange divine ability. Once he linked it to Su Ming's identity, he started falling into hysteria in the midst of his terror in this life-threatening crisis.

Almost the instant Su Ming delivered his second jab on the center of Mo Luo's brows, the old man's eyes immediately turned red. He might be unable to control his body from being absorbed by time, he might be unable to execute his divine abilities, but he could... make his Berserker Soul break!

Right when Su Ming's hand touched the center of his brows, veins popped up all over Mo Luo's body. With a bang, a power that

screamed with a desire to burn everything erupted from his body. The strength of that power came from Mo Luo burning his own cultivation base, and that power would erupt with the price of his level of cultivation falling from the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm to the middle stage.

The instant Mo Luo started burning his cultivation base, Su Ming's finger landed on his body, and when he tumbled backwards while coughing up blood, as the world in his vision shattered and rebuilt itself, time froze for a moment, causing him to roar and charge out desperately of this cycle that brought him immense terror!

He could not even be bothered wiping off the blood on his mouth the instant he rushed out. He knew that his chance would only last for an instant. The sight of himself being buried in that never ending cycle had caused him extreme terror, and the moment he rushed out, he did not hesitate for even a moment to form a seal with both his hands and pointing it forward.

"The seven emotions of life, joy, anger, worry, desire, grief, fear, shock!"

As Mo Luo shouted and pointed towards Su Ming through the air, seven wisps of smoke immediately spread out from his fingertips. His expression started changing from twisted madness to glee, then from glee to anger, then to anxiety, before changing to longing, sorrow, fear, and shock.

These seven expressions reflected the Art of the Seven Emotions of Life. The instant they showed up on his face, the seven wisps of smoke that spread out from his fingertips turned into seven shadows made of fog in midair, charging towards Su Ming!

At that moment, due to Mo Luo burning his own cultivation base, he managed to resist the power dragging him into the cycle, causing Su Ming to be unable to use the Art of the Past to cause Mo Luo's Art to flow in reverse. He was still calm though. Twelve

breaths had gone by since he became Destiny, and his time limit was near.

‘Seven emotions...’

Su Ming remained silent. With aloofness shining in his eyes, he did not dodge, but instead walked towards Mo Luo, who was now full of openings. The moment he came closer, joy’s shadow became the first among the seven emotions to close in on him, but right after it went into his body, it slipped out, as if there was no such thing as happiness within him.

This caught Mo Luo by surprise. The next instant, anger’s shadow closed in, but once it touched Su Ming, it also slipped out of his body just like joy did before. Su Ming remained as composed as ever, and not a single change in emotion could be found on him as he moved closer still.

"This..."

Mo Luo was stunned completely silent, especially when he saw the shadows of worry, sorrow, fear, and shock seemingly not being able to see Su Ming and passing through him the instant they touched him. At that instant, Mo Luo’s terror reached its peak!

"That’s impossible. As long as you’re human, it’s impossible for you to not possess those seven emotions!" Mo Luo roared, and in his shock, he hastily retreated. However, in his panic, he did not notice that even though all seven emotions had eventually disappeared, there was one wisp of emotion that had stayed for a moment when it entered Su Ming’s body before it, too, disappeared.

That emotion was longing...

During that instant, what appeared in Su Ming’s mind was Dark Mountain, his elder, Bai Ling, the ninth summit, his Master, and the other people...

When Mo Luo saw Su Ming closing in on him and lifting his left

hand, the feeling that he was immersed in an endless cycle and the false impression that the world was shattering into pieces appeared once again.

In fear, Mo Luo grit his teeth. The burning of his cultivation base in his body became even stronger, causing his level of cultivation to fall from the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm straight down to the initial stage. The power formed from the burning of his cultivation base turned into an explosive burst, causing him to take a step forward as he roared.

Just as he was about to step into the temple, a flicker of light shone in Su Ming's eyes. His appearance began rapidly changing. His time as Destiny was near its end, but he remained calm. He no longer moved forward, but instead, as violet light shone on his entire body, he equipped the Undertaker of Evil's Armor while he was still Destiny!

In the blink of an eye, Su Ming's entire body was surrounded by violet light. When he lifted his right hand, a long spear manifested, causing him to bring out the Undertaker of Evil's power as Destiny for the first time!

At that moment, Mo Luo had broken through Su Ming's time reversal with the power created from burning his cultivation base. After paying a huge price, he finally managed to return to the temple. The instant he stepped inside, he spread his arms wide open and let out a shocking roar.

"Legacy of my ancestors, fill up your third generation disciple's Mo Luo body, and help me reproduce our clan's glory!"

As Mo Luo roared, the memorial tablets in the temple suddenly started shining with a piercing dark light. Within it were wisps upon wisps of soul fragments whose faces could not be seen clearly. The appearance of those souls caused the temple to instantly become colder. Then, as if a gust of freezing wind had blown through, the soul fragments' memorial tablets started

crumbling and charging towards Mo Luo, crawling madly into him through every single part of his body. The power of Mo Luo's presence started shooting upwards.

His presence shot up from the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm to the middle stage, then reached the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, and still continued climbing upwards. But it did not end there. As pain appeared on Mo Luo's face, his power climbed up once again and he screamed in pain, but he did not reach great completion, just the pinnacle of the later stage for the Berserker Soul Realm!

All of this was due to him burning his own cultivation base, or else he would have been able to obtain the power of great completion for an incredibly short period of time in the midst of the mad climb of power!

Mo Luo's eyes were bloodshot. His body was filled with a pain that made him feel as if he was about to be torn apart, making him descend into further madness. As his level of cultivation climbed upwards, he turned around and roared towards Su Ming while charging at him.

As Destiny, Su Ming moved towards Mo Luo while dressed in the Undertaker of Evil's Armor while holding onto the long violet spear in his right hand. An instant before his body reverted from being Destiny, he tossed that long spear out of his hand, and a bang rang through the air.

That throw was the strongest spear attack Su Ming could muster while he was Destiny and had the Undertaker of Evil's Armor equipped. It could even be considered a spear attack that was unmatched!

If anyone really wanted to compare the power of that spear throw, then they would find that it had already surpassed the great completion of the Berserker Soul Realm, and even contained... a hint of the power of Life Cultivation!

Chapter 535: Su Ming!

What is Life Cultivation?

Life Cultivation is a cultivation of people's own lives, which means a cultivation of their vitality and their fates. All of this is simply to have complete mastery over themselves, to learn where their own weaknesses lie, and from there, perfect themselves and become a stronger existence standing at the pinnacle of the world.

Even if Su Ming could bring out power that was equivalent to those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm when he was Destiny, but that was all. There was a deep chasm separating him from reaching the power of Life Cultivation. It was originally difficult for him to cross it, but... the appearance of the Undertaker of Evil's Armor had allowed him to gather all his combat abilities together when Destiny disappeared and fly over that chasm!

Even if the him before had attempted this charge, it would still have been hard for him to produce such a shocking spear throw of unparalleled power, because he had yet to understand the true meaning of Life Cultivation. His heart had yet to reach the level to be able to cross that chasm!

He had still been caught in a daze, confused by who he was, chained down by his memories, still stubbornly trying to figure out his own identity.

However, when he was on the way to Scour Sieve Island, Su Ming had gained an epiphany as he traveled across the ocean and laughed. His own words had also caused him to rise to a higher level, just like a caterpillar breaking out of its cocoon and turning into a butterfly!

It was a metamorphosis, a metamorphosis of his soul. It also let Su Ming take the most important, most crucial step towards becoming a truly powerful warrior!

"Since the world calls me Destiny, then from now on, I, Su Ming, will be Destiny!" This was a shout Su Ming had let out in his life, a shout declaring how he would live his life as he laughed at the heavens and earth!

Those words resonated with the smile on the lips of Great Yu's Court Diviner. His words also formed a power that could overturn the universe, just like the words the Court Diviner had carved deeply into the spine!

"When you learn who you are, you are no longer you!"

"When you no longer know who you are, you will be you!"

Su Ming's metamorphosis and his epiphany towards his own soul may seem nothing special, but in truth, this was the crucial key that allowed him to bring out this hint of presence of Life Cultivation!

The instant the spear was thrown out, it shook the sky and earth. It was as if this sort of thing was so rare in this vast world and the great land of the Berserkers that it had not been seen for years!

Its appearance shook the skies, and as Su Ming threw out his spear, the entire sky roared and trembled. For the first time, the layers of clouds that had covered the sky for years were blasted away with a loud boom. They tumbled backwards, causing the sky...

...to reveal its first true rays of sunlight after the calamity, and as the clouds were torn apart, more rays of sunlight shone down. As the sky howled, the sea around the island also roared. When those loud roars reverberated in the air, it was as if the sky and sea were trembling because of that hint of Life Cultivation's presence!

Almost the moment this hint of presence shook the sky and earth, causing the heavens to reveal themselves, several spots in the Land of South Morning erupted forth with a powerful presence!

The first spot was one of the three pieces of land where Western Sea Clan was located. That place was barren, and at the top of the mountain behind Western Sea Clan was a rather handsome middle-aged man wearing a blue robe with a black dragon embroidered on it!

He was one of the three great Berserkers of South Morning - Guru Li Long!

His eyes were originally closed, but at that moment, they flew open, and right then, brilliant light spread through the sky over the land. It was as if the sky had also closed its eyes, and had opened them at the same time Li Long opened his!

"This is... the presence of Life..." Li Long looked into the distance in a daze and only mumbled under his breath after a long while.

At the same time, there was a small-sized tribe on another piece of land in the Land of South Morning. Chimney smoke could be seen rising from the tribe, and the sounds of children playing could be heard faintly from within. In one of the beast skin tents of the tribe flew around notes from a xun. They came from an old man who had opened his eyes and was playing a xun, but his eyes were dull and lifeless, just like a blind man's!

His song echoed in the air, and a smile gradually curled up on his lips.

This was the situation in South Morning, and in Eastern Wasteland's mainland, strong waves of ripples also appeared in several spots at that instant!

All the changes in the weather were all because there was... a hint of Life Cultivation in the spear Su Ming threw!

On Scour Sieve Island, Mo Luo, who had fused with the will of the clan's ancestors in the temple and had recovered his power to the pinnacle of the later stage in the Berserker Soul Realm, started roaring, his face twisted with ferociousness. The instant he

charged towards Su Ming, he saw... a spear coming right towards him!

The long violet spear, the killing intent that burned the skies, and that presence that made Mo Luo's heart and soul tremble violently, even causing fear to rise uncontrollably in his heart despite his madness!

His fear was reflected clearly on his face and his eyes, and even crawled into his ancestors' will in his body, causing them to explode.

Those wills might have originally come from those who had died, but even the wills of the deceased went into a state of frenzy once they sensed the presence of Life Cultivation on Su Ming's spear.

Almost in an instant, the wisps of shadows that had crawled into Mo Luo's body just moments prior crawled out of his body and gathered together before him, turning into an indistinct figure. That figure lifted his hand and pushed towards the incoming spear!

The instant both sides clashed, vicious shudders wrecked the figure's body and he disintegrated with a bang. Just the force from his collapse caused Mo Luo to stagger a few steps backwards and cough out a huge mouthful of blood. Shock filled his face, and when the wills of his ancestors left his body, his level of cultivation fell back to the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm once again, and was even showing signs of falling further.

"Clan Master, save me!"

At that moment, fear had completely overwhelmed Mo Luo. He was afraid, truly afraid. He could not believe that the spear would be so shocking. The power of his ancestors gathered in the treasure his clan had given him... had not even been able to block it for even an instant!

A life threatening sense of danger that was even stronger than

what he felt when he was still caught in the cycles of repetition crashed into Mo Luo's heart, causing his face to turn stark pale. Not a hint of blood could be seen on his face, and he even started trembling all over his body.

The long violet spear shot through the body manifested from the gathering of all the wills belonging to Mo Luo's ancestors and charged straight towards the temple, but the moment it rushed inside, a great amount of life force spread out from the temple, as if something dead had just been resurrected.

But even so, it did not matter!

Almost the instant life force erupted, a loud bang that surged into the sky reverberated in the air, and the entire temple started cracking, inch by inch, and with that loud bang it shattered in pieces and exploded!

The only one left was Mo Luo, standing alone on the ground as he coughed up blood once more. His face withered away, and was filled with shock and terror as he continued retreating.

However, Su Ming's spear still did not stop. It charged straight towards Mo Luo, and during that instant, the old man's desperate plea for his Clan Master's help rang into the air.

The plea for help instantly made a vortex appear before Mo Luo, just as Su Ming's spear closed in on him. The appearance of that vortex was incredibly sudden, and a hand had even stretched out from it to grab Mo Luo. By the looks of it, that hand wanted to save Mo Luo!

It was an old arm. The instant it appeared, a presence belonging to a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm was revealed distinctly, and that was the true presence of a Berserker who had reached great completion!

Yet the moment this hand stretched out of the vortex, grabbed Mo Luo, whose expression filled with delight and excitement from

having escaped death, and was just about to drag him inside, a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

The long spear that was rushing over closed in within an instant and pierced the vortex. Right then, the person who had grabbed Mo Luo from the vortex stretched out another hand and pointed towards the tip of the spear.

The instant both sides touched each other, a shocking roar shook the skies, and the finger in the vortex immediately exploded. A muffled groan came from within, and the hint of Life Cultivation's presence on the long spear blasted forth abruptly.

Under that presence, the vortex shattered, and with a bang, Mo Luo's legs instantly turned to dust. His arms suffered the same fate, and even half of his body was disintegrated. Only his head and a small part of his body were left tumbling into the distance.

He should not have lived. If Su Ming had not been unwilling to kill him and hadn't gathered most of the strength of his spear on that vortex when it appeared, Mo Luo would definitely have died.

As the vortex shattered, Su Ming's spear shot forth and charged inside. When a bang that seemed to be running through an isolated space traveled out of the crumbling vortex, an old voice filled with fury and shock swiftly traveled out.

"Who are you?!"

"Su Ming, of South Morning!"

This was Su Ming's answer. He did not bother with any form of disguise, neither did he hide his own name. Right after he destroyed Scour Sieve Island, he openly announced his name to the voice in the vortex that belonged to that old Eastern Wastelander who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!

The moment his voice traveled forth, the vortex shattered completely and disappeared from Scour Sieve Island. Immediately, a flash of light appeared in Su Ming's hands, and the long spear he

threw out manifested in his grasp once more.

The Undertaker of Evil's Spear could take a physical and illusory form. As long as Su Ming held that transparent jade slip in his hands, the spear would forever be in his grasp!

Mo Luo's presence was weak. A large amount of his life force had flowed away. If it had not been for him originally being in the pinnacle of the later stage in the Berserker Soul Realm, then he would have definitely died with these irreparable wounds. Yet even so, he was still hanging by the last threads of his life!

As a Clan Elder of Eastern Wasteland's All Entities Clan, Mo Luo had come to the sea with a mission. Not only was he given a large amount of treasures, his clan had also given him this temple to serve as his strongest offensive and defensive power.

To All Entities Clan, this was already their greatest power. Not a single accident should occur. Even if he ran into the three great Berserkers of South Morning, he would still be safe.

However, they did not expect that there was still another person besides the three great Berserkers in the Land of South Morning...

This person was destined to have his name spread through the world after this battle!

This person was destined to bring about a calamity after he slaughtered the entire Scour Sieve Island!

This person was also destined to gain the attention of all the clans, tribes, and the powerful warriors in Eastern Wasteland's mainland, and he would make their hearts tremble in fear, shock, and alarm!

This person's name would also shake the entire Eastern Wastelands after this battle!

His name... was Su Ming!

Chapter 536: Who is Interrupting My Training?!

To the north of Eastern Wasteland's mainland was a land surrounded by river basins. Few people could be seen in the sky. This endless circular area had been turned into All Entities Clan's territory, and all outsiders were forbidden from stepping in.

All Entities Clan was a clan formed by twelve Eastern Wasteland tribes uniting together years ago, and it was one of the four great tribes in the continent. It contained incredible power, and there were even Berserkers who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm defending it, causing All Entities Clan's reputation to be extremely great in Eastern Wastelands!

One of the numerous basins on the land was surrounded by an innumerable amount of exquisite towers. There were even wisps of black smoke rising to the sky. A black hall could also be seen on the ground, hidden within the depths of that black smoke.

The hall looked as if it was burning, causing the black smoke to churn about. That black smoke was also the one and only wisp of smoke in the endless area of the land! It was the symbol All Entities Clan's spirit, and it was the most distinct sight that could shock outsiders!

In Eastern Wastelands, only those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm could gather such thick smoke and use this method to stun others everywhere!

At that moment, there was an old man in black robes sitting cross-legged in the hall within the depths of the black smoke. That old man had his hair spilling all over his back, and a Berserker Mark of a scorpion could be seen on his face. The scorpion shone with a dark light, causing the old man to look strange and mysterious.

A strong wave of ripples could be seen spreading from his body. The area around him was empty except for a middle-aged man who was kneeling respectfully a hundred something feet before him.

Yet at that moment, the old man's right hand suddenly exploded and was torn into bloody ribbons. All his fingers on his left hand also shattered.

The sudden sight made the middle-aged man before him immediately raise his head. His face was filled with shock and alarm, along with panic and fear. He did not know what happened. He had only received Mo Luo's plea for help, that was why he had instantly asked to see the Great Elder of his clan and asked him for help.

However, after the Great Elder had cast his Art, this had happened, so how could he not be shocked?

"Great Elder..."

But before the middle-aged man managed to finish speaking, he saw the old man with the Scorpion's Berserker Mark on his face open his eyes swiftly. Brilliant light flashed in them, and the middle aged man noticed, to his shock, that a terrifying presence suddenly appeared in the hall!

That presence did not belong to the old man, but... to the illusory shadow of a spear in midair. With a flash, that shadow charged towards the old man, and the instant it closed in on him, the old man bit the tip of his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood. That blood gathered together and turned into a human face before rushing straight towards the long spear.

Rumbling sounds reverberated in the hall and stirred up a wave of air, forcing the middle-aged man backwards, even making him cough out a mouthful of blood. The shock and terror on his face grew even more. He had a vague guess of what was happening, but he couldn't believe his own thoughts!

‘That’s impossible. With the Great Elder’s level of cultivation, how... how could he get hurt? And that person’s presence even chased him down to this place... How... How could this be? The Great Elder went to save Mo Luo. Mo Luo is out in the sea, he’s facing off South Morning. Could it be... that Mo Luo ran into the three great Berserkers of South Morning?!

‘But even if it’s the three great Berserkers, the Great Elder shouldn’t be in this state!’

As the middle aged man was filled with shock, the black smoke rising into the sky outside the hall looked as if it had been cut off for a brief instant. It might have recovered very quickly and not many people noticed it, but this sight was enough to tell just how shaken the Great Elder had been from Su Ming’s spear.

Once the rumbles faded away, the shadow of the long spear disappeared, and the Great Elder’s mangled hands started growing back in a bizarre fashion. By the looks of it, it would not take long before they fully recovered.

The middle aged man’s heart raced against his chest. Just as he was about to speak, his words were interrupted once again. Right before his eyes, the old man swiftly lifted his head and looked towards the air.

"Who are you?!" There was anger contained in his voice, along with... a hint of wariness!

"Su Ming, of South Morning!"

The instant the Great Elder’s words left his lips, the middle-aged man shuddered and lifted his head to look up. Then, he heard a voice that seemed to be isolated from space itself traveling into the empty air around them.

That voice was aloof and even held a hint of youth, but when it fell into the middle-aged man’s ears, it was deeply engraved into his memories.

The Great Elder of All Entities Clan, the old man who was sitting cross-legged in the hall, became incredibly sullen. He did not look at his recovered arms. Instead, his eyes began to sparkle. He knew that he had underestimated his opponent. He did not expect that the person who had made Mo Luo cry out for help would possess a hint of Life Cultivation's presence, the presence that actually made him terrified!

'Life Cultivation... Is there really someone who can move into that Realm in this world...? Su Ming, Su Ming...'

A long time later, the middle-aged man by the side lifted his head while still trembling to look at the old man. After a moment of hesitation, he spoke respectfully.

"Progenitor..."

"Don't bother about Mo Luo anymore. Go make arrangements. From now on, no disciple of All Entities Clan is allowed to step into South Morning!"

...

Su Ming had changed back from Destiny on Scour Sieve Island. He stood there while still wearing the Undertaker of Evil's Armor, but the presence coming from him was back to his original one. Yet even so, once he had brought forth that strongest spear of his, he seemed to have gained an epiphany.

He had a feeling that he had caught onto something, but it was vague and he could not see it clearly. It was as if there was an endless layer of smoke obstructing his path ahead.

But he believed that someday, when he stepped into the Berserker Soul Realm, this mysterious fog that covered the path before him would be swept aside with a wave of his hand.

He stared coldly at Mo Luo, who now only had a small part of his body remaining as he lay in the distance. At that moment, only a small amount of Mo Luo's life was left in him, but he did not want

to die. He was afraid of death, terrified that his existence would be erased from the world.

He was also afraid of Su Ming. His fear towards the young man had already reached its peak. He had seen with his own eyes that even the Great Elder had been unable to fight against that spear, and if he could not, then how could Mo Luo hope to do so?!

When he saw Su Ming looking towards him, despair appeared in Mo Luo's eyes.

The young man walked towards him. At that moment, Scour Sieve Island was filled with deathly silence. Everyone had died, and the island was filled with a thick, bloody stench, making everyone who smelled it want to puke.

"You... You..." Mo Luo trembled as he watched Su Ming walking closer. With each step, it felt as if his life was being crushed, making him descend into madness in the midst of his endless terror.

"Killing me is useless. I am from All Entities Clan, and I came here because of my clan. You... Mo Que! Sir Mo Que, save me! Sir Mo Que!"

A bright light suddenly shone in Mo Luo's eyes. In his fear and madness, he remembered that he still had one move left to save himself!

It was Mo Que, Sir Mo Que who had made his heart tremble in fear after sensing his presence. It made him not dare to attack, and instead choose to give him offerings respectfully!

That presence not only made him feel fear, but also caused Bao Shan to be shocked when he first sensed it!

When Mo Luo remembered Mo Que, his despairing heart regained hope. There was no doubt in his heart. If Sir Mo Que attacked, this person would definitely die, there was no way he would survive.

But even after he shouted, not a single reply came from the island. Su Ming did not stop moving, and by then, he was only several dozens of feet away from Mo Luo.

"Sir Mo Que!"

Mo Luo seemed to be hanging onto the last slivers of light of his life. When he saw that Su Ming was getting closer to him, he gathered what little power he had in his body, flew up, and kowtowed, with his head swiftly going down in the direction of the ground.

The instant he rammed his head towards the ground, cracking sounds immediately came from the land, and cracks swiftly tore through the earth. Once they connected, they turned into a giant chasm that ripped apart the island.

The instant that happened, a powerful presence that surpassed even that of Life Cultivation erupted from the crack in the ground.

The strength of that presence caused the weather to change, made the numerous ferocious beasts lingering around the island to shiver and let out terrified shrieks before they backed off altogether.

An old, booming voice reverberated in the air as the presence filled the air.

"Who is it?!"

"Who is interrupting my training?!"

"Just who has the gall to interrupt me when I'm training?!"

That voice was like the roaring thunder. As it reverberated in the air, Mo Luo's expression turned incredibly respectful and zealous, and he quickly started shouting at the top of his lungs.

"Sir Mo Que, it's me. Please execute justice on this person! Afterwards, I will definitely offer you even more offerings!"

Mo Luo was overwhelmed with joy. He believed that as long as

Sir Mo Que rose from his sleep, he would definitely be safe!

It was especially so when he remembered how he got to know Mo Que. Just recalling it made him even more excited. He had never sensed such a powerful presence before, and under that presence, he had seen Mo Que's true self. The divine abilities he cast were also unforgettable just by their presence alone, even though the two of them had not fought.

He had only been able to invite Mo Que back to Scour Sieve Island after much effort on his part. From then on, Mo Luo had started giving offerings to him, and he would also do his best to satisfy all Mo Que's requests, even harboring the thought of pleasing him and getting into his good books. At that moment, he relaxed, and a smile appeared on his lips. When he looked towards Su Ming, killing intent appeared in his eyes again.

"It won't be so easy to kill me! So what if you have great power? You can't even hope to compare with Sir Mo Que!"

Mo Luo laughed coldly. He could already imagine what was going to happen next. Sir Mo Que would reveal himself, and in an instant, this fight would end. Once this Su Ming was killed, Mo Luo believed that if he had time to quietly heal his wounds and recover his power, he could still bring back Scour Sieve Island's glory, even though everyone on the island had already died!

"At that time, I will kill all of your people from South Morning! I will have them remember my name, and I will also let them know that all of this is because of one person called Su Ming!

"In fact, I will find out all the people you know, and I will have all the men and women die horrible deaths! It'll be even greater if I can meet your lover, because I will return the humiliation I suffered today back to that person by a hundred fold!"

As excitement grew in Mo Luo's heart, his gaze as he looked towards Su Ming turned even colder.

Su Ming stopped and looked coldly towards the crack. The old voice that had traveled out from inside to echo in his ears and that powerful presence could intimidate all living souls. Even Su Ming had frowned in the beginning because of that.

Yet soon, a strange look appeared on his face, which was covered by the helmet, and other people could not see it.

"Sir Mo Que, please attack!" Mo Luo said once again with excitement in his voice.

Chapter 537: How Could This Be?

Time slowly trickled away. When a dozen something breaths went by, not a single reply could be heard from the crack besides the ever present powerful presence coming from within. This made Mo Luo momentarily stunned. He trembled and spoke anxiously.

"Sir Mo Que, please attack!"

Su Ming stood there and looked at Mo Luo. Besides his blood lust and aloofness, others could not see any other emotion on his person because of the helmet.

"Attack, my foot!"

After some time, in the midst of Mo Luo's anxiety, a furious roar suddenly came from inside the crack. That roar rumbled in the air and sounded like thunderclaps in the sky.

"This is my isolation grounds. How dare you interrupt my training. If it wasn't because you've been making offerings to me, I would have killed you!"

"Since this is your first offense, I will spare you! Get lost!"

There was a hint of fury in the voice in the crack. It left Mo Luo completely stunned. When he eventually registered what was happening, anxiety immediately overwhelmed him.

"Sir Mo Que... This is... I'm being persecuted by others. Please help me. As long as you kill this person, I will continue making offerings to you..."

Before Mo Luo could finish speaking, the furious roar from the crack came out even stronger this time.

"Get lost! If you still don't leave, then I'll make it so that you'll never be able to leave again. And you, man in the armor, I bear no grudges against you. I won't kill you, but you have to immediately

leave as well. This island is my isolation grounds. Go out and kill each other. Don't even think about coming back again!"

"Sir Mo Que!!"

Fear grew in Mo Luo's heart. He did not expect that the Mo Que he had invited to this island, the Mo Que who he had tried to please by giving him multiple offerings would... would choose to ignore him at such a critical moment.

Moreover, his attitude was a lot different from before. He was usually arrogant, but when Mo Luo gave him his offerings, Mo Que would also praise him. He had also mentioned before that if he was here, no one would be able to hurt even a single strand of hair on Mo Luo's head.

But now...

"Sir Mo Que, with just a single thought, you can kill this person. Please, on behalf of all the offerings I've given you in the past, save me! Save me!"

Mo Luo was practically pleading at this point. Mo Que was the last ray of light pointing to his salvation. He had placed all his hope on him when he was in despair, there was no way he could give up at this point.

"How could you be so blind towards what is right and wrong? There is no enmity between us, how could I kill him just like that? I am a man of integrity, of outstanding valiance, of upright character, and everyone in the world knows about it. I will not kill a person to whom I do not bear hate!

"Even if I just need a single thought to destroy everything, there are simply some things that I do not want to do. As long as he doesn't provoke me, I will not kill him!" The voice in the crack was filled with an ancient air as he emphasized that he had no grudges against Su Ming and that Su Ming had not provoked him.

"As for you, since you're going to continue bothering me, then

don't even think about leaving anymore!" At the same time a cold harrumph appeared from the crack, an even greater presence erupted forth. A huge palm shot out of the crack, and a presence that shook the sky and earth spread out in midair. It could make people who saw it be shocked and terrified.

That palm was several thousands of feet big and looked as if it could cover the heavens as it pressed down towards Mo Luo, who was now filled with fear and disbelief.

A huge gust of wind stirred up, and when despair appeared on Mo Luo's face while madness and hate boiled in his heart as he decided to attack with everything he had, that palm suddenly stopped hundreds of feet above him.

A sigh came from the crack.

"Oh well, you have, after all, been making offerings to me. I don't want to kill you. I will give you twenty breaths. Leave immediately!"

Mo Luo laughed brokenly. He did not know why Mo Que refused to attack. The scenes from the past appeared in his head. This man's strength had almost suffocated him. He originally thought he had regained hope, but now... there was still nothing but despair for him.

Su Ming lifted his foot and walked forward, towards the edge of the crack to look down. The crack was incredibly deep and there was fog filling every nook and cranny inside it. He could not see too deeply.

Almost the moment Su Ming lowered his head to look into the crack, a cold harrumph came from within, and there was a hint of dissatisfaction in it.

"Boy, I'm giving you a chance here. Go! Do you really think that I won't attack you!"

"I've always been kind, and your power is quite outstanding. I do

quite like you after I saw it. Go, and take that boy Mo Luo away from this place as well!"

A hint of a smile appeared at the corners of Su Ming's lips, though it was still hidden behind his Undertaker of Evil's armor.

"I don't want to leave just yet," he said slowly.

"How dare you! I already gave you the chance, you ungrateful wretch! Do you really think I won't kill you!" The old voice from the crack started roaring furiously.

Mo Luo was momentarily stunned before hope once again lit up in the pools of his despair. When he looked towards Su Ming, he suddenly thought that this person was a little stupid, but he also greatly looked forward to this man continuing like this. Because if he did that, then he would definitely incite Sir Mo Que's wrath, and he would definitely die!

"Sir Mo Que, this person doesn't appreciate your grace! Please kill him!" Mo Luo quickly said.

"Quiet. I've always been merciful, how can I kill someone because of just one sentence? Boy, I'll give you another chance. If you don't take the chance, then... I will really attack!"

Su Ming did not speak. He continued looking at the crack, and the smile on his lips grew.

Time passed, and soon, ten breaths were gone. After a short period of silence, a sigh traveled out of the crack.

"I'm a merciful person, and all of this is simply something you brought on your own head."

As these words were spoken, a seven-colored light shot out from the crack. At the same time, a seven-colored peacock slowly rose up into the air. When it eventually stood in midair, it started shining with a light piercing to the eyes.

The seven-colored peacock looked incredibly powerful. The

presence it exuded had already exceeded that of those in the Berserker Soul Realm, making those who saw it feel as if their breathing was about to freeze.

An ancient look appeared in its eyes, and it looked as if it had gone through an endless cycle of life and death, and after having seen through everything, had reached enlightenment.

"I will give you one last chance..."

Excitement appeared on Mo Luo's face. This seven-colored peacock before him was, naturally, Mo Que's main body, and the one he had seen in the past. He would never forget how Mo Que had cast a divine ability that had caused him to be shocked to the core.

He still clearly remembered the name of that divine ability; it was called Overturning the Ocean! It was a divine ability he had never seen before, and it was one that had nearly scared him to death!

It was also difficult for him to forget how this peacock had seemed as if he was incredibly displeased with the ocean while he was still in the sky. Right before Mo Luo's eyes, it had wanted to overturn the ocean, and he would never forget the words it mumbled.

"I don't like the color of the ocean, and since I don't like it, I will overturn it."

In Mo Luo's memories, once this peacock said those words, the entire sky was dyed in seven colors, turning into two giant hands that shot into the depths of the ocean, looking as if they wanted to overturn the seawater!

"So many lives... Fine. I cannot cause harm to so many lives just because of my personal fancies." Mo Luo then saw this peacock shaking his head and dispelling all his divine abilities before he turned his gaze towards him.

This scene had struck Mo Luo completely dumb with shock. He

was originally just passing by, but after that, he started being respectful and got into the peacock's good books.

Right then, when he saw Sir Mo Que revealing his true self once again, he became excited once more, thinking that his hope had just appeared again...

Su Ming looked at the seven-colored peacock standing in the sky. Violet light started shining on his body, and gradually, his armor turned into violet threads and fused into his body, causing his face to be revealed.

"Come here!" Su Ming's expression was aloof. Right after he cast a glance at the seven-colored peacock, he spoke coldly. His words did not sound as if he was facing off to a powerful warrior, but more like a scolding.

"Su Ming, how dare you! Sir Mo Que, this person is rude, please..."

Mo Luo's eyes brightened up. Right then, he did not have time to think about why Su Ming would say such words, but instead spoke quickly, all so that he could make the powerful Sir Mo Que in his mind attack.

Yet before he could finish speaking, the words died in his mouth. He widened his eyes and stared at the scene right before him with a dumbfounded expression.

When the seven-colored peacock saw Su Ming and heard his cold words, his body trembled. Shock and fear appeared on his face, along with a look of struggle, but right as it came to be, it was immediately gone. The peacock swiftly lowered his head and put on a look of flattery before he flapped his huge wings... and like a huge bird, he quickly flew towards Su Ming.

"The world is a small place, eh? Um... My eyes failed me just now, and I didn't manage to see you clearly..." The seven-colored peacock was filled with admiration. When he came before Su

Ming, he quickly began speaking.

"Return to your original look." Su Ming was dazzled by the light from the seven-colored peacock and frowned.

When the seven-colored peacock saw Su Ming frowning, his heart immediately gave a loud thump against his chest. He had seen just how powerful this person was. He was the person that was chased down by the five colored peacock and the very same person who had made him run away in fear.

Most importantly, the bird had seen everything that had happened from underground. If it had not been because he was too afraid of being discovered if he ran away, he would have fled a long time ago.

That was why he had been praying vigorously while he was underground, hoping that this person would not notice him, but in the end, he was forced out by Mo Luo. It could be said that his hate towards Mo Luo had already reached an intensity that it could burn the sky.

Right then, as he was busy trying to get into Su Ming's good books, a shudder ran through his body, and the seven-colored light immediately disappeared to reveal a black crane with half its feathers gone right before Su Ming and Mo Luo's eyes...

Its appearance and expression gave others a feeling that it was incredibly filthy and nasty, a difference between heaven and earth compared to its previous valiant and mighty appearance just now. In fact, to please Su Ming, it had even turned its head around to glare at Mo Luo.

Mo Luo stared at the black crane with a dumbfounded expression, watched it as it tried to get into Su Ming's good books, listened to its bombastic and hyperbolic words, saw how the seven-colored peacock turned into the bald crane, and his mind went blank. His world had just shattered because of one single crane.

"How could this be...?"

He was originally not a person who was easily fooled, but the black crane was indeed quite skilled in this regard, that was why Mo Luo fell for its deceptions so utterly, all while never having seen its true form...

"A crane... peacock..." Mo Luo coughed out a mouthful of blood, then as he looked at the crane... he suddenly, really wanted to swear...

Chapter 538: Departure!

Su Ming left Scour Sieve Island, and behind him was a bald crane with a look of flattery as it tried to please him.

In the crane's claws was Mo Luo, who had not completely died, but whose world had completely shattered. His battle against Su Ming had caused his power to show signs of collapse, and Su Ming's strength was engraved into his bones.

Yet even so, even though he was afraid of death, even though he was terrified, he was still confident that he could survive through this and continue building his faction of power. He was confident that he could still make a comeback sooner or later with his intelligence and his methods.

However... the crane's appearance had made him begin doubting his own intelligence, and his world had shattered because of it. He could not believe that he had been fooled by such a dirty looking bald crane, and had even been making offerings while trying to curry its favor for the past few years.

Now that he thought about it, when he met this shameless bald crane in the past, all its actions and that so called 'mercy' were all fake!

It was plainly an act, it was clearly just putting on a show, and he actually believed it...

Su Ming could sense Mo Luo's thoughts, but he did not bother about him. Scour Sieve Island was behind him at that moment, and as he walked in midair, the land was filled with dead silence. The entire ground was covered in blood, and it had turned into a dead island!

Su Ming had also cut down a mountain before he left, slicing it down into a gigantic stone monument, which he placed at the center of the island, at the most eye-catching spot on the land!

He left behind a line of words on it, and each word was written using fresh blood. A murderous aura and killing intent that burned the sky spread out from that monument, shocking and intimidating all the Eastern Wastelanders who would perhaps come to the island in the future!

"All those who dare humiliate us from South Morning will be executed, no matter how far you are! Let this place serve as the first warning for all Eastern Wastelanders who trespass South Morning!"

Right behind this sentence, Su Ming had written his name.

"Su Ming, of South Morning!"

He knew that after this battle, his name would spread like wildfire in this foreign land. And it was precisely what he wanted. This shock was what he would do for South Morning.

Once he left that stone monument behind, he took a step forward and walked towards Southern Swamp Island. He did not intend to stay long in the region of the Dead Sea between South Morning and Eastern Wastelands. He would first return to the ninth summit. He wanted to see how it was faring currently, and he wanted to see whether he could find any news about Hu Zi there.

After that, he would head to Eastern Wastelands!

There was a long black blade in Su Ming's storage bag at the moment, and there was a shadow of fog on it. That shadow was attached to the blade, and once Su Ming took it away, she remained trembling in his storage bag.

Su Ming was familiar with the woman's shadow. She was also the reason why he had not killed Mo Luo right away, but had chosen instead to bring him back to Southern Swamp Island!

That shadow was the woman from the bracelet his eldest senior brother had given him as a gift in the past, who also happened to be one of the three hundred Shaman Souls of Nine Li!

"I'll have to ask Zong Ze whether eldest senior brother took this with him in the past. If that's the case, then how did this end up in Mo Luo's hands?"

"Perhaps this is the clue that will lead me to eldest senior brother!" Su Ming mumbled, bringing with him the bald crane who did not dare leave because it was still afraid of him. They turned into a long arc in the sky and left into the distance.

When evening arrived, Su Ming returned to Southern Swamp Island. At that moment, the protective screen of light around the island had become much thicker, and the Rune was being repaired at lightning speed. The islanders were trying to restore it to its complete form so that the island would sink down once again and they could avoid disaster.

Su Ming did not catch much attention when he returned, but once he landed on the island, he charged straight towards Zong Ze. Right when the shaman saw him, a thick, bloody stench forced its way into his nose, and he also saw the sealed and bound Mo Luo!

His impression of Mo Luo ran deep. After all, he had lost to this person in the past. When he saw the man once again at that moment, a huge storm raged in Zong Ze's heart.

He did not expect Su Ming to return so quickly, neither did he expect him to truly be able to destroy the entire Scour Sieve Island. As shock filled his heart, an even more complicated feeling rose within him as he looked towards Su Ming.

Zong Ze spoke the truth when asked about the three hundred Shaman Souls and the bracelet Su Ming was forced to leave behind in the past in Autumn Sea Tribe while having mixed feelings in his heart.

"I will leave tomorrow. Senior Zong Ze, I hope that you will take care of Cang Lan and Zi Yan. I will be deeply grateful for that." Before Su Ming left Zong Ze's cave, his footsteps came to a halt and he turned around and looked at the shaman, then he wrapped his

fist in his palm and bowed towards him.

Zong Ze nodded and watched Su Ming leave. In the midst of all the complicated emotions in his heart, he sighed, then disappeared from his cave. He only returned the next morning.

He went to Scour Sieve Island, and there, he saw the blood on the island, along with a newly erected stone monument. That sight turned into a powerful impact that delivered a shocking blow to him, and it also made him place even more attention towards the matter of Su Ming asking him to take care of Cang Lan and Zi Yan.

He no longer had much time left, and though he wasn't afraid of death, but due to the island, he became respectful towards Su Ming, and this respect was the reason why he decided to treat his request seriously.

When morning arrived, before Zong Ze's return, Su Ming had already left Southern Swamp Island. With Fang Cang Lan's divine abilities, he was able to see Mo Luo's memories, and had also been able to see how the bracelet his eldest senior brother had taken away ended up in his hands.

Once he learned of everything, Su Ming left with an expression as dark as thunderclouds. Before he left, Zi Yan came to him and asked about Zi Che's whereabouts, but in the end, left dejected.

Su Ming left, bringing with him the bald crane who did not dare leave his side. They turned into a long arc and disappeared into the sky. Behind him was a person, who stood on Southern Swamp Island while watching him quietly. When Su Ming left into the distance, when he was gone from her sight, her gaze turned into a pained sigh...

As Su Ming flew towards South Morning on his way back to the ninth summit, he could already guess the level of shock he would bring to Eastern Wastelands with the slaughter he brought on Scour Sieve Island. However, he did not expect that the shock would soon turn into a violent gust of wind that would sweep

through the entire Eastern Wastelands and the sea beyond!

Three days after Su Ming left, six long arcs came flying towards Scour Sieve Island. There were men and women within those six arcs, and as their chatter and laughter filled the air, they approached the island.

"That's Scour Sieve Island. The festival will be held here. I'm familiar with senior Mo Luo, when the time comes, we can..." One of the men among the six people laughed as he spoke. With a rather complacent expression, he approached the island with the rest of his group, but the instant he closed in, his words died on his tongue.

The dead silence that filled the entire island and the thick stench of blood that wafted into their noses caused shock to appear on the six people's faces. As they stepped onto the ground, the blood that covered every inch of the land and had yet to dry made their breathing quicken instantaneously, and their faces immediately turned pale.

The blood that filled the entire ground, the ruins everywhere, and the endless sea of mangled corpses caused the place to instantly look like hell. The aura of death filled the air in the place. The six people started shivering and their faces turned pale. Their eyes flew wide open, and while filled with shock, they saw the gigantic stone monument standing erect in the middle!

When they saw it, the six hastily left Scour Sieve Island without hesitation. Huge storms raged in their hearts, and in their minds, the words written in blood on the stone monument as well as Su Ming's name emerged at the same time!

Several days later, another batch of people came to attend Scour Sieve Festival, but after a moment, their expressions changed drastically to paleness and terror, and they hastily fled the island.

Gradually, more people learned of what happened to Scour Sieve Island, and more people learned about Su Ming of South Morning!

From then onwards, the island that was filled with a bloody stench and death became a warning, causing all the cultivators around Eastern Wastelands to be stricken with fear!

Chapter 539: The Three Great Islands of South Morning

There were only three pieces of land remaining of the old continent of South Morning besides the islands scattered here and there. These three pieces of land might seem desolate, but they were the only three regions that remained in a more complete state as South Morning suffered through the effects of the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands.

Three incredibly huge protection Runes covered each of these three huge pieces of land. From the distance, it was not exactly accurate to call them that thought, because they were not connected together to form a single continent. Instead, they were spread out in a triangle, and black seawater roared between them.

Perhaps it would be more accurate to describe them as islands.

Su Ming stood on the Dead Sea as clouds tumbled in the sky. There was a rather complicated look on his face as he looked at the sea beneath his feet. Vaguely, he could see a shadow in the depths below...

The shadow looked like a dragon's head. That spot was... where Sky Mist Barrier was located in the past, but it was now submerged under the sea. If the terrain itself had not been incredibly highly elevated since the beginning and the mountain ranges where the wall was built upon had not existed, Sky Mist's dragon head would no longer be seen after it was submerged.

Twenty something years ago, Su Ming fought against the Shamans here in a great war as a member of the Berserker Tribe. Over here, he had refined his will. Over here, he became a Divine General of Bone Sacrifice, and also in this very same place, he was forced to escape into the land of the Shamans.

Now, this place had changed. Everything had changed, be it the

place itself or the people. It would make a person sigh if he tried to search for the faint traces of the past.

Compared to the complicated feelings and the sentimental thoughts in Su Ming's heart, the bald crane behind him was looking around while having all sorts of thoughts in its mind. It was trying to search for a way to leave Su Ming with everything it had. It was incredibly terrified of the man, and it told itself that if it could not find a way to escape, it might never see the light of day again.

'I'm a valiant and wise crane with a high status. How could this little Berserker brat speak to me so rudely? Hur hur.' As all sorts of thoughts ran through the bald crane's mind, it saw Su Ming turning his head around, and was immediately terrified. It quickly put on a look of flattery, and even flapped its wings a few times like a little chick.

Once it noticed that Su Ming was not looking at it but into the distance, it started grumbling in its heart.

'I must think of a way to escape as soon as possible. It'd be great to have my freedom again. With my divine abilities, I can have as many concubines as I want, as many lackeys as I want. Ah... it's a pity about Mo Luo. I wasted a lot of effort making him believe in me in the past.'

Su Ming did not bother with the bald crane's thoughts, but only looked at the vast sea underneath, moving his eyes away only after a long time had passed. His gaze gradually calmed down. As he moved forward, he turned into a long arc and walked forth. The bald crane hesitated for a moment, until Su Ming's cold harrumph reached its ears.

It made the bald crane tremble, and even though it was absolutely unwilling to, it still put on a look of happiness on its face.

"Sir, please wait for me. Look, I don't have a lot of feathers left, I

can't fly too quickly. Why don't I... wait for you here?"

Su Ming did not continue paying any sort of attention to it. He might think that there were some mysteries surrounding this black crane, but as of then, his desire to return to the ninth summit was too strong, that was why he did not bother himself too much with the bird.

Besides, there was no sort of grudge between him and the black crane. With how Su Ming was, he would not make things too hard for the crane. If it wanted to leave, he would not stop it.

When the crane saw that Su Ming was ignoring it and was flying further away, it widened its eyes and started backing away slowly, wondering in its head whether he had decided to be kind and stopped paying attention to it.

'Something's wrong!' The bald crane froze for a moment, then after flapping its wings a few times, it lifted its claws and scratched the spots on its body that were without feathers.

'He's testing me. If I truly ran away, he'll have a reason to teach me a lesson. Aaahhh, what a sly person, this Su Ming. I won't fall into your trap. Hur hur, the more you act this way, the less I should escape. I'm a smart crane, did you think you can actually make me fall for your little schemes, you little Berserker brat!'

The bald crane immediately flapped its wings and quickly chased after him. As it flew, it continued feeling smug about itself for not falling into Su Ming's 'scheme'.

The colors of the three protection screens of light on the three big islands of South Morning were different. The one at the center was black and looked dull. It was as if there was an endless layer of black smoke surrounding the entire land. It let out an eerie presence, causing people to feel a chilling air spreading out before they even got closer to the place.

The big island located several tens of thousands of li away to the

left was surrounded by golden light. That light spilled out in all directions and could be seen from the distance. The final big island was located to the right of the black island. That place was filled with blue light, and as it flowed, it looked as if there were ripples spreading out into the world.

Su Ming flew past the Sky Mist Barrier and looked at the vast surface of the sea and the world in the distance. In his hands he held a jade slip, and the locations for the three great islands of South Morning were marked clearly on the map.

However, since the three islands were eternally sealed off, it was rare to find anyone coming out. That was why it was difficult to determine just which faction of power that existed in South Morning since the past owned these three islands.

However, Zong Ze had his own assumptions, and he had made some marks on the map based on them.

According to his guesses, the big island shining with golden light should belong to Western Sea Clan, who had activated the power of its clan when the calamity arrived so that they could stand against the disaster.

Judging by the place where the land was torn, the golden island was indeed where Western Sea Clan was once located.

Zong Ze had been unable to make any sort of guesses regarding the black island. He could only theorize that the island shrouded in blue light was controlled by Freezing Sky Clan based on some of the hints he obtained.

Su Ming fell into a moment of silence while holding the jade slip. As his eyes flickered, he charged towards the blue island, and he continued flying across the surface of the sea for the next few days.

The bald crane followed behind him. The two of them turned into two rays of long arcs, and they did not see another living soul besides the endless sea and the occasional ferocious beasts that

would pop out of the Dead Sea around them.

It did not matter whether it was day or night. Besides the roars of the seawater, not much sound could be heard from anything else, causing the region to almost fall into deathly silence.

Eventually, Su Ming saw a hint of blue light in the world before him. The light gradually grew stronger as he got closer. Soon, a large piece of land appeared before him. Rays of blue light that seemed like flowing water flashed in a globe around the land. The screen of light was rather thick, and it looked as if it was about a thousand feet in breadth!

The thousand feet breadth cut off everything from outside, causing this huge island to be isolated from the world. Right at the moment Su Ming closed in on the protective screen of light, a vast and mighty pressure spread towards him slowly. Su Ming stood there and cast his gaze at the screen of light, but he could not see through it.

This was a powerful defense that could resist the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands. It looked as if it was a thousand feet thick, but it was definitely not just that. The strength and resilience of the screen of light made a light crease appear between Su Ming's brows once he saw it.

He stood beyond the screen of light and lifted his right hand slowly, but right at that moment, the bald crane behind him blinked and quickly flapped its wings.

"Don't, sir. I have a method for us to enter the place. I promise you, it'll definitely work, and the people inside won't notice us. This sort of thing is too easy for me," the bald crane said smugly next to Su Ming. When he looked towards it, the bald crane immediately puffed out its chest and even slapped its chest several times with its beak.

"Sir, just watch me!"

As it spoke, it immediately flew towards the light screen with everything it had. Lifting its claw, it pressed it against the screen, and its body immediately turned invisible. Soon after, it slowly started shining with blue light, as if it was about to fuse together with the Rune.

Su Ming focused his attention on the bird, and was rather surprised. He did not expect that the bald crane would have this sort of ability, but as he continued watching, an odd expression gradually appeared on his face.

Because right then, as the bald crane started shining with blue light all over its body, its appearance slowly changed and it gained a human form. By the looks of it, it had turned into an old man.

The old man stood outside the Rune, and a thick wave of aura of death spread out from his body. That wave of death surrounded him, causing him to look incredibly weird.

He closed his eyes, and when he reopened them, a hint of ancientness as well as somberness could be seen in his eyes. When Su Ming saw the bald crane taking up human form, his heart trembled. That gaze gave even him an indescribable feeling.

However, that feeling disappeared the next instant, because the dignified and solemn old man that was the bald crane started changed its expression rapidly and put on a look of flattery. There was also a hint of smugness contained within, which completely destroyed his mighty and serious temperament. It made Su Ming shake his head as he chuckled wryly.

"You puny little Rune, do you see who I am? I was the one who placed you here. Now open up for me!"

As the bald crane mumbled, he stretched his right claw now turned into the old man's right hand towards the Rune. Immediately, the thousand feet thick screen of light before Su Ming opened up a crack without making a single sound. That crack stretched right down to the inner parts of the Rune, revealing the

land it protected inside.

An odd expression settled on Su Ming's face. He could tell that the bald crane had become one with the Rune with its great transformation powers, then, after casting some unknown method, had turned into the old man, who might possibly be the person who had made the Rune in the past.

With this method, it had deceived the Rune, causing it to open up a path for them.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He cast a glance at the old man who was really the produce of the bald crane's transformations, then walked forward slowly. Almost the moment he closed in on the path the screen of light had opened up, he disappeared and warped a thousand feet away, appearing inside the protected zone within the Rune.

When he was gone, the bald crane rolled its eyes, and the crack on the Rune immediately closed up, causing Su Ming to be instantly encased within, which also meant that the two of them were now separated by the Rune.

"Ha ha, how dare you try to scheme against me, you little Berserker brat? How dare you test me? In the end, you fell into my trap! From now on, go on ahead and be trapped inside that Rune! I'll be living my life of freedom!"

The bald crane laughed smugly, and with a single swing of its body, it turned back into the seven-colored peacock. Clearly, it loved this particular appearance, and while feeling pleased with itself, it flapped its wings. But just as it was about to leave...

"Really now?"

An aloof voice suddenly came from beside the bald crane's ears, causing it to be momentarily stunned, and a shudder crept up its spine. It immediately turned its head back and looked at the spot in the Rune where Su Ming had previously disappeared, only to find

him still standing nearby while looking over coldly.

Chapter 540: The Ninth Summit!

The instant the crane saw Su Ming, all the feathers on the seven-colored peacock immediately stood up, and with a shudder, its body started twisting. Clearly, that scare had caused its divine ability to become unsteady, and it returned to its appearance of a bald crane. The few feathers remaining on its body were also standing up.

It stared at Su Ming with a dumbfounded expression, blinked, and a few tears actually fell from its eyes...

"I... I..." At that instant, the bald crane was scared stiff. It could not even speak.

"Open the Rune and come in with me."

Su Ming looked at the bald crane coldly, and as he spoke, he lifted his right hand, formed a seal, and without a hit of delay, pressed his palm in the direction of the bald crane. In an instant, a ray of black light spread out from his fingertips and charged towards the bald crane, swiftly, seeping into its body and turning into a seal that was connected to Su Ming's mind.

He originally did not want to place any form of restriction on the crane. If it had not just done what it did, Su Ming would have cut off all ties with it once he stepped into the screen of light. No matter where it wanted to go, he would not have interfered.

In truth, if the bald crane had said that it wanted to leave on their way here, Su Ming would not have denied its request, but what the crane did just now displeased him.

The bald crane's heart trembled. It lowered its head and hastily went to the Rune. Once it opened it again, it looked at Su Ming with a fawning look, and just as it was thinking of how to curry favor by buttering him up, Su Ming took a step forward, lifted his left hand, and grabbed the bald crane by the neck before dragging

it into the Rune with him.

The blue light before him was dazzling to the eyes. His world blurred for an instant, and when it cleared up, Su Ming had already walked through the Rune and was standing under the sky that belonged to South Morning in the past. He looked at the ground. Everything was barren underneath and not a single hint of green could be found. The sky was murky, and the sun could not be seen clearly.

The mountains were still here, and so were the plains, but not a single life form could be detected. The stench of death was evident in the barren place.

Su Ming released his grip on the bald crane's neck, and with a cold harrumph, turned into a long arc and flew forward. With a dejected look, the bald crane quickly followed suit, all the while grumbling in its heart and lamenting that it had been careless... Not only did it not manage to run, a seal had also been placed in its body.

'Damn it, how could I not have seen through this test...? This Berserker brat is too sly. Looks like he's a person who is used to testing others. I'll have to remember. I can't fall for his tricks again!' The bald crane lamented to itself and repeatedly reminded itself to be wary of the man's tests.

Su Ming walked forward in the sky. He was familiar with the terrain here, and when he flew several hundreds of li to arrive before an island surrounded by water, he came to a halt.

The vast expanse of water looked like a sea, but its color was not black. It was blue, and it covered a wide region. There was originally not supposed to be any sort of water here, it had been a world filled with glaciers and ice. Freezing Sky Clan was built on this glacier.

Yet now, as the calamity fell on their heads and South Morning was torn to pieces, the glacier became the sea around the island,

drowning everything familiar to Su Ming.

"The ninth summit..." he mumbled under his breath as he looked at the seawater beneath him. Before his eyes, the image of the ninth summit of the past appeared. Gradually, an agitated look appeared on his face. He spread his divine sense outwards to cover the region.

With it, he saw the land, and also... a small mountain at the center of this vast expanse of sea...

The instant he saw it, Su Ming started trembling. His heart started racing, and his eyes started shining with eternal light. He walked forward slowly, towards that tiny mountain, or perhaps more accurately speaking, the portion of the mountain that was revealed on the surface of the sea, which was really less than one thousand feet.

He was like a wanderer that had wandered for decades, only to return home after many years to see unfamiliar sights laced with familiarity. The complicated feelings he harbored in his heart, along with his excitement and agitation, were difficult to put into words.

There was an ancient air to the sea breeze. When it blew past the surface of the sea, layers of ripples were formed on the water, causing the seawater to sparkle, giving it a nostalgic beauty.

The wind blew against Su Ming's body, lifting his hair, making his robes flutter. When the wind touched his eyes, it turned into longing and nostalgia, making him move his feet to walk towards where the ninth summit had been located in the past.

Everything in Su Ming's gaze disappeared at that moment. The only thing left in his field of vision was the mountain that was now less than one thousand feet in height.

Perhaps it should be said that this was just the peak of the mountain, because most of it was submerged under the seawater,

including Su Ming's cave abode, his second senior brother's plants and flowers, his eldest senior brother's isolation grounds, and Hu Zi's house, where he slept... Everything was submerged under the water, and only the peak of the mountain remained eternally standing tall, surrounded by seawater.

It was as if it was also waiting for Su Ming, waiting for his return, or else, why would this mountain be the only one remaining while all the others had disappeared...?

All the things that had happened in the ninth summit in the past were clouded by nostalgia in Su Ming's eyes. When he got closer, mixed feelings rose in his heart. It had been twenty years, and because of one calamity, so many things had changed.

In his divine sense, Su Ming saw the tip of the ninth summit, which was still about several hundreds of li away from him. At that moment, there was a man standing outside the cave abode that originally belonged to Tian Xie Zi!

The man had a powerful back and shoulders, his body was incredibly well-built, but his hair was a mess. He stood there like a mountain that would never disappear. At that moment, he had his fists clenched while glaring right ahead.

Before him were two men dressed in Hanfu. Those two men were middle-aged, and one of them was glaring at this big man coldly while speaking slowly.

"The due date for your rent ends in three days. If you want to continue staying here, then you have to bring out even more offerings this time. If you can't, then Heaven Gate will wipe away this mountain."

"Since we're both from the same clan and are fellow disciples, here is my advice. If you don't want to give up on this land, you'd best bring those offerings here," the other person stated coldly.

"You're going overboard!" the man roared furiously. His face was

filled with anger and pain. Over the years, he had given up far too much to protect the ninth summit.

When the calamity arrived, Freezing Sky Clan's Heaven Gate activated their divine ability and protected this place with their Rune, but in the process, they made this place completely isolated from the outside world. Moreover, due to Heaven Gate's, all factions of power had no choice but to submit to them.

The Great Frozen Plains had also been demolished because of all sorts of reasons and made to drown in the depths of the sea. The ninth summit, however, had been allowed to stay due to some mysterious reason, but there was a condition for its continued existence. This man had to bring out ten items from Tian Xie Zi's cave abode and give them up as an offering, or else Heaven Gate would destroy the ninth summit.

The man knew that there was a strange seal to his Master's cave abode. This seal prevented all outsiders from entering, and if anyone tried to force their way in, all the items inside would be destroyed in an instant. Only the disciples of the ninth summit could enter the cave abode freely.

"You've already taken most of the things Master left behind. Why can't you just leave the ninth summit alone? I just want to protect my home. Master is gone, eldest senior brother is gone, even second senior brother is gone, and youngest junior brother has gone missing as well. I'm the only one left here. I'm the only one...

"I just want to protect this place. I just want to make sure it keeps on existing so that Master will have a home to return to when he comes back, and when my eldest senior brother as well as my second senior brother come back, they will be able to see their home!

"I want to let youngest junior brother be able to find his way back when he returns. This is the only thing I can think of, but you... how could you do this?! Master already doesn't have much left, so

how can you do this?!!" As the man cried out, tears fell from his eyes. The pain and suffering he had had to endure over the years was something no one could possibly know.

He was Hu Zi, the simple and honest Hu Zi who had some odd quirks and unique hobbies. However, twenty years had passed by since then, and the signs of age had appeared on his face. He was no longer the child who could sleep every single day and did not have to worry about anything because he had Tian Xie Zi's protection. Now, he was the Hu Zi who wanted to protect the ninth summit so that he could give his Master and his junior brother a home to return to!

"You wouldn't dare do this if Master was still around!

"Even if it was just my eldest senior brother, you wouldn't dare do this either! And before my second senior brother left, you wouldn't have dared to humiliate the ninth summit!" Hu Zi yelled at the two people with anger burning on his face.

"Indeed, if senior Tian Xie Zi was here, we wouldn't dare to do this, but he has gone missing for too long, and we don't even know whether he's still alive and well," one of the two people standing before Hu Zi said, shaking his head.

"If your eldest senior brother or your second senior brother were around, this might perhaps not have happened as well, but they've also gone missing.

"Honestly, you don't have to be so angry either, we just came here to tell you the orders from the clan," the other person said coldly.

"The ninth summit belongs to Freezing Sky Clan, and Freezing Sky Clan belongs to Heaven Gate. Why would we need to force you if we want to take back this mountain? Three days later, we will come and retrieve the offerings. If you can't produce them, then we will have to report this to the clan."

Once the two people finished speaking, they cast Hu Zi a glance filled with cold aloofness, along with a hint of disdain and mockery. They then turned into long arcs and charged into the sky, disappearing without a trace. The air around them distorted and it looked as if they had just entered a void.

Only Hu Zi remained standing on the ground alone. He sat down in anguish and clenched his fists tightly, but in the end, when his gaze landed on the ground and the ninth summit, he started crying.

"I only want to protect the ninth summit... I don't want it to disappear. I want to find the warmth it had in the past. I want to keep our home intact for all of you... Master, where are you? Do you know that the ninth summit has reached such a state...?"

"You went to Eastern Wastelands for South Morning, but do you know that our ninth summit is about to fall? I can't bear with this for much longer..."

"Eldest senior brother, where are you...? Second senior brother, why did you go out? Why didn't you stay here and protect our home together with me...?"

"Youngest junior brother, are you... are you... are you dead or alive? It's been twenty years... Do you still remember the ninth summit? Do you still remember our Master, our eldest senior brother, our second senior brother? Do you still remember me...?" Tears fell down Hu Zi's cheeks as he mumbled.

When a man cried in such a manner, it was enough to make all those who saw him feel their hearts shake.

Chapter 541: Hu Zi, Don't Cry...

Hu Zi no longer drank. Over the years he had become unwilling to drink, because he was afraid of getting drunk. Once he became drunk, he would remember his Master, his eldest senior brother, his second senior brother, and his youngest junior brother.

This longing was pure and plain torture to him. It would make him wake up from his sleep in tears, make him drown in loneliness as he looked at the darkness around him and remembered just how alone and at a loss he was.

He seldom fell asleep now, and would rather not dream, because he was afraid of becoming immersed in the happiness of the past and unwilling to wake up. If he truly could not wake up, then the ninth summit might fall into trouble.

He no longer peeped either, because he had already grown up, he no longer had the strength to do such a thing... because there was no longer anyone else in this area besides him. If there was any, then it would be the hidden Heaven Gate in the sky.

It was a place he hated with everything he had. He would never forget how Heaven Gate had abandoned the Great Frozen Plains when the calamity came upon them, forcing an innumerable amount of the disciples in the mountains to leave. They were made to wander without a place to call home, and he had no idea whether they were still alive or dead.

He had to watch the mountains collapse, watch Heaven Gate descending on them and making all the factions of power on the ground come under their jurisdiction, and watch the ninth summit slowly be drowned as the glacier melted. He would never forget the day his eldest senior brother's isolation grounds went under water. Tears had fallen from his eyes then, but he could only move backwards, and could only continue retreating until his cave abode was gone, until even his youngest junior brother's cave abode

disappeared under water. At that moment, he cried again.

He could not stop any of this. He could only continue moving backwards, could only watch water drowning even his second senior brother's house, the plants and flowers dying, until only a thousand feet of the entire ninth summit was left.

The lonely mountain was left with a lonely person. He struggled for years, and he had no idea for how much longer still he had to continue struggling. Perhaps... he would not be able to continue for long.

With tears falling from his eyes, Hu Zi sat on the mountain. He looked at the world in the distance, then at the sparkling seawater, and more tears fell from his eyes. Those tears contained his pain, his anger, and even more so, his longing.

He knew that if Heaven Gate's Bai Su had not harbored special feelings for the ninth summit and loved his missing youngest junior brother, he would be in an even worse trouble.

He also knew that Bai Su only had very little influence in Heaven Gate. Even if her father had a lot of power in Heaven Gate in the past, but the thing that had happened during these past few years had caused him to be badly injured, causing his power and influence to fall greatly as well.

Hu Zi would never forget that sight. It was something that was largely connected to a person called Si Ma Xin, who had walked out of Freezing Sky Cave when the glacier turned into an ocean. It was something that no one expected, not even Bai Su's father!

Si Ma Xin had become incredibly powerful when he walked out of the glacier, and from then onwards, he became one of the powerful warriors within Heaven Gate. His existence was also the reason why the ninth summit was in such a difficult situation.

As Hu Zi cried, he touched his back and started mumbling in a voice that only he could hear.

"Master, I'm at my limit... Eldest senior brother and second senior brother went to Eastern Wastelands... Youngest junior brother, where are you...? Did you know? Our home is almost gone... Do you still remember the ninth summit's principles...?"

"Kill those who have harmed even a single plant of ninth summit.

"Kill those who have harmed even a single follower of ninth summit.

"Kill all the Berserkers of the tribe of the person who harmed even a single disciple of the ninth summit."

As he spoke, more tears fell from his eyes, and his heart clenched in pain.

"These are the ninth summit's principles... but our summit is no longer here, are we... even considered a part of it anymore...?" Hu Zi continued crying. On that lonely mountain, the sobs of a man echoed in the air.

Men do not cry easily, because their cries sounded horrid to the ears, because their sobs symbolize weakness, but... when they reach their limit, their cries become filled with their despair towards life.

Those sobs filled with despair would no longer be unpleasant, but would be filled with grief...

Hu Zi wept silently, until a sigh came from behind him, along with a gentle, familiar voice.

"Hu Zi, don't cry..."

When that voice spoke, a hand landed on Hu Zi's shoulder. The hand that represented warmth caused him to lurch forward, and when he turned his head around while shivers wrecked his body, he saw a face that for long had only existed in his memories.

"Youngest... junior brother..." Hu Zi looked at Su Ming with a dumbfounded expression, and his mind went blank. He could not

tell whether this was reality or just a figment of his imagination. As he trembled, he slowly lifted his hand and pressed his palm on the hand Su Ming had placed on his shoulder, then grabbed it tightly. When he was certain that the hand was truly there, Hu Zi suddenly began shouting at Su Ming.

"You're only back now?!"

"Only the peak of the ninth summit remains, did you know that?! Eldest senior brother went to search for Master in Eastern Wastelands because we didn't know whether he was still alive! And while we were waiting in anxiety, second senior brother left for Eastern Wastelands because he was worried!"

"I wanted to go as well, but he wouldn't let me. He asked me to protect the ninth summit! He asked me to stay here and wait for you so that you'd know the ninth summit is still here and that our home is still around!" As Hu Zi roared, tears fell from his eyes.

"It's been twenty years! Twenty years! You've been missing for twenty years, and you're only back now?! Do you still remember that the ninth summit is your home?! Do you have any idea just how often Master sighed and looked towards the land of the Shamans?! Do you have any idea how dejected he looked when he did that?!"

"Do you know why eldest senior brother came out of isolation earlier and went to the land of the Shamans?! He didn't go for the Shamans, he went to search for you!"

"Did you know about these?! Did you?!"

"Did you know that second senior brother took care of your cave abode and rearranged it so that it looked as if you never left? The plants and herbs he planted on your platform are still around. At that time, when he planted these flowers, he had even turned around and said to me while smiling that these flowers could protect you so that you could train at ease on this platform!"

"Because he knew that you loved sitting there and exercising your breathing! Did you know about all these?!" Hu Zi stood up in agitation and shouted at Su Ming without stop, just like how a man who had suppressed his burdens for a long time would explode when he finally saw his family.

Su Ming remained silent, and his face was filled with grief. He looked at Hu Zi, listened to his furious cries silently, and he continued listening until Hu Zi, at some point in his rant, went up to hug him.

"Youngest junior brother, I missed you... Eldest senior brother also missed you, and so did second senior brother. Master looked so much older before he left, you know? I know that he went to the land of the Shamans to look for you...

"But he didn't manage to find you. Youngest junior brother, just where did you go? Why are you back only now...?" Hu Zi wept as he hugged Su Ming. His voice became softer with each word, and in the end, only one sentence was left echoing in the air.

"How could you come back only now...?"

"Third senior brother, I'm back..." Su Ming hugged Hu Zi and spoke softly. Tears fell down his eyes, too.

Hu Zi's voice became weaker with each passing moment, and eventually, his whole body sagged against Su Ming's. He was too tired, both in body and mind. He had been protecting the ninth summit alone without sleeping and drinking, enduring the loneliness quietly and silently. At this moment, the instant he saw Su Ming, he relaxed. Just like that, he closed his eyes while in his embrace, and gradually, the snores Su Ming was so familiar with rang through the air.

He held Hu Zi in his arms, and even when his senior brother's snores grew so loud that they sounded like thunder roaring, not a hint of impatience could be found on Su Ming. His lips curled up into a smile. This was his senior brother, a brother who would do

everything for Su Ming without regard for his own safety, and also a brother whom Su Ming could give up everything for!

He was a little simple, but he was not foolish. He had some unique hobbies, but he was a sincere person. He had a horrible temper, but he was a person who would stand before his junior brother to defend him!

Because he always believed that he was the senior brother and he had to protect his junior brother!

Similarly, he would also stand behind his second senior brother, because he believed that his second senior brother would do the same thing and defend him, and that was also the truth. This... was the ninth summit.

"Senior brother, I'm back... You don't have to defend the ninth summit alone now. I will make all the people who harbor ill will towards the ninth summit to only have time to worry about themselves from now on!" A hint of killing intent appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and that killing intent was much stronger than when he was in Scour Sieve Island!

After all, he had done everything in Scour Sieve Island for someone else, but over here, he was doing this for his Master, his senior brothers, for his own home!

"I will let everyone know about the principles of the ninth summit," Su Ming stated calmly, then carried Hu Zi back to their Master's cave abode. He placed his senior brother on the ground, lifted his right hand and pointed at the center of his brows, sending out a warm wave of aura into his body. That aura would provide him with nourishment so that his fatigue over the years could be relieved.

He was too tired. He had not slept like this for far too long. Right then, as dreams visited his sleep, he started drooling at the corner of his lips. There was even a smile on his face, and it looked as if he had encountered something happy in his dreams.

Su Ming looked at Hu Zi quietly, at the signs of age on his face, and what appeared before his eyes was the honest figure in his memories, along with this very same figure taking him along to peek at their second senior brother while they hid behind a big rock.

"I'm not bragging here, youngest junior brother, if we talk about intelligence, is there anyone else who is smarter than me on this mountain? None!" The words Hu Zi had said in the past and the smug expression he had when he said them appeared in Su Ming's head.

"Let me tell you, eldest senior brother is always in isolation... Our second senior brother is the most interesting out of the lot. He always thinks someone is stealing his plants..."

"Be quiet. Don't make a sound. I'll take you to the seventh summit tonight. We'll go see those girls today. Let me tell you, youngest junior brother, you have to be smart. When I tell you to run, you have to be quick and get going!"

"Damn you all, how dare you bully my junior brother?! I'll bring you into my Dreams!"

"Youngest junior brother, look, quick! Master is wearing flowery robes today..."

Su Ming looked at Hu Zi, and the memories surfaced in his mind. At that moment, Hu Zi rolled over, looking as if he thought that sleeping on his stomach would be more comfortable. The moment he changed positions, Su Ming's gaze immediately zoomed in on his back, and he saw dried specks of blood on the robes covering his back.

He moved next to Hu Zi and lifted the robes covering his back. Then, on Hu Zi's back, he saw wounds with their flesh turned inside out. Those... were wounds left behind by flogging!

They were packed closely to each other. Some of them had

formed scabs, but there were even more who had already turned into brown scars. When Su Ming saw all of them, the cave abode immediately turned cold, and an indescribably chilling killing intent appeared in his eyes!

Chapter 542: Their Home under the Sea...

Su Ming remained silent, and after a long while, moved his gaze away from Hu Zi's back. At that moment, the chill in his heart had practically frozen over the sky. He would make those people suffer the pain Hu Zi had to bear a million times over!

If he did not do this, he would not be able to quell the pain in his heart. If he did not do this, he would not be able to force down the anger burning in his soul!

He was angry, and that anger was burning so furiously that it had reached its peak, turning into a calm look on his face at that moment. However, once that anger under that calm facade erupted, it would be able to burn the world.

Su Ming turned around quietly and looked at his Master's cave abode. He swept his gaze around the area, and found it empty. He had come to this place before, and he knew that his Master had left behind a large amount of items in the multiple floors in his cave that he had collected.

Now, this floor was empty. In silence, Su Ming walked down to another floor. When he eventually walked through the entire cave, the sullen look on his face had fused with his anger, and it had turned into a terrifying, unsettling wave of ripples around him.

His Master's cave was practically empty. There were only a few items left behind, and the rest were all gone.

Su Ming's heart clenched in pain. He walked out of the cave quietly and stood outside to look at the world in the distance. The words Hu Zi had said just moments ago echoed in his ears. His Master often stood here and stared at the land of the Shamans with a dejected look on his face...

His Master had gone to the land of the Shamans in search of him, but he had been unable to find him.

"Master..." Su Ming stood there and closed his eyes. A long time passed. When he opened his eyes, he walked down the mountain using a trail that now existed only in his memories. Eventually, rolling seawater appeared before him, but Su Ming did not stop there. He walked into the sea, and under the water, he saw the complete ninth summit...

As grief filled his face, he walked through the seawater, right down to the submerged stairs of the ninth summit. This flight of stairs was originally covered in plants, and when he walked on those stairs, he should have felt as if he was stepping on dust.

But Su Ming could see that the stairs were incredibly clean. It was clear that Hu Zi always came to this place to clean it.

The memories in Su Ming's mind were incredibly clear, and they were overlapping with the desolate view his eyes perceived right then. He could even hear the faint sound of the high wind in his ears above the ninth summit, could even see his second senior brother standing on the stairs with the side of his face turned towards the sun while smiling towards him.

The sorrow on Su Ming's face became deeper. It was quiet all around him. In the midst of that silence, he walked forward slowly, passing by Hu Zi's cave abode to reach his second senior brother's house. His house was incredibly neat and tidy, but submerged under the seawater. His herbal garden laid in waste...

Second senior brother's smile, his figure, and his identity as a Phantom appeared in Su Ming's heart, causing him to stop silently, and he stood there for a long, long time...

Perhaps there were tears in his eyes, but they fused with the sea and he could not see them.

"Second senior brother..."

Su Ming turned around. On the way here, he saw many plants that had died in the sea. Those... were all the marks his second

senior brother had left behind.

When Su Ming reached the foot of the ninth summit, he went to his eldest senior brother's isolation grounds. Over there, he went to the karst cave based on his memories that was now submerged in seawater.

As he looked at the familiar place, his eldest senior brother's voice from the past appeared in his ears. The concern in his voice still sounded as strong as ever in his heart.

"Eldest senior brother..." Su Ming mumbled in anguish. His eldest senior brother was a quiet and reserved man. He was a person of few words, and did not like speaking too much, but he cared for his junior brothers and his Master deeply.

After a long while, Su Ming left, dispirited.

He walked through every single spot in the ninth summit, walked past every single mountain rock in his memories. Everything here carried his memories and the warmth he felt here in the past.

Eventually, he came to his cave abode from all those years ago. He looked at the protruding platform, then at the dead plants that his second senior brother had planted after he left. And he sat down there quietly.

He sat alone, on the ninth summit located in the depths of the sea, and looked into the distance.

In his eyes, he saw murky seawater, but in his heart, he saw the frozen world from the past.

The ninth summit was an ice mountain, and beneath this ice mountain was a true mountain. This mountain would not melt... it would never melt!

Su Ming closed his eyes. As he sat there, his heart gained peace.

It was just like in the past. However, now, his Master's constant roars to the sky were gone, his eldest senior brother's divine sense

covering him while he was in isolation was absent, and his second senior brother's warm and gentle smile was missing. Once so many things had vanished, could this... still be considered the ninth summit?

"This is the ninth summit. This is my home in the Land of South Morning," Su Ming declared under his breath. He was the only person in this endless seawater, and his presence stood out like a sore thumb as he sat on the platform.

Yet his distinct presence shone with loneliness, longing, and reminiscence.

What sort of longing would make a person defend the ninth summit without any care for the consequences?

What sort of longing would make a person sit quietly at the depths of this lonely sea to search for the hints of the past?

"Master, I'm back... I came back to the ninth summit. I'm back home." Su Ming sat on the platform, just like he did in the past. As time passed, he continued sitting there, day by day...

On the third day, Su Ming opened his eyes and lifted his head. He looked towards the surface of the sea above his head, and a chilling look full of killing intent that surged into the sky appeared in his eyes.

He stood up and walked back through the path he had come. Gradually, he emerged from the sea and walked up the stairs leading to the peak of the mountain. He arrived at the top, and heard Hu Zi's snores still traveling through the air. When he heard those sounds, the very first smile since Su Ming had entered the submerged ninth summit appeared on his lips.

"Senior brother Hu Zi, take a good rest. You... have me to handle everything!"

Su Ming sat down cross-legged outside his Master's cave abode on the mountain. The sea breeze lifted his hair and made his robes

flap loudly in the air. His expression gradually turned cold and detached, and he closed his eyes.

The bald crane was by his side. Over the past few days, it remained there, not daring to leave due to the seal on its body, and grumbling immensely in its heart because of it. However, when it saw Su Ming return from the depths of the sea and saw him sitting quietly outside the cave, it suddenly shuddered.

It had noticed the killing intent within Su Ming's body. That killing intent burned so greatly that it surpassed what he possessed in Scour Sieve Island, making the bald crane's heart shudder and not dare to get closer to him.

In fact, it could even see the air around Su Ming freezing through his divine abilities.

The small snake crawled out of Su Ming's storage bag and lay sprawled across his shoulders. It had also noticed Su Ming's killing intent, and was hissing while staring at the sky coldly.

Time trickled by slowly. Two hours later, distortions suddenly appeared in the sky above the ninth summit, and from those distortions, two long arcs flew out and charged straight towards the ninth summit.

Before they even got closer, a cold voice echoed in the air.

"Time's up. Bring out the offerings and come with us to meet Sir Si Ma. Once you receive the Nine Punishment Lashes, you can keep your ninth summit protected for another month."

Su Ming opened his eyes, lifted his head, and looked towards the sky.

Chapter 543: Freezing Sky Heaven Gate!

Su Ming's face remained calm when that cold voice echoed in the air. However, that calmness around him was more terrifying than any sort of murderous aura, was even more frightening than any eruption of a cultivation base. This tranquility contained a power that could make others suffocate once they saw it.

Two long arcs charged through the sky to head straight towards the small bit of the ninth summit remaining above the sea, but before they managed to get any closer, the person in the left arc noticed something off.

He saw that the person sitting on the ninth summit was no longer Hu Zi, but someone who looked somewhat familiar. However, there was something unfamiliar about that face as well, making him unable to recall where he'd seen it before.

The other person also noticed Su Ming's presence. The two of them came to a halt in midair and floated above the ninth summit while looking at the mountain beneath them coldly.

"Who are..."

One of them frowned, but his expression was as cold and aloof as ever, and along that look on his face was a hint of arrogance that came from his status as a disciple from Heaven Gate. Yet before he could even finish speaking, Su Ming lifted his head, and the instant he opened his eyes, a chilling glare that seemed to have come from the abyss itself abruptly shone within his eyes.

Right then, that disciple from Heaven Gate who was looking at Su Ming from midair suddenly heard a loud bang in his head, and his body started shivering violently. At that moment, he could practically hear thunder roaring in his head. Su Ming's gaze was like two sharp blades that had pierced into his eyes and shot straight to his head, causing him to feel as if his mind had instantly broken down. Then they rushed into his spirit, causing his heart to

continue beating faster and faster with each passing moment until it was racing at lightning speed against his chest.

Cracking sounds also came from his body at that moment, as if it was unable to withstand the will and pressure contained within Su Ming's gaze!

The unparalleled fury contained in that gaze towards Heaven Gate erupted abruptly in that Heaven Gate disciple's body.

His face turned pale in an instant, and his eyes became the first thing to explode. Blood poured out of them, and he staggered backwards before coughing up a large mouthful of blood. During that time, his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth started bleeding as well. He let out a shrill scream of pain as his spirit collapsed and his mind broke. Then, right at that moment, his life was extinguished by the pressure formed by the tranquil fury burning in Su Ming's eyes!

With a bang, that Heaven Gate disciple fell headfirst into the sea, all while his companion watched, dumbfounded.

However, before his body fell into the sea, a black shadow immediately shot out from the ninth summit. Naturally, that black shadow was the bald crane. At that moment, its eyes were sparkling with a brilliant light, and the few remaining feathers on its body were lustrous and glossy. With an excited expression on its face, it caught up with that plunging corpse in the span of a breath, and when it flew past the body, a storage bag appeared in its mouth, and there were even a few shining objects in its claws.

If anyone took a closer look, they would be able to tell that those shining objects were the jade buttons on the dead Heaven Gate disciple's robes.

'What a waste, such a waste. I'll just keep collecting these things a little at a time. If I continue like this, I'll be rich someday!' The bald crane lifted its head in excitement and fixed its eyes on the other Heaven Gate disciple while expectation shone on its face.

Su Ming's gaze could not kill, but if the pressure around his body fused with his gaze and his divine sense, then it would be enough to kill a person!

The instant the Heaven Gate disciple died, his companion started shivering. His face instantly turned pale, and his gaze when he looked towards Su Ming was filled with shock. With a piercing scream, he started retreating hastily, thinking of returning to Heaven Gate as quickly as possible.

His mind was in a mess. He could not imagine just what sort of power would be needed to kill his fellow disciple of his with just the pressure from a gaze. His companion... had been about the same level as him.

At that moment, the arrogance he had as a Heaven Gate disciple was gone, and the aloofness and disdain he had when he confronted Hu Zi were absent. Even his screams were no longer cold but filled with terror. The never-ending horror was like a tidal wave that drowned his heart and soul. At that moment, he had only one thought in his head: Run. Run as fast as possible and return to Heaven Gate with the fastest speed he could muster!

"Kill those who have harmed even a single plant of ninth summit.

"Kill those who have harmed even a single follower of ninth summit.

"Kill all the Berserkers of the tribe of the person who harmed even a single disciple of the ninth summit," Su Ming mumbled to himself calmly. He stood up and took a step towards the sky. When his foot landed, he abruptly appeared in the sky.

"The ninth summit protected me in the past. From now on... it will be my turn to protect the ninth summit!

"All of you from Heaven Gate have humiliated and hurt my senior brother. I... will kill all of you!"

The killing intent in Su Ming's eyes burst forth swiftly, and he

took another step forward to appear right before the fleeing Heaven Gate disciple. That disciple's soul had practically left his body from fear at that point. He fell to his knees, wanting to beg for mercy. He was afraid of death, especially when he had lived in safety during the calamity. It amplified his terror to a whole different level.

However, Su Ming's right hand had already swept past the center of his brows almost the instant he fell to his knees, before he even managed to beg for his life. When Su Ming walked towards the sky, the Heaven Gate disciple started trembling, and a crack appeared at the center of his brows, ripping right through his skull. The top half of his head was torn off, along with his hair, and as blood gushed out from the remaining half, the top part fell into the ocean.

The same scene appeared once again. The bald crane let out a few excited screeches and rushed over swiftly. When it returned, another storage bag and a few more buttons appeared in its claws.

'I'm rich! I'm rich! If the Berserker child kills more, I will become richer... Hey... following him doesn't seem like such a bad idea!'

It was simply unfortunate for that Heaven Gate disciple. He had to die while in tattered garments as his body sank into the ocean... Right at the final moment of his life before he died, that disciple suddenly remembered why the stranger felt so familiar. In the midst of his terror, he had finally managed to recognize that person. He was the fourth disciple of the ninth summit, the disciple who had gone missing for twenty something years... Su Ming!

The moment he recognized, his world turned dark, and he never woke up again.

Hu Zi's snores were still traveling through the air. He had been far too exhausted for too many years, and with Su Ming's help, he would sleep for a long time, until his body was fully recovered.

Perhaps, when he eventually woke up, everything in his sight would be different.

Su Ming stood in midair. He had been waiting for those Heaven Gate disciples' arrival for the past few days because he had sent his divine sense to scan the sky a few days ago, but he had been unable to find any traces of any sort of Rune whatsoever in the sky.

That was why he waited. When the sky distorted and those two people appeared, he immediately noticed a single dot appearing in a single spot in the vast sky.

Before he met Fang Cang Lan, Su Ming would not have been able to recognize that one dot, but now, with just one glance, he could tell that it was a dimensional realm locus!

The instant he noticed it, he took a third step, and right when his foot landed, he moved into the dimensional realm locus.

When he stepped there, everything he saw turned chaotic for a brief instant, but he had already sent his divine sense sweeping through all directions. Without even needing his eyes, he could sense that he had landed on some sort of relocation spot.

When his vision became clear, he found himself standing on a gigantic Rune. Outside it were nine huge stone pillars, and there were all sorts of different bizarre looking creatures carved on them. Nine people sat cross-legged on top of those pillars.

The sky was blue. There was no sun up ahead, but light was still shining on the ground. When Su Ming looked into the distance, he could see mountain ranges rising and falling up ahead. There were long arcs weaving through the white clouds in the sky.

Birds chirped, and the beautiful fragrance of flowers filled every corner of the air. The spiritual aura in this place was incredibly thick, and there were quite a large number of precious medicinal herbs planted on the ground. Green could be seen everywhere, and anyone who saw all of these things would be struck by a feeling

that this place was the paradise itself.

Tranquility and serenity filled this beautiful world. Nine gigantic stones could be seen floating in the sky. Those stones were in the shape of a cone, their pointed ends facing the ground. On the flat surfaces above were palaces built in a variety of styles.

The nine of them were like the most supreme beings in this world. They floated high in the sky, and the long arcs weaving in and out of the clouds were mostly moving about those nine palaces.

Faint sounds of running water could be heard in the air as well. It came from a long river running through the grounds. The sounds of it were accompanied by the sounds of women giggling and playing. Occasionally, some birds would fly through the sky elegantly. They looked incredibly beautiful and did not look like ferocious beasts, but were like pets that had been tamed.

The sky was clear and blue, a stark contrast to the world outside, causing the people who saw it to be unable to help themselves but be hypnotized by the sight.

At the center of the nine floating palaces in the sky was a mountain that reached the clouds. There was a big stone plate erected on it, one that could be seen clearly even from the distance.

There were four golden words carved on it, and they were glowing with endless light, causing all the people in the place to be able to see them the moment they lifted their heads!

"Freezing Sky Heaven Gate!"

This was Freezing Sky Clan's Heaven Gate. Before Su Ming arrived in here, he had very limited knowledge about this place, but now, with the experiences he had accumulated, he was able to tell with just one glance that this was a fragmented dimension!

This place did not belong to South Morning. It was just a fragmented dimension that might have developed on its own or

had been discovered by chance.

Perhaps this place was not even part of the land of the Berserkers, because the moment Su Ming placed his feet on the ground here, a faint aura of death immediately started spreading out from his body. It was incredibly similar to the moment when he left Yin Death's Region in the ancient bronze sword and his blood landed on Fang Cang Lan's finger.

But this was much weaker. It was not strong at all, and was nothing compared to the time he left the ancient bronze sword.

Yet all of this clearly told Su Ming that this was a mysterious dimension located between Yin Death and Bright Yang!

The spread of the aura of death from Su Ming's body upon his appearance was something that simply could not fit with this dimensional world, even though it was very faint. Because of that, the instant he appeared in the Rune, the aura of death from his body turned to black smoke, and as it tumbled about, it rose into the sky, causing a small part of it to be shrouded by a black fog, as if someone had spilled ink on a piece of paper!

Chapter 544: A Family?

Almost the moment Su Ming stepped into the Rune, he spread his divine sense outward and saw everything else within Heaven Gate. He also managed to sense several powerful waves of ripples within this place.

He could not hide the aura of death coming from his body. It rose into the sky to turn into black fog. That black fog looked ferocious, as if it was an evil spirit that was moving to devour everything around it. Some fine wrinkles gradually appeared on Su Ming's originally youthful face, making him seem to have turned into a middle-aged man.

The nine people who were meditating while sitting on the nine stone pillars around him opened their eyes at the same time, and shock appeared on their faces. In an instant, their gazes fell on Su Ming, who stood at the center of the Rune.

The moment they saw him, all of them stood up.

"Who are you?! You are only asking for death if you trespass into Heaven Gate!"

Su Ming lifted his head. The moment he met the gazes of those nine people, three of them took a step forward and charged towards him. Before they even came close, divine abilities appeared in the air, and as all sorts of lights in various colors filled the space around Su Ming, they closed in on him in the blink of an eye.

Su Ming remained calm, but the killing intent in his eyes was as strong as ever. He took a step forward and instantly arrived before one of the three men. The moment he walked past that person, he had already tapped the center of his brows with his finger.

He moved too fast, so fast that before the people around him managed to see what was happening, the man who was tapped

between his brows started shivering and his head exploded with a bang. With a warp, Su Ming rose to midair. Behind him was black fog, and above him was even more black fog, roaring as it spread outwards.

His appearance was akin to an apocalyptic storm raging in a serene world!

"I, the ninth summit's disciple, Su Ming, am here to ask all of you in Heaven Gate one question. Do you... know about the ninth summit's principles for blood?" he asked calmly, but his words sounded like thunder roaring, and his voice rumbled in the air within Heaven Gate.

That booming voice was deafening to the ears, and it even turned into an endless wave of echoes that spread to the entire area.

"You stole my Master's items, tortured my senior brother, and threatened the ninth summit's existence. Today, I, the ninth summit's disciple, Su Ming, will take my Master's place, and on behalf of my eldest senior brother and my second senior brother, I will make Heaven Gate pay!"

That last word exploded in the air, and during that instant, the eight people on the ground rushed out with gritted teeth, but the moment they charged forth, Su Ming lifted his right hand and seized in the direction downwards.

The ground trembled.

The eight people were all Berserkers in the Bone Sacrifice Realm. At that moment, their bodies stopped as if they had frozen up, and the Berserker Bones in their bones exploded with a bang at the same time, as if they could no longer bear with the pressure. Su Ming then clenched his fist, and as the bodies of the eight people broke down, wisps of white smoke seeped out of them, and Su Ming caught them in his hand.

The white ball of threads he held in his hand was the fusion of

these eight people's life force and their cultivation base, but Su Ming did not know a way to absorb this strength. If he took it in forcefully, his body would start showing signs of instability.

That was why he would never absorb these white threads when killing in the past.

When he held this ball of life force, a glint appeared in his eyes, and at that moment, the whole Heaven Gate was shaken due to the change in the sky, the reverberating booms, and also Su Ming's words.

Long arcs shot up into the sky and charged towards him from all directions. These long arcs were all people from Heaven Gate. There were also people flying out from the nine floating palaces in the sky. Their numbers were dense, and at that moment, piercing howls shook the sky and earth as long arcs sliced through the air in this small world that belonged to Heaven Gate.

"Kill all and spare none of those who trespass into Heaven Gate!"

"How dare you trespass into Freezing Sky Heaven Gate?!"

"Ninth summit? Su Ming?"

The appearance of those long arcs was accompanied by furious shouts. Su Ming merely looked on as they closed in on him, and as he did so, he found that the weakest among these arcs were at the later stage of the Awakening Realm and most of them were in the Bone Sacrifice Realm. There were even three powerful Berserkers among them who were in the Berserker Soul Realm, and they were all closing in on him with dark expressions on their faces.

Su Ming remained calm and cast a glance at the ball of threads in his right hand. A flicker of light shone in his eyes, and he had all his divine sense spread out of his body. The shadow of his Nascent Divinity also appeared behind him, and when he appeared, he lifted his right hand and formed a seal. Once that seal was made, the Nascent Divinity immediately changed the shape of his hands,

and in an instant, he formed nine different seals to form one complete.

"I grant you the crimson eyes of the night..." Su Ming said lightly, then waved his arm in the direction of the sky.

The moment he did so, his Nascent Divinity instantly turned a little dimmer, but his eyes remained as aloof and detached as ever.

When he waved his arm, two crimson lights appeared in the black fog formed by aura of death spreading out in the sky. Those two crimson lights were like shining stars. The instant they appeared, a powerful, mighty pressure swiftly spread out from within the black fog to cover the ground as it continued spreading outwards. All the long arcs that were surrounded by that pressure immediately found their bodies forcefully frozen in midair, and their expressions changed drastically!

"I grant you the violet lips of the sky..."

Su Ming's voice was soft, but it still managed to land in all the people's ears, causing their minds to shudder. The Nascent Divinity formed another nine seals with his right hand and pushed towards the ground.

The ground trembled furiously, and since this place was originally a fragmented dimension to begin with, no cracks tore through the ground when those tremors appeared, but ripples that looked like those when a stone was thrown into a lake spread out in an instant and started echoing in the area.

Rays of light began shining from those ripples. The ground turned transparent under that light, and almost in the blink of an eye... it disappeared right before all the people's eyes!

In its place was a brightly lit sky!

The earth had turned into the sky!

The execution of this divine ability caused Su Ming's Nascent Divinity to become dimmer. This was a Sealing Art that originally

belonged to Hong Luo, and even though Su Ming could cast it, he could not bring it up to Hong Luo's level and seal End Shamans!

Yet even so, with Su Ming's current level of cultivation, when he executed the Sealing Art - Day and Night, he could seal... all those below the Berserker Soul Realm!

The entire land disappeared and turned into the sky, causing the long arcs that were charging towards him to be astonished by this change, and immediately, they discovered to their shock and terror that their bodies had been frozen. They could not even move a single inch!

At that moment, the Heaven Gate disciples that were closest to Su Ming were less than a thousand feet away from him, but that distance felt like a ravine separating heaven and earth. They could not cross it!

With one divine ability, he sealed heaven and earth. Su Ming remained as composed as ever as his Nascent Divinity returned to his side. To his front, his back, his left, his right, and everywhere around him were people numbering to nearly one thousand standing in midair. Their faces were pale and terror-stricken as they looked towards him.

At that moment, all the frozen Heaven Gate disciples and those who had not managed to fly out and had seemed to have disappeared but were actually blocked off from that space as if they were isolated in another dimension cast their gazes to Su Ming.

His words were still echoing in their heads as they looked at his face. The Heaven Gate disciples who had once seen him before started gradually associating his name with that one person from their memories all those years ago.

'Su Ming...'

'He's that person from the ninth summit! That Su Ming who fought against Sir Si Ma all those years ago!'

'That's why I said not to provoke the ninth summit! All the people there are lunatics!'

All sorts of thoughts rose in the people's hearts, but because their bodies were frozen to the point that even their breathing seemed to have halted, these words could only echo in their hearts. They could not give their thoughts voice.

Su Ming might have sealed these Heaven Gate disciples, but there were three powerful Berserkers in the Berserker Soul Realm among the long arcs. They only felt the air around them becoming heavy and sticky, but they could still move. However, none of them were the least bit happy that they could move. Terror crashed into their hearts like a tidal wave, and the three of them no longer moved forward, but chose to retreat.

This divine ability surpassed their imagination, and the terror of ninth summit from their memories returned to them in that instant!

Almost the moment these three people began retreating, Su Ming calmly took a step forward. His foot landed on thin air, but the three retreating Berserkers felt their hearts give a loud thump against their chests. It was as if Su Ming had just stepped on their hearts!

That one step looked normal, but the instant Su Ming's foot landed, the trio's retreating bodies immediately froze, and that momentary pause in their movements meant death!

Su Ming swiftly appeared before one of them, and clenching his right hand into a fist, he hurled a punch straight at the powerful Berserker's chest. That one punch immediately made this person cough up blood. As his body tumbled backwards, terror appeared on his face, and he let out a roar.

However, almost the moment he roared and blood poured out from every orifice of his body, Su Ming threw another punch. The instant he did so, that Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm who

was a superior existence to the rest of the Heaven Gate disciples let out a piercing scream of pain and his body exploded and he turned into blood fog!

Before he died, he suffered pain that far surpassed what he could bear. Su Ming's first punch had crushed all his bones, turning them into an innumerable amount of bone spikes that tore through his heart and the passages of his Qi, but he remained alive. When the second punch landed, his blood started flowing in reverse. His body was like a sack filled with sharp needles, and if anyone struck him with a huge force, those needles would pierce through that sack, causing the powerful Berserker from Heaven Gate to be shredded by the crushed-bone spikes in his body, which meant he died a painful and horrible death!

Su Ming might be cold when he killed other people, but he was not the sort of person who would torture people until they died. He only did this because there was... a bone necklace around the person's neck which he then yanked away the instant the person died due to his second punch!

It was one of Tian Xie Zi's personal belongings!

With the bone necklace in hand, Su Ming turned his head around and looked towards the two other powerful Berserkers in the Berserker Soul Realm who were fleeing in shock. He took a step towards them.

"Master, save me!" One of the two people running away let out a scream in despair as his heart trembled in fear, because he saw Su Ming coming towards him.

The instant his screams for help echoed in the air, a voice came from the third palace that was floating in the sky in silence, and that voice was filled with wariness.

"Sir, you are a disciple of the ninth summit, and you are family to us in Heaven Gate..."

"Family?"

Su Ming laughed coldly.

Chapter 545: Irreconcilable

Before the voice from the third palace could finish speaking, Su Ming let out a cold bark of laughter and appeared beside the person who had pleaded for help. He lifted his right hand to seize that Berserker, and since that person knew that all his divine abilities were useless, he roared, deciding to burn his cultivation base and self-destruct!

Yet the moment he prepared to self-destruct, Su Ming's right hand suddenly shone with violet light, and violet armor appeared to cover his entire right arm and hand. He pierced through the flames coming from this person's self-destruction and seized his throat.

"We're not family."

As Su Ming stated that flatly, he added strength to his grip, and with a bang, the powerful Berserker in his grasp was reduced to only flesh and blood. When he released his grip, the man's mangled body fell downwards, but a white bracelet flew out from his corpse into Su Ming's palm.

Su Ming cast a glance at the bracelet. He remembered that this item had also been placed in his Master's cave abode in the past.

When he held the bracelet, the killing intent in his heart burned even more furiously. He lifted his head and looked at the final Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm running away from him. He was a Clan Elder, and he was already close to the first palace. Su Ming took a step forward, but the moment he lifted his foot, an old man in white robes walked out from the third palace.

The old man looked at Su Ming with a complicated expression on his face. He had seen Su Ming before. At that time, he had been in the auction and had seen the young Berserker along with the Young Lord from the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky[1].

At that time, the Young Lord had wanted to win Su Ming over. Twenty years had passed by since then, and times had changed. When the old man saw Su Ming again, the shock he had made him unable to calm himself down even after such a long time had passed.

"Su Ming, you are a disciple of the ninth summit, why must you do this? You may be strong now, but don't forget who took you in when you were still weak. It was Freezing Sky Clan, it was..."

As the old man in white walked forward, he spoke darkly. His heart was in great shock. Su Ming's power, his strange divine abilities, and especially the scene where he sealed heaven and earth had made him incredibly wary.

This sort of person should have originally been part of Freezing Sky Clan, but now, he had become their enemy. It pained him to see this, and at the same time, he began sighing in his heart.

But before he could finish speaking, Su Ming lifted his head and looked towards him.

"It's the ninth summit that took me in!" he said calmly.

When his foot landed, he had already arrived next to the fleeing old Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm. When shock and despair appeared on his face, a cold harrumph came from the first palace. Immediately, the door to that palace flew open with a bang, and a dark ray of light instantly flew out to charge towards Su Ming.

A power at the peak of the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm erupted from that dark light, and there was a small cauldron contained within it. That cauldron spun rapidly and charged towards Su Ming. A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and as he waved his arm, his medicinal cauldron manifested immediately to crash into that incoming cauldron with a loud bang.

As that bang echoed in the air, Su Ming took a step forward. When the Clan Elder began fleeing once again, Su Ming moved past him to stand on the platform to the first palace. The Clan Elder in the Berserker Soul Realm shivered, and banging sounds came from his body. When he coughed up blood, a small snake crawled out of his mouth and flew up while hissing. It looked at its surroundings with a cold, dark glare.

That small snake was, naturally, Su Ming's Candle Dragon!

Its eyes were cold and merciless. All of the living beings in this world were just food in its eyes... only when it looked towards Su Ming would gentleness appear in its eyes, and subservience would appear in its actions.

The instant Su Ming landed on the platform to the first palace, an old woman walked out from within. Sinister intent could be seen on her face. She held a cane with a dragon head in her hand, and when she slammed it on the ground, the dragon head started moving as if it had resuscitated, and started roaring towards Su Ming.

The old woman lifted her left hand at the same time, and there was a ring on her finger. When Su Ming it, the killing intent in his eyes started shining brilliantly.

That ring belonged to his Master!

The old woman bit the tip of her tongue and coughed up a mouthful of blood on the ring. That blood fused within it in an instant, and soon after, a low roar came inside, along with a layer of black fog. It then instantly turned into a big hand that went on to seize Su Ming.

The old man in white from the third palace also took a step forward right then and lifted his right hand. Immediately, the air before him started distorting. As thunder rumbled in the air, a long sword with lightning sparks on its blade appeared. It swept through the air, and immediately, the entire sky seemed to have

turned into a lightning lake that had an endless supply of lightning, and along with that sword, it charged towards Su Ming.

A sigh traveled out of the second palace soon after, and it instantly turned into an illusion before disappearing, revealing a person surrounded by red fog sitting within. The person slowly stood up, and when he looked towards Su Ming, he took a step forward and turned into a layer of red fog before charging towards him!

These three people's level of cultivation was already extremely close to the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, but while they might be extremely close, that remaining distance might sometimes be a ravine that was incredibly difficult to breach, and in the end, they were still merely Berserkers in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!

There were nine Lords in Heaven Gate, and there were also nine Lords in the Great Plains! These three people were clearly the three of the nine Lords of Heaven Gate. Su Ming remembered that his Master had once mentioned that there was one Lord missing from Heaven Gate, and they only had eight Lords at the moment.

There were also missing Lords in the Great Plains.

"So this is the standard of the Lords in Heaven Gate. You are nothing," Su Ming said flatly. He might not have killed many of those in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, but there were also quite a number of those who had died in his hands!

The instant the trio's divine abilities closed in on him, an endless amount of fine violet threads seeped out of Su Ming's body. As he stood there, they surrounded him entirely, turning into the Undertaker's of Evil Armor!

When he lifted his right hand, the Undertaker's of Evil Spear manifested. The instant that long spear appeared, murderous aura surged into the sky and filled the entire place. A thick, bloody stench spread through the area.

That bloody stench formed a bloodthirsty aura that roiled as if there were numerous vengeful spirits within it, shrieking and howling, surrounding Su Ming's spear unable to escape. A large amount of these vengeful spirits were the savages from Scour Sieve Island!

The moment the Undertaker's of Evil Armor appeared, it would not disappear without tasting blood. The manifestation of that Armor meant that Su Ming's rampage was about to begin!

He swept the long spear across, and the instant those three people closed in, he turned into a violet shadow. As the aura of death spread out from his body, as the rolling black fog stretched out to fill the sky, as the pair of crimson eyes that looked like stars in the black fog started shining in a strange, enchanting light, the trio appeared right before him.

A loud bang that shook the sky and earth reverberated in the air, and as a powerful force spread out swiftly through the area, the old woman coughed up blood and was forced back several hundreds of feet. She coughed up blood once again, and shock along with disbelief appeared on her face.

"The later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!"

She had been unable to determine Su Ming's level of cultivation previously, and while she might be wary of his strange divine abilities, in her mind, he was still only at the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, even if he had received some sort of serendipity. After all, only twenty years had passed since the last time she saw him.

Yet now, after exchanging blows with him, she discovered to her shock that everything had surpassed her expectations.

Almost the moment she started tumbling backwards, the old man in white also fell back. He staggered a few hundred feet back and started bleeding from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. Vicious coughs wrecked his body, and as he coughed, a red thread crawled

out from his right hand before crawling back in within an instant. A red flush appeared on his face, and though he was in pain, his gaze locked on Su Ming became increasingly more complicated.

The person who had turned into red fog also fell back. The fog collapsed, but it gathered up once again to turn into a person whose head was filled with red but whose body looked like a statue. He stood there and looked at Su Ming quietly. He was apathetic, but there was conflict hidden underneath that apathetic expression.

The instant Su Ming saw that red-haired person, his pupils shrank.

"Zi Che!"

The red-haired person was clearly Zi Che! When he heard Su Ming's voice, the man immediately started trembling, and the conflict in his eyes became stronger!

But Zi Che had not even reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm when they had parted in the past, yet now, the power he showed was in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. This immediately put a frown between Su Ming's brows.

With just a glance, he could tell that something was wrong with Zi Che. His body was no longer made of flesh and blood, but was like a statue. He looked... just like a statue of the God of Berserkers!

At the same time, the wave of ripples that had spread out due to the crash between the four people just now had touched the other palaces around the area. The instant they touched them Su Ming immediately saw the remaining six palaces breaking down, and all of them shattered to dust.

Once they shattered... he found that there was no one in those six palaces!

That scene was filled with a strange air, causing the entire Heaven Gate to be filled with a strange atmosphere as well.

However, Su Ming also immediately noticed the frozen Heaven Gate disciples around him looking shocked and confused when they found out that the remaining palaces were empty.

"Master, leave, this place is..."

At that moment, Zi Che suddenly started shouting loudly, but before he managed to finish his words, several red threads immediately crawled out of his eyes before crawling in once again. Frenzied killing intent appeared in his eyes once again.

"Since you're here, then why leave in such a hurry? Su Ming... I'll be waiting for you at the ninth layer. I hope... you will have the chance to come up here, and I will... kill you with my own hands!!"

A soft and dark voice abruptly came from the sky, and a vortex appeared in the portion of the sky that had yet to be filled by black fog. As that vortex spun, a vast expanse of land appeared.

"By the way, Bai Su is also here, and if you don't kill me within an hour, that senior brother of yours, Hu Zi, was it? He'll end up the same as Zi Che..."

"Also, you have an old friend here, and he really wants to fight against you..."

"Su Ming, I've been waiting for this day for too long. I've always been waiting for you to come back... I will make you suffer slowly, and I will return to you all the pain I had to endure by thousandfold. I... am the true God of Berserkers!" As that voice echoed in the air, a chilling air could be felt contained within it, and that voice... belonged to Si Ma Xin!

The moment that voice appeared, the Rune to leave Heaven Gate collapsed with a bang.

At the same time, the sleeping Hu Zi did not notice that the scars on his back had torn apart, and there were red threads crawling in and out of his back while he remained asleep on the ninth summit outside Heaven Gate...

This was something even Su Ming had not noticed before he left...

"The game has started. Su Ming, I look forward to this so much..."

Si Ma Xin's voice became even softer, making those who heard it to be unable to tell whether he was a man or a woman, but the hatred contained within towards Su Ming felt as if it had been engraved into his soul, and it was an irreconcilable hate!

Translator's Notes:

That Young Lord had also helped Su Ming with his payback during the auction, and also gave him the invitation to the secret auction.

Chapter 546: I'm Rich!

Su Ming lifted his head and gave a cold stare to the vortex in the portion of the sky that had yet to be covered by the black fog. Si Ma Xin's soft and dark voice echoed in his ears, and everything within that voice was an embodiment of the man's enmity and hatred.

He used Zi Che to tug at Su Ming's heartstrings, then used Bai Su to bring up his memories, and finally, he activated the threat lying within Hu Zi's body, and all of this had to be solved within a time limit of an hour.

Clearly, Si Ma Xin enjoyed the feeling of persecuting someone else, especially when his target was Su Ming!

He wanted to make Su Ming anxious, wanted to make him angry, wanted to make him charge towards him without care for anything else. He longed to see this exciting scene, and he desired to see Su Ming appearing before him while covered in wounds. Si Ma Xin then could finally take his revenge!

He had been preparing for this day for a long time! He might have lost to Su Ming the few times they fought and plotted against each other, but his understanding towards Su Ming had also increased. At the time, after he received his serendipity and walked out of Freezing Sky Cave, he swore that he would definitely kill Su Ming!

That was why he had set up such a large scale plan in Heaven Gate and waited for Su Ming's return while burning with hatred!

That day had finally arrived!

Su Ming remained silent, and the anger and furious roars Si Ma Xin wanted to see did not come from him. Instead, he only saw dead silence. Su Ming looked at the vortex in the sky calmly, then moved towards midair, but right at the moment he started charging towards the vortex, Zi Che, the old man in white, and the

old woman recovered slightly. Then, in the midst of Zi Che's madness, the old man's complicated feelings, and the old woman's gritted teeth, the three people turned into long arcs and charged towards Su Ming to fight against him together!

"Su Ming, I'll be waiting for you in the ninth layer..."

Su Ming watched the three people rushing towards him while he stood in midair. A glint appeared in his eyes and he ignored the trio charging towards him. Instead, he threw the Undertaker's of Evil Spear straight into the vortex in the sky.

That violet long spear let out a loud whistle as it sliced through the air. That whistle fused with Si Ma Xin's voice, and the spear charged towards the vortex in the sky, looking like a long violet dragon from the distance.

Before Si Ma Xin managed to finish his sentence, the long spear containing Su Ming's power crashed into the sky with a huge bang. At the instant they came into contact with each other, the vortex stopped rotating. It froze for a moment, then let out a loud sound that surged into the sky.

Rumbling sounds like those of thunder roared in the sky, completely covering up Si Ma Xin's voice, causing the sky to begin cracking. The vortex was instantly torn to pieces, and a huge hole appeared in the sky!

Right behind that hole... was Heaven Gate's second layer!

Almost the instant that hole appeared, the black fog that was tumbling about and spreading to every corner of the torn sky in the first layer looked as if it had found a drain. It surged towards that hole, causing another vortex to appear in the sky. The black fog and clouds surged about up ahead, making it seem as if they were coalescing inside there.

It might still be a vortex, but this time, Su Ming was the one who had created it. This vortex cut off Si Ma Xin's voice, and was akin

to a slap to his face. Su Ming might not have said anything, but he had used his actions to tell his decision!

"I've killed many people in my life... and today, I will kill even more. One of them, will be you."

The world roared, and the black fog tumbled about in the vortex. Su Ming's voice reverberated in the area calmly, fusing together with the thunderous roars and stirring up an endless string of echoes. They caused all those who heard them to be unable to tell whether it was Su Ming who was speaking or whether the world itself was howling.

Almost the moment the hole in the sky appeared, Zi Che and the other two people closed in on Su Ming. These three people each possessed the combat abilities of a Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, and when they attacked, they stirred up an incredibly mighty presence. Zi Che turned into a layer of red fog, and wherever he passed through, a little of everything around him, including the air itself, would seem as if it was devoured, as if it started decaying.

The old man in white formed a seal with both his hands, and the air before and behind him started distorting to reveal two statues of the God of Berserkers. However, one of them was holding onto a jewel-encrusted purification vase [1].

Everything about that statue besides that vase looked like an illusion and was rather indistinct. However, the other statue looked as if it was real!

The old woman's messy hair began growing swiftly at that moment, but they did not spread outwards as they charged towards Su Ming. Instead, as they floated into the air, they broke off in the middle and turned into an endless amount of hair strands that rushed towards Su Ming.

He remained silent and took a step towards the old woman. At that instant, his body immediately came into contact with the

strands of hair, but the instant they touched him, his eyes sparkled, and bell chimes reverberated in the air. Han Mountain Bell manifested itself and surrounded him to bear the brunt of the hair's impact. During that moment, Su Ming appeared before the old woman.

The old woman let out a piercing screech. When she started retreating, Su Ming suddenly lifted his right hand and seized the air in her direction. The power of the binary opposites that Su Ming had gained from his epiphany was contained within his grip, causing the old woman to immediately freeze as she retreated. Cracking sounds reverberated in her body, and just as she was about to explode, she bit the tip of her tongue. Once she coughed up a mouthful of blood, cracks started appearing on her skin.

At the same moment her skin started cracking, she let out a roar. Her skin burst open, but her body did not break down. The only thing that broke was her skin, and the instant the cracked skin exploded, she resisted Su Ming's divine ability. As she tumbled backwards, her appearance became much more youthful, but her face was pale. She looked terrified, and a large amount of blood flowed out of her mouth.

But before she managed to retreat any further away and Zi Che and the old man in white closed in on Su Ming with their divine abilities, he let out a cold harrumph and took a step forward again. In an instant, his speed reached a state where he could no longer be seen with the naked eye. He traveled a few rounds around the old woman like a gust of wind, and a whirlwind abruptly appeared. That whirlwind spun around the old woman several times before it disappeared, and Su Ming emerged beside her. He no longer bothered himself with her though, instead lifting his head and casting a chilling glare at the old man in white.

The old woman started shivering. She opened her mouth as if she wanted to say something, but all her flesh and blood looked as if they had been cut off by blades and were falling off from her body

slice by slice until only her skeleton was left. Then, she fell to the ground...

...Dead.

Killing a Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm was not difficult for Su Ming, especially when he wore the Undertaker's of Evil Armor!

Before the old woman's skeleton fell to the ground, multiple cracks appeared on her bones, and eighteen red threads that were the size of fingers crawled out of her bones. As those threads twisted about, they turned into blood and died.

When Su Ming turned his gaze towards the old man in white, struggle appeared on his face, but he did not slow down, especially the statue holding the jewel-encrusted purification vase before him. As it took a step forward, it became the first thing to close in on Su Ming. It lifted the vase in its hands and covered him.

Immediately, a great suction force surged towards Su Ming. At the same time, the statue of the God of Berserkers behind the old man in white closed in on him. When it lifted its right hand, a long whip manifested, and as it swung that whip, a loud crack sliced through the air and charged towards Su Ming.

The old man in white gritted his teeth and closed his eyes. His robes puffed up, and a blood hole appeared at the center of his brows. A red thread about the size of an infant's arm crawled out from it.

"Nan, Mo, Di, La, Zhen!" The moment the old man in white closed his eyes, a few difficult sounding words that were filled with an ancient air tumbled out of his lips.

The instant those words were said, the statue holding the vase started disappearing rapidly to fuse with the vase, which caused suction force inside it to instantly increase explosively.

Even Su Ming started swaying because of it, as if he could not

stay in balance. At that moment, before that statue with the whip managed to strike a blow at Su Ming, its body abruptly exploded. That was the self-destruction of a statue of the God of Berserkers!

The instant it exploded, a great force of impact spread out, and for some unknown reason, the suction force from the vase increased once again, and this time, the power of the vase had increased by leaps and bounds!

As the five words traveled through the air, the old man in white was reduced to only skin and bones in the blink of an eye. He had given up his life when casting this divine ability!

All of these things caused the suction force in the vase to reach infinite power, forcing Su Ming's body to turn into a long arc before he was sucked into the vase.

The old man opened his eyes. The red thread at the center of his brows had gained an even more brilliant shade and was twisting its body around, but the old man seemed to have already gotten used to it. He lifted his right hand and seized the vase. At the moment his hand touched it, he activated... the words he had left in the vase a long time ago to pave his way to survival, all without anyone's knowledge, including that red thread's.

"Save me..." That was the first thing Su Ming heard when he was sucked into the vase.

At that moment, all the people's gazes were trained towards the battle in the sky. No one had noticed a black shadow crawling out of the Rune Su Ming had used to travel to this place the instant it broke down. That black shadow hid in a corner and would occasionally sneak a peek from its hiding place. It looked incredibly dirty, and that creature... was naturally the bald crane...

'I'm going to be rich! I'm going to be so rich!'

When the bald crane appeared, excitement and exhilaration took over its face. The bird vanished swiftly, and when it reappeared, it

had arrived beside the Heaven Gate disciple who had been located nearest to its hiding spot moments ago, and who was unable to move at the moment. He was looking at the sky in shock.

The bald crane blinked, then it immediately closed in on the disciple and touched him with its beak. It even swept its eyes through the disciple's entire body with a professional gaze before tearing apart his robes. That Heaven Gate disciple's mouth fell open in shock and surprise, and before he could register what was happening, the bald crane... snatched the necklace on his neck, and like a gust of wind, it flew towards the next person.

'I'm going to be so rich! So rich! Ha ha! I'm going to be so rich this time! All of these people are just sitting ducks when they're in this state. The little Berserker brat won't know what I'm doing either, since he's sucked into that vase. I'm going to be so rich this time!'

The Heaven Gate disciple widened his eyes, and he looked as if he wanted to scream in rage, as if he wanted to struggle, but his body was frozen to the spot and he could not move. He could only watch the bald crane sashaying away while leaving sneakily. Anger raged in the man's heart, burning away his rationale, and in his fury and gloom, blood trickled down the corners of his lips. Red even appeared in his eyes due to his rage.

If he could move at this moment, he would definitely swear to kill that damn, thieving bald crane!

This sort of thought... would gain in number very soon as the bald crane continued sweeping through the crowd...

Translator's Notes:

1. Jewel-encrusted purification vase: 宝瓶 (bao3 ping2), one of the eight 净瓶 (jing4 ping2) in Buddhism, known as clean vase/purification vase, used for purification, training, and meditation purposes. It looks like this:

https://wapbaike.baidu.com/pic/水瓶/9924696/o/9825bc315c6034a8d9d38794c0134954092376f5?bk_fr=view_summary

And it is absolutely not supposed to be translated as Aquarius.

Chapter 547: Shepherd Tower Tribe

"Save me... The only person whom I would risk everything to bring into Freezing Sky's priceless treasure... can only be you, Su Ming!

"Su Ming, I am Heaven Gate's third Lord. A huge, disastrous change happened to Heaven Gate during the calamity, and besides me, the only Lords who did not die from the disaster were the virtuous old woman and Bai Su's father, whom you are familiar with. All the other Lords died...

"The source of the disaster is Si Ma Xin!

"I have no idea what sort of serendipity he obtained, but his Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed has nearly reached completion. I can't judge his level of cultivation either. It's as if there's no end to his power, and all of us from Heaven Gate are not his opponents...

"He has planted his vein in me and in some other people as well. We can only listen to him, and we can't even determine how we live or die... The entire Heaven Gate is under his control.

"The cultivation method I practice is a little unique, and because of it, I can escape from his control for a short period of time, that's why I managed to leave my words in this vase. The reason behind the ninth summit's continued existence is not because of Si Ma Xin. I was the one who told him that if the ninth summit still remained, you would definitely be lured back.

"I had no choice but to do this, but no matter what, I helped your Master and all of you protect the ninth summit...

"If you didn't have enough power, you wouldn't be able to enter the vase either. If you can come in here, then it means that the me many years later has judged that you are up to this task...

"There are nine layers to Heaven Gate. Besides the first and the ninth layers, the other seven layers are inhabited by the other

tribes around the area, but all of those tribes have become Si Ma Xin's subordinates...

"If you kill Si Ma Xin, then we will... acknowledge the ninth summit as our esteemed sovereign!

"Leaving this vase is easy. You just need to say these five words in a chant - Nan, Na, Di, La, Hong, and you will be able to leave. When you do, please strike the passages of my Qi and make them scatter. Then, if you succeed, I will find a way to awaken, but if you fail, I will die, and at the very least, it will be a fate better than what I have to suffer now..."

The area around Su Ming was murky, and he could not see too clearly into the distance. He could only see wisps of fog manifesting and moving around him. If he looked at it for an extended period of time, he would be unable to help himself and his body would start spinning with the fog.

The voice of the old man in white echoed in Su Ming's ears. That voice should have been sealed in this vase for a long time, and it was clear that the old man had prepared these words some time ago, just as he said.

In silence, Su Ming recalled seeing the red thread at the center of the old man's brows. He also remembered Zi Che's strange appearance and attitude, as well as the dozen something fine threads that had crawled out of the old woman's bones.

All of these things were an enigma, causing Su Ming to begin doubting the old man's words.

'Should I believe him, or should I not...?' Su Ming lifted his head, and a chilling glare appeared in his eyes.

'I can choose to believe in what he said about Si Ma Xin, but I will not use the method he provided to leave this place. I will choose how I want to leave!'

As the bald crane was happily looting in the first layer, the old

man in white held the vase in his hands in the sky with a slightly excited look on his face. Suddenly, he widened his eyes. Right before his eyes, fine cracks appeared on his vase, and muffled booming sounds also traveled into the air from within it.

The instant he was taken aback by the sight, the vase exploded abruptly. Loud, booming sounds stirred up a string of echoes that did not fade away even after a long time had passed. The moment the vase shattered, a hand shot out from within its remnants and seized the old man's throat. With a gentle push, a huge force rammed itself into his body, scattering all the passages of Qi within him.

The old man coughed up a mouthful of blood, and as his body fell backwards, his world turned black. However, there was a hint of eagerness and excitement hidden deep down in his eyes. As his body fell downwards, that expression gradually faded away, which was why he did not notice a pair of greedy eyes with a similar look of eagerness and excitement shining within them flying towards him swiftly.

Most of the black fog in the sky had surged into the crack, and the booming sounds continued echoing in the air. There was only one person remaining before Su Ming, and that person was Zi Che...

He turned into red fog. As he charged towards Su Ming, his face would occasionally appear within the fog, showing a crazed expression as well as a pair of struggling eyes containing a hint of pain and madness.

"You are a member of the ninth summit..." Su Ming looked at Zi Che and mumbled softly. He could not kill Zi Che, not like how he killed the others, because it was just as he said, Zi Che belonged to the ninth summit!

Almost the moment he turned into red fog and closed in, a hint of grief appeared on Su Ming's face. The air before him suddenly

distorted, and the small snake flew out. Its expression was no longer dark and cold as it opened its mouth towards the incoming Zi Che, then calmly let out a howl.

The Candle Dragon's gigantic shadow immediately manifested in the form of an illusion as it howled. The moment Zi Che closed in, it snapped its jaws around Zi Che, and it was as if a small part of the world was devoured when it closed its mouth. The red fog could not escape from it, and Zi Che was completely devoured by the small snake.

But that did not mean Zi Che had died. The world contained within the Candle Dragon's body could keep him within, and he could wait in there... until the moment Su Ming killed Si Ma Xin arrived. The seal formed by the Berserker Seed in his body would also be broken by then.

Su Ming lifted his head and looked towards the black fog surging into the hole in the sky. In silence, he leaped up and charged straight up there. Then, as if he had fused together with the tumbling aura of death's fog, he rushed into the hole and arrived in Heaven Gate's second layer!

The instant he left Heaven Gate's first layer, the bald crane who had been searching through the old man in white whose passages of Qi had been scattered and whose fate was unknown suddenly heard Su Ming's cold and detached voice in its head, all while it was originally shivering in excitement as it searched for the things it believed to be treasures with its 'professional' methods.

"You can loot as you please, but since you can come in, then you must have a way to get out. Go out and take care of my senior brother, or else I will take away all the things you stole.

"If you do this properly, then I will consider allowing you to follow behind me and continue with your looting adventures."

When the bald crane heard the first half of Su Ming's second sentence, it decided to disobey his orders while scoffing with

disdain in its heart, but the moment it heard the second half of the sentence, it was momentarily stunned. Then, it started screaming shrilly. As it swept away all the remaining valuables in the place, it immediately crawled into the collapsed Rune while all the Heaven Gate's disciples in the first layer burned with fury and murderous intent that seared the skies. Then, after casting some unknown skill, it disappeared without a trace.

‘No one can take away my treasures, no one! But if I continue staying by his side, I’ll get even more treasures...’

In the Land of South Morning, the bald crane's body appeared in the air above the ninth summit. It lifted its claws and stroked its chin, then after it made some calculations, its eyes began shining brilliantly, and with excitement brimming through its body, it flew towards the ninth summit.

"Off to work! As long as I can have treasures, I will work!

"I'm a bird, I'm a crane, I'm a wise and outstanding crane, an honest and upright bird..." Perhaps it was too happy, but the bald crane began bellowing loudly and hoarsely at the top of its lungs as it flew to the ninth summit.

.....

The instant Su Ming stepped into Heaven Gate's second layer, he was immediately swept into a fight. He was surrounded by a plain of grass, and the earth's fragrance traveled into his nose. It would make all those who smelled it to feel refreshed, but now...

Fights raged in this place, and the sounds of hooves clattering could be heard everywhere, crushing all the grass on the ground to pieces while causing the earth to tremble. There were... hordes of soldiers and horses in this place!

An innumerable amount of people were wearing black masks and hide armors while riding on ferocious beasts with the face of a dragon and the bodies of horses. These ferocious beasts ran like the

wind, and even the weakest of the Berserkers sitting on them were already in the later stage of the Awakening Realm.

This was an army formed of thousands of people, and all of them were unleashing attacks and strikes on Su Ming on this plain of grass. The long spears and the sharp glints from the swords caused the land to be filled with the fires of war!

In the Land of South Morning, only Shepherd Tower Tribe were skilled in riding and were also the only ones who possessed this unique combat skill around Freezing Sky Clan, because they were the only tribe that was not built on the frozen plains!

The members of Shepherd Tower Tribe placed their focus on riding, and all of the power as well as divine abilities could only be activated after they fused with the warhorse under their bodies. Their strongest move was the full powered charge formed by several dozens of warhorses.

If they could form a charge of more than a hundred, then the power behind their attack would be incredibly astonishing, but if they could perform a charge of more than a thousand... then their strength could shake the earth! In fact, since these warhorses could leap into the sky, even if they had to fight in the sky, they could still launch the unique charge that belonged only to Shepherd Tower Tribe!

The thousands of Shepherd Tower tribe members were right beside Su Ming at that moment. Clearly, they had already received orders beforehand and were waiting for his arrival. If anyone took a closer look, they could be able to find faint, fine, red threads in the eyes of each Shepherd Tower tribe member, hidden away underneath their masks.

This was a plain of grass, but there was also a valley there. Around Su Ming was a mountain range shaped in the form of a ring, and there were multiple villages located on it. To Shepherd Tower Tribe, the meadow was their home, but since their

warhorses could leap into the sky, the mountains could also become their home.

At that moment, there were around a thousand Shepherd Tower tribe members standing on the mountain range. These people wore red masks, and murderous aura as well as bloodlust could be found around them. There were three people standing before them.

Besides the old man standing in the middle, the other two people were incredibly big and tall men. The waves of ripples belonging to a Berserker in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm could be found around these two men.

Compared to them, the old man in the middle did not seem to have a lot of ripples spreading out from his person, but judging from the respectful gazes on the two men's faces and the position where they stood for battle, this old man was definitely not some ordinary person.

"Sir Si Ma has already given the order that any tribe who manages to take one limb from this person... will regain their freedom... We from Shepherd Tower Tribe have been reduced to nothing, becoming a people who cannot even control our own fates. Fight... Let our tribe members fight. So what if we die? As long as we can take one of his limbs, we... will all be free!"

The old man mumbled, and with a complicated look on his face, he looked towards the battlefield in the valley. With a wave of his arm, he charged forth. At that moment, he no longer cared about his own status, the only thing he wanted to do was to fight for his tribe's freedom!

The two men by his side followed silently, and right behind them were the thousand blood riders. They lifted their spears high into the sky, and like a layer of red fog, they charged into the mountain range!

Within the villages further down the distance, children could be found hugging their mothers, the elderly watching in silence.

Their faces lacked any sort of emotion, and no matter whether it was the women, the children, or even the newly born, fine red threads could be found dancing in a strange and enchanting fashion in their eyes.

The babies' cries echoed in the air, because the red threads' movements in their eyes caused them pain, but they could not take them out. They could only cry endlessly, and Shepherd Tower Tribe... was already used to this sort of life.

Chapter 548: The Second God of Berserkers' Left Hand!

Su Ming looked at these Shepherd Tower tribe members charging towards him quietly. He had heard about this tribe before when he was still in the ninth summit. It was one of the tribes that had submitted themselves to the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky a long time ago. They might not be as famous as Phantom Dias Tribe, but they did have their own unique traits.

The use of the warhorses in battle would greatly increase the effectiveness of a person in war. It was a fact. During the great war between the Shamans and Berserkers, numerous corpses of those from Shepherd Tower Tribe could be found on the battlefield after the numerous battles launched between both sides, their blood could spilled on the ground.

‘Compared to the Heaven Gate disciples, the control Si Ma Xin has over these people is much greater... Perhaps it’s because he needs the disciples in the first layer to head out, that’s why he didn’t plant a Seed in all of them.’

Su Ming looked at the endless Shepherd Tower tribe members charging towards him with their battle cries. He did not want to kill them, but these people were all charging towards him in desperation and recklessness, throwing all caution to the wind.

Even if Su Ming flew up, they would follow him in a mad charge. In fact, all those who were injured and had not died by the time they caught up to him, they would immediately choose to self-destruct, and even their warhorses would explode with them. The force formed by the explosion was nothing to Su Ming, but if a large number of them exploded in one go... the power would still be shocking.

When Su Ming arrived to the second layer, he was immediately surrounded by such a large number of Shepherd Tower tribe

members that they blotted out the sky and covered the earth. He might not want to kill them, but he was forced to. At that moment, he charged out from their flank and rushed towards the sky. Behind him, all the Shepherd Tower tribe members followed in a mad charge.

'I have to open up the sky here and head straight towards the ninth layer!' A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and as he lifted his right hand, the long spear manifested on his palm. He curled his fingers around it, then threw it towards the sky.

The long spear sliced through the air and charged straight towards the sky. The moment it touched it, a loud boom that was deafening to the ears rang in the air, and as it echoed, it stirred up layers of ripples in the sky... but the sky did not break open!

"You can't open it... this isn't a Rune, it's a dimensional barrier. Unless you've mastered the power of the World Plane, you won't even be able to make the barrier shake.

"This is Heaven Gate's second layer. Su Ming, here's a rule of this game. Search for the barrier seal to the third layer. If you can find it, then you can enter the third layer.

"Locating it is easy. Since we're from the same clan, I'll give you a hint. The barrier seal is in one of the Shepherd Tower tribe members. Once he dies, it will appear.

"So, enjoy... this battle to the death!"

With that gentle tone and obvious delight, Si Ma Xin's voice echoed nonstop in the air with an incredibly arrogant manner. He even started laughing, and his laughter was filled with cruelty, along with the crazed delight of him seemingly able to control Su Ming as he pleased.

In silence, Su Ming hurled another punch towards the sky in midair. This time, he activated all the power of his Berserker Bones in his body, causing golden light to shine around his entire body.

However, only ripples started spreading violently after he threw that punch... It still did not break!

Before Su Ming could continue trying, howling sounds came charging towards him from the distance. The two men behind the old man from Shepherd Tower Tribe and the one thousand blood riders had already closed in on him.

Su Ming frowned. Another round of slaughter and nonstop battles rained down on this world.

At that moment, a black glare flashed in the sky in the world in the second layer. Clearly, the bald crane had stolen a glance at Hu Zi when it was in the world outside, then came flying back, unable to just give up on those treasures. As its eyes sparkled, it started looting the corpses.

Yet not far into its looting adventures, Su Ming's voice immediately appeared by its ears.

"Open the path to the third layer in the sky. Once you do, everything here will belong to you!" The bald crane had just seized a small bottle from a corpse beside its body and was fiddling around with it to inspect its contents when it heard Su Ming's voice, and its eyes instantly brightened up.

"Oh well, this is just a small matter, I'll help you." It lifted its head smugly, then with a flap of its wings, it steered clear of the battle to arrive in the sky. It lunged forward, executing its unique method to open the path in the sky.

But almost the moment the bald crane touched the sky, it suddenly let out a shrill scream. Its body was originally turning into an illusion, but in an instant, it was bounced off and forced back several thousands of feet.

'Morning Dao's Seal?! This damn Morning Dao's Seal... This... This is impossible! How is there a Morning Dao's Seal here?! It might be incomplete and was created much later, but this

presence... this is definitely Morning Dao's Seal!

Terror appeared in the bald crane's eyes and it started retreating rapidly. As a flicker of light appeared in its eyes, it looked towards the ground.

'This is Morning Dao's mainland... I remember now! There was... There was a seal contained here under the ice in the past! It sealed up the second God of Berserkers'... what was it again...? The second God of Berserkers' left hand!'

The bald crane immediately retreated.

The long spear in Su Ming's right hand shuddered and turned into a layer of violet fog that started rolling and tumbling through the area, causing the four Shepherd Tower tribe members who were on the verge of self-destruction to be pushed off. Right then, Su Ming saw the bald crane retreating in shock.

'It can't open the path as well...?'

A complicated look appeared on Su Ming's face. Rumbling sounds echoed in the area, and the four Shepherd Tower tribe members who had triggered their self-destruction died as their bodies exploded. Most of the impact stirred up by that explosion rushed towards Su Ming.

He quietly let the force of that impact ram into his body, and he took a few steps back. Right before him, the old man from Shepherd Tower Tribe formed a seal with his hands, and with a maniacal expression on his face, he swung his arms into the air, and a gigantic ferocious beast appeared under his feet. That beast was one thousand feet in size and had the head of a dragon, the tail of a snake, the body of a horse, and the horns of a bull. Just the sight of the creature alone gave it an incredibly mighty air!

"A tribe fighting for your freedom. You deserve respect..." Su Ming lifted his right hand, and the long spear in his hands disappeared. The violet armor on his body also turned into fine

threads and disappeared when they crawled into his body.

"If you die under the Undertaker's of Evil Spear, you will turn into vengeful spirits that will surround this armor and increase its might... All of you deserve respect. You shouldn't die under this armor," Su Ming said calmly.

He looked at the old man coming towards him, and a hint of conflict appeared on his face. He sighed in his heart, then took a step forward and lifted his right hand to form a seal. Then, he swung his arm, and immediately, a whirlwind appeared in the sky. As violent gusts of wind charged forward, the whirlwind started sweeping through the land beneath him.

As a large bang reverberated above, all the Shepherd Tower tribe members in the sky were sent tumbling backwards and coughed up blood at the same time. Only three people remained charging towards Su Ming.

The three people were the two men who were beside the old man previously, along with the old man himself.

The instant these three people closed in and the ferocious beast of a thousand feet roared, Su Ming took a step forward. There was a complicated look on his face, and as he moved forward, he appeared beside one of the men. Then, he lifted his right hand and pressed it against the man's forehead.

The man started shivering, and all his organs were crushed, but his body remained in perfect condition. However, his eyes turned dark in an instant, and he started falling towards the ground.

"You are fighting for the freedom of your tribe, and I am fighting for the ninth summit. There is no enmity between us... The source of my grudge is Si Ma Xin, and Si Ma Xin alone!"

Su Ming turned around, and his gaze landed on the other man. That man started laughing brokenly, and a large amount of fine threads started crawling out of his eyes. During that instant, his

body was engulfed in flames, and as his cultivation base began increasing exponentially, he abruptly exploded before Su Ming.

He knew that he was not Su Ming's opponent. That was why he chose to self-destruct, and all of it was for the sake of fighting for a sliver of chance that might or might not exist for the Elder of their tribe!

Su Ming did not dodge the explosion triggered by the man's self-destruction. Han Mountain Bell materialized around his body, and as he quietly bore through the brunt of the attack, he took a few steps back. The impact stirred up by the self-destruction had formed a violent gust of wind, causing Su Ming's heart to ache slightly.

The Shepherd Tower tribe members who had been pushed away by the whirlwind just now and had coughed up blood due to their injuries started struggling to their feet beneath Su Ming. They charged out once again, and as they roared, they stormed towards him.

They wanted freedom. They longed for it, and now, this was their only chance.

The ferocious beast of a thousand feet closed in on Su Ming from behind while roaring. Shepherd Tower Tribe's Elder stood on the creature, and his face was filled with grief. As mixed feelings churned in his heart, he gritted his teeth in his anguish.

He saw Su Ming's actions, saw that he did not want to kill them. He also saw just how strong Su Ming was. And as he gritted his teeth, the ferocious beast under his body came to an abrupt halt in midair.

"Stay back!" He let out a low shout, and as his voice traveled in the air, all the Shepherd Tower tribe members who were rushing towards Su Ming from all around him came to a stop, and they looked towards their Elder simultaneously.

"Sir, do you have the confidence to kill Si Ma Xin?" the old man from Shepherd Tower Tribe looked at Su Ming and asked in a low voice.

The bell around Su Ming faded away, and he turned around to look at the old man from Shepherd Tower Tribe. After a long time, he spoke.

"If he doesn't die, then I will."

The old Elder of Shepherd Tower Tribe looked towards Su Ming, and he saw the silent fury burning in his eyes. The old man closed his eyes, and after some time, he opened them.

"If he doesn't die, then we will die with you. If he dies, then our tribe will worship you as our esteemed sovereign!"

Resolution appeared on his face. Once he said those words, he lifted his right hand swiftly, and right before Su Ming's eyes, he had one finger pierce the center of his own brows. His face turned pale and he started trembling. As his life force started flowing away, he plunged his entire right hand into the center of his brows and brought out a silver crystal.

"This stone... is the barrier seal... Help... us, kill him..." The old man laughed brokenly. The ferocious beast underneath lifted its head and let out a shrill, heartbroken cry, and the old man's body fell down, right down into the arms of his tribe members.

The crystal flew out on its own and charged into the sky. The moment it touched the ceiling above, a huge vortex swiftly appeared, and within it was the world of the third layer!

"Elder!"

"Elder!"

Shrill, heartbreaking cries echoed in the air, and the emotionless, apathetic looks on the faces of the Shepherd Tower tribe members were gone. Amidst their grief, they rushed towards the old man's corpse, and weeping sounds echoed through the land. The large

number of Shepherd Tower tribe members knelt down beside the old man's corpse, and their grief-stricken cries floated into the distance...

Tears fell from the eyes of the elderly folk who saw this from the mountain range, and the children in their mothers' embraces seemed to have noticed as well, and they started crying silently.

The whole world was filled with grief and a heavy sadness.

Su Ming watched this, then bowed deeply towards the old man on the ground. This was a person who deserved respect.

"Si Ma Xin, if I don't kill you, then I can no longer call myself a human."

Su Ming did not shout these words, but instead chose to mumble them under his breath, only to his own ears. Every single word was engraved into his heart, and once he finished speaking, he lifted his head and looked towards the vortex. Killing intent burned even stronger in his eyes, and he charged towards the sky.

Chapter 549: What is Life?!

The sky in the third layer was red.

It looked as if it had just been dyed in blood, causing the entire world to look as if it had turned into a sea of blood.

There were thousands of men standing in it. These people had their heads lifted towards the sky and were all looking at Su Ming quietly. Standing at the center of them was an old man with a face full of wrinkles. The sea of blood rumbled and churned among the crowd.

They were looking at Su Ming, and Su Ming was also looking at them.

"The brat Si Ma planted Berserker Threads in all of us. He said that if we take one of your arms, we will regain our freedom." The old man in the sea of blood was dressed in a long blood-red robe. He looked at Su Ming and spoke with a hoarse voice, but his voice was clear, and it traveled through the entire area.

Su Ming was silent. He did not speak.

"But why should we do this? We have already been humiliated to this extent, and we no longer have a future. If we can only regain our freedom through that brat Si Ma's will, then... we would rather not have this freedom!

"Right now, the only thing we can control is our own will. We have obtained the right to control our own deaths!" The old man in blood-red robes started laughing loudly, and there was an ancient air within his laughter.

"Lad, remember the name of our tribe, Blood Absconsion Tribe, and take our legacy with you. If you kill Si Ma Xin, then help us find our descendants in the world outside!

"There are definitely some members of our tribe living out there. Our tribe members have the mark of a drop of blood in-between

their brows, and that mark will remain forever in that spot!" As the old man spoke, a crimson red drop of blood appeared at the center of his brows. He was not the only one who had it either, that mark appeared on all the others in the sea of blood as well.

"We have no children here, neither do we have any women, because if they stayed, then they would not be the only ones who had to suffer. We, too, would have to suffer... I do not want our newly born members to have that Berserker Thread planted in them. I do not want our women to look at the red threads in their husbands' eyes. I do not want our warriors to suffer the fate of being unable to protect their own wives, and having to watch their wives suffer this unimaginable darkness...

"Lad, receive our legacy. I am Xue Lun Hai. Let me, let all of us Blood Absconsion tribe members grant you a serendipity, and help you... kill Si Ma Xin!"

As the voice of the old man in blood-red robes echoed in the air, he sat down within the sea of blood. All the other Blood Absconsion tribe members also sat down with him. None of them refused doing so. The fearlessness towards death could be seen in all of their eyes, along with their deeply rooted hatred towards Si Ma Xin.

When all of them sat down, Su Ming saw all of the people in Blood Absconsion Tribe melting and fusing together with the sea of blood.

The old man was the last one to melt. Before he melted, he said the last words of his life.

"Kill him!"

The instant he said those words, the old man's body melted and became a part of the sea of blood. At the same time, that sea of blood started raging, and as waves surged into the sky, the sea exploded, turning into blood rain that rushed towards the sky from the ground, straight towards Su Ming!

Not a hint of danger could be detected from that blood rain. Instead, it gave off an air of a determined, indomitable will. When it closed in on Su Ming, it turned into a large, blood-red ball that surrounded him within it.

When the entire sea of blood rose up from the ground and came towards him, it turned into a blood-red ball in the sky that pounded like a beating heart!

That heart came from Blood Absconsion Tribe. It came from the tribe that had been planted with Berserker Threads, who could no longer control their own lives, but could control their own deaths!

Su Ming sat down and began meditating in the ball of blood. Grief appeared on his face, and his heart was shaken to the core. This shock came from the Elder of Shepherd Tower Tribe's sacrifice, from the entire Blood Absconsion Tribe's resolution.

This was them fighting against their own fate. They were just like the Fated Kin. Perhaps more accurately speaking, the Fated Kin were not a race. Every single person could become a part of the Fated Kin, as long as they longed to control their own fate, and as long as they took the first step to scream out their unwillingness to bow down to fate!

Each and every single person has their own lives, and every one could become a Fated Kin!

Su Ming's head became clear. He had gained a deeper understanding towards fate.

"What... is Life^[1]? It is vitality, because it is a form of inheritance we receive when we are born.

"It is also fate, because if we don't have fate in this inheritance of life, our Lives will be incomplete...

"Life. Vitality. Fate. We are born with Life, but we have to wrestle our own fate from other people's hands in the future to control it ourselves...

"The word Life involves people and the heavens, and fate is what separates humans from the heavens... Does it mean that we have to bow down to heaven before we can be whole and obtain Life to become humans [2]?" Su Ming mumbled within the ball of blood, and at that moment, he opened his eyes.

"If Life means that we have to subjugate ourselves to the heavens before we can call ourselves humans, then the opposite can happen as well, we can still say that we have Life when the heavens bow down to us!"

Su Ming closed his eyes. The moment he did so, the fragment formed by the power of the one World, which was given to him through the Candle Dragon's blessing and had always existed within his body in his mind, suddenly shuddered.

...Even though it had never showed anything strange beforehand.

The edges started to look as if they were melting, and a small piece of that fragment fused into Su Ming's body. The moment that happened, the ball of blood around Su Ming's body shrank in an instant and covered his entire body.

Waves of life force and the power of the world started spreading out of the ball of blood. It also contained a force of struggling and fighting against fate, and all of these were fusing into Su Ming's body.

This was what the old man from Blood Absconsion Tribe had meant by the serendipity of his tribe!

This ball of blood was formed by the essence of the entire tribe. It was the conglomeration of the entire tribe's fate, and they were giving all of it to Su Ming. The instant the power of the ball of blood surged into his body, his blood, flesh, and bones immediately started absorbing it rapidly.

He needed the power provided by this sort of essence, contained

within the struggle against fate, within their will, because this power was the source that would continue strengthening all the Berserker Bones in his body!

At that moment, Su Ming's mind was immersed in trying to understand the meaning of Life. As his understanding towards it continued growing and as he started absorbing pieces from the fragment of that one World... a hint of Life Cultivation started spreading out from his body!

As the ball of blood continued spreading rapidly, loud banging sounds traveled out from Su Ming's body. Great power filled it, and while he originally had a seventh of all his bones turned into Berserker Bones, under the legacy given to him by Blood Absconsion Tribe, the number of Berserker Bones in his body started increasing slowly!

"After the Berserker Soul Realm, our blood wilt change. The cultivation for our blood, bones, and souls is done, and everything from the outermost parts of our body to the innermost of our souls is perfect. From hence, we shalt cultivate our bodies no more, but our Life Matrices!

"We must break our Life Matrices and tread on the path to find what is lacking in our lives. This is called Life Privation!

"We must learn of what we lack in ourselves like we know of the regrets the world possesses and as if we understand the changes in the world. This is Life Palace!

"When we have the Life Palace in our hands, then we wilt receive endless glory. We wilt be able to use the power of the World Plane, and this is called the World of Life!

"Life Matrix, Life Privation, Life Palace, World of Life¹, these are all after the Berserker Soul Realm, and it is the path of Life Cultivation that belongs to us Berserkers!"

When Su Ming came to understand the meaning of Life, the third

God of Berserkers' ancient voice appeared in his head.

'If I step on the path to the cultivation of Life, then from then onwards I will cultivate my own Life! The first stage of Life Cultivation is Life Matrix, but what is Life Matrix...?'

Su Ming still had his eyes closed, and continued sitting inside the ball of blood. As the ball continued shrinking, a large amount of essence fused into his body to become one with his Berserker Bones, gradually causing his cultivation base to continue increasing and turning eight tenths of his flesh, blood and bones into that of a true Berserker.

'Life Matrix... What is Life Matrix...?'

An endless amount of voices appeared in Su Ming's head, repeating that same question. He might be as powerful as a Berserker in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, but, in truth, his current level of cultivation was only that of a Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

However, he was turning all his flesh, blood, tendons, and bones into that of a true Berserker, heading towards becoming the strongest Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm that was unparalleled in the world! Yet even so, he still had not arrived at the stage where he could walk the path of Life Cultivation, because he still did not have his own statue of the God of Berserkers!

At that moment, he had a strong hunch that when the day came when he eventually came to understand what was a Life Matrix and reached the Berserker Soul Realm, then a great path would be revealed before him, a path that outsiders had spent their entire life trying to understand, but still were unable to figure out!

This path was the path to Life Cultivation!

As Su Ming continued immersing himself in his thoughts trying to understand the meaning of Life, the ball of blood around him continued shrinking rapidly. After a moment, it completely

disappeared. All of it had fused into Su Ming's body.

A red flush appeared on Su Ming's cheeks. For the first time since he entered Heaven Gate... no aura of death spread out from his body. Even if it only lasted for several breaths before the aura of death started surrounding him once again, once Su Ming noticed what was happening during those few breaths, his eyes immediately flew open.

'If I can prolong this span of a few breaths and make it last endlessly, then... perhaps I can find a way to leave what people call Yin's Death Region!'

The moment Su Ming opened his eyes, his power erupted from within his body explosively, and during that instant, the third layer started trembling violently, and ripples started churning through the entire area with Su Ming acting as their center.

Almost eight tenths of all the flesh, blood, tendons, and bones in his body had turned into that which belonged to a true Berserker, and Su Ming was no longer far away from the great completion that belonged solely to him!

'I wonder what sort of level I will reach... If I can reach great completion for turning all my bones into Berserker Bones, succeed in breaking through into the Berserker Soul Realm, and understand what Life Matrix is...'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and when he lifted his right hand, he pushed his hand against the sky that was filled with ripples as if he was supporting it.

The sky in the third layer started trembling violently, and the layers of ripples started rotating, becoming faster with each passing second. As if they contained the power to tear through the sky, as they continued rotating, the sky was ripped apart, turning into a vortex that led to the fourth layer!

Su Ming lifted his head, and a presence that was different from

when he first stepped into Heaven Gate appeared around him. That presence contained a desire towards Life Cultivation. It was a hint of the power of Life Cultivation which he had gained after his epiphany!

There was also a much stronger presence within him that was revealed with every single action he took once an eight tenths of his body were turned to that of a true Berserker!

‘It doesn’t matter what I will manage to achieve first, but understanding what is Life Matrix or arriving in the Berserker Soul Realm will allow my combat abilities to increase by leaps and bounds!’

Su Ming took a step forward, and as a boom echoed in the air, he walked into the vortex leading to the fourth layer.

The flames fueling his desire to kill Si Ma Xin had never been extinguished, and the determination to kill him never weakened. When Su Ming stepped into the fourth layer, that killing intent within him only grew stronger!

Translator’s Notes:

1. Life vs life: Life = vitality + fate, by the way, and life is just a state of being alive. Just making this clear.

2. A case of completely lost in translation: Let’s look at the word 命, we’ll do a breakdown of the original text here, what’s up there is me trying to make some sense in English context.

Here it goes.

The word 命 is broken down into 人, 一, and 叩. If you look at it, the word 人 is right on top, 一 is in the middle, and 叩 is at the bottom.

人 means people, 一 means one, or a line, and 叩 means to bow down.

Here is the original text translation.

The word Life has the letter human located right above, and in the middle is a line, separating the heavens and mortals. The letter right underneath means to bow... Does it mean that if we bow to heaven, only then can we obtain Life and live as humans? If Life means that we have to bow to heaven before we can become humans, then Life can also be the heavens bowing down to us humans!

Hopefully this helps make more sense.

Chapter 550: He Feng!

The world was still colored crimson red at the fourth layer, but this shade of red was completely different from the third layer. The third layer's red was due to the sky being dyed with blood, but the fourth layer's crimson was due to the illumination of flames!

The entire sky looked as if it was burning, and hot waves of wind filled the entire world the instant Su Ming stepped into the fourth layer.

The entire land was burning with a sea of fire. Within it was a mountain, and that mountain towered in the sky. However, it was still surrounded by the sea of fire, and there were clouds of smoke rising into the sky from inside it.

It was a volcano!

The volcano's summit was in the shape of a ring, and a middle-aged man was sitting there. He looked incredibly handsome, and he was sitting as if he did not know what heat meant.

His hair was red like fire, and his clothes were also red, as if they were burning in flames.

The moment Su Ming stepped into the fourth layer, that person lifted his head. There was a mark of flames at the center of his brows, and a hint of a smile appeared at the corners of his lips. However, there was a hint of malice contained within that smile.

When he saw Su Ming, flames appeared in his eyes, as if they were burning.

"It's been a long time." A hoarse voice slowly came from his lips. At the same moment his words traveled through the area, the sea of fire in the world roared and started burning even more furiously.

Su Ming stood in midair and looked at the red-robed man calmly.

"It has been a long time indeed, He Feng."

The moment Su Ming said that name, the red-robed man lifted his head and laughed at the sky. Arrogance could be heard within his laughter, along with madness.

It was true! He was He Feng!

He was Su Ming's first opponent when he was still in Han Mountain City, and the two of them continued crossing each other's paths until He Feng ended up becoming his servant, until he betrayed Su Ming during the great war between the Shamans and Berserkers, and until the moment they met each other again within Heaven Gate after twenty years!

"He Feng... I haven't heard anyone calling me by that name for some time..."

The smile on He Feng's lips became even more malicious. He looked at Su Ming, and as he continued laughing, he slowly stood up on the volcano and swung his arm.

"Now, I am Heaven Gate's Right Envoy... the Marquis Fire Berserker who controls an endless amount of lives in my hands!"

As He Feng's words traveled through the air and as he swung his right hand forward, the volcano behind him immediately erupted, and a large amount of lava swiftly gushed out. The waves of black smoke in the sky started sweeping through the area, causing the world to become hotter with each passing moment.

During the eruption, Su Ming even saw some black skeletons within the lava. They were bones belonging to the elderly and the young, and they were rapidly being crushed by the lava...

"To welcome you, I've turned the fourth layer into a sea of fire, turning the entire tribe in this world into sacrifices to my flames, because they wanted to help you with their full strength by fighting against you.

"Only this sort of world is worthy of my status as Marquis Fire

Berserker. This is the only world that is worthy of becoming our battlefield!" As He Feng spoke, he took a step forward.

"I am the true Fire Berserker!"

When he said those words, he formed a seal with his left hand and pointed towards the ground. Immediately, the sea of fire there surged into the sky. As the flames tumbled about, all of them swept towards Su Ming.

Once He Feng pointed at the ground, he then pointed towards the sky, and in an instant, the sky started burning, surging towards Su Ming as well, along with the flames from the ground that were roaring loudly.

Su Ming remained as calm as ever, and not much change could be detected on his face. He looked at the arrogant He Feng with a cold and detached gaze, then shook his head.

"You're not worthy of becoming my opponent." Su Ming lifted his right hand, and the instant the flames from the sky and earth surged towards him from all directions, he seized the air before him with his right hand.

The sea of fire around him immediately shuddered and tumbled towards his palm. The sea of fire behind him also swept past him after briefly submerging his body within itself. This scene was quite astonishing from the distance. The endless sea of fire seemed to be under Su Ming's total control and was gathering in his right hand.

It was as if Su Ming was the king of these flames. As the sea of fire gathered together on his palm, it turned into a gigantic fireball.

That fireball burned with loud cracking sounds, and was lifted up by Su Ming's right hand. He looked towards He Feng coldly.

A ferocious expression appeared on He Feng's face. A strange glare began sparkling in his eyes, and his lips curled up into a cold

sneer.

The instant that sneer appeared, a human face abruptly protruded out of the fireball that seemed to be under Su Ming's control. That human face belonged to He Feng. He opened his mouth wide, and as if the fireball had been split into two, it went on to devour Su Ming. This was a manifestation of the will contained within the fireball.

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at He Feng who was moving in to devour him with his mouth wide open, then looked at the burning fireball, which was serving as He Feng's body.

"You fused your will into fire. Not bad, you've been training really seriously over the years, but..." Su Ming said calmly, and the instant the fireball went on to devour him, he lifted his right hand a little higher and clenched his fist.

The gigantic fireball that was already less than five feet away from him trembled abruptly, and in an instant, it exploded with a bang.

As it exploded, a large amount of the sea of fire flowed backwards, but not a single ember touched Su Ming. He stood at the center of the collapsing fireball and looked at He Feng while shaking his head.

"...You're still lacking."

He Feng's pupils shrank, and with a low growl, he leaped into the sky. While in midair, the robes on his back immediately tore apart, and a pair of black wings showed up. As he flapped those wings, flames filled the air above his head, and he began forming a seal with his hands. When He Feng looked towards Su Ming, a cruel expression appeared on his face, and he pushed his hands forward.

"Still lacking? Wings of Fire!"

As he roared and pushed forward, he bit the tip of his tongue and coughed up a mouthful of blood. Once it appeared, it started

burning, and when the flames gathered together, they turned into a Wings of the Moon!

However, this Wings of the Moon was filled with fire. Brutality was in its eyes, and a howl tumbled out of its lips. Its body was formed by He Feng's blood, and it was born from fire. Once it appeared, it roared, and a large number of its kind immediately appeared around him. In the blink of an eye, almost a hundred of these fire Wings of the Moon appeared before He Feng.

When He Feng pointed towards Su Ming, these fire Wings of the Moon howled and charged forward.

A ferocious grin appeared on He Feng's lips. He was confident that he had completely escaped Su Ming's control and turned into a real Fire Berserker. During the past twenty years, he had been constantly hoping that he could meet Su Ming again. He wanted to let him know that he was the only Fire Berserker in the world!

Even if his status as the Fire Berserker originated from Su Ming, He Feng was confident that he was the superior one!

The acts of fusing his will into fire and turning the Wings of the Moon who were loyal towards Su Ming into flames were the source of He Feng's confidence. He believed that he could definitely kill Su Ming. He would absolutely be able to end the grudge he bore from all those years ago!

When the near hundred fire Wings of the Moon charged towards Su Ming, He Feng also took a step forward. Flames appeared out of thin air around him and surrounded his body, turning into a fire Wings of the Moon that was a thousand feet tall. It enveloped him within, causing him to turn into that Wings of the Moon itself!

Su Ming still remained as composed as ever in the face of the multiple changes in He Feng's Fire Berserker Arts. At that moment, he lifted his right hand slowly, dipped his head down to look at his palm, or more precisely, at the palm lines on his hand.

"You, who do not even know what is a true Fire Berserker, who do not even know why a Fire Berserker is born... are still lacking, even in the end."

Su Ming clenched his right hand, and when he unfurled his fist, three pearls appeared in his hand.

The instant the three pearls appeared, the incoming near hundred fire Wings of the Moon suddenly started shivering, and all of them exploded together with a loud bang, turning into an endless amount of flames that surged towards Su Ming's right hand.

The change in the fire Wings of the Moon caused He Feng to be momentarily stunned. During that instant, he discovered, much to his shock, that his body, which had turned into the thousand feet Wings of the Moon, started to become greatly unstable. Before he could register what was happening, the Wings of the Moon which he had become exploded with a bang, turning once again into flames that charged towards the three pearls on Su Ming's palm.

The instant He Feng saw the those pearls, a feeling that his heart was shaking and trembling while his power started to show signs of scattering away rose within him. The instant this feeling appeared, He Feng discovered, much to his horrified surprise, that he seemed to have lost all connection with the world at that instant!

It was as if the world was rejecting him, as if the flames that should have been so familiar to him that they were a part of him had become something strange to him.

And all of this was because those three pearls had appeared in Su Ming's hand!

The flames in the world surged towards Su Ming's palm with loud rumbling sounds. In an instant, when all the flames had been absorbed by the three pearls, not a single ember was left of the sea of fire in the world. Even the volcano stopped producing any

flames after a violent tremor wrecked its body, as if every last flame within it had been extinguished.

"What is fire? Why do you wish to obtain fire? Why do you wish to control fire? You don't even have the answers to these questions, and you dare call yourself the Fire Berserker before me?" Su Ming clenched his fist and put away the three pearls as he looked at He Feng coldly.

Right up to that point of time, Su Ming had never attacked. He simply allowed He Feng to continue executing his divine abilities and watched as if he was looking at a clown. At that moment, He Feng's face turned pale under Su Ming's gaze, and madness appeared in his eyes.

"Impossible. I am the Fire Berserker. I am the true Fire Berserker!" As he roared, he moved forward, and just as he was about to continue executing his divine abilities, Su Ming shook his head.

"You are not the Fire Berserker, and neither am I, because I... do not lack fire in my Life!"

Su Ming took a step forward and swung his right arm forward. That one swing immediately caused a violent gust of wind to appear before He Feng out of nowhere. It turned into a whirlwind that exploded the instant it touched him, turning into a loud bang that surged into the skies. It caused He Feng to cough up blood and forced him to take a few steps back.

He was rejected by fire, and he could no longer feel any traces of it.

"I am the Fire Berserker! I have already given up everything in my life to the flames in the world! I am the person who is the most devoted to fire in the world! I... am the true Fire Berserker!"

As He Feng coughed up blood, his face twisted with a ferocious expression. Without caring about the injuries he sustained on his

body, he lifted his head and roared towards the sky. He had very little to no rationale left within him when he began shouting. The only things left in his mind was an unwillingness to admit defeat and a will that surged to the skies!

He had always believed that he was the true Fire Berserker. Over the past twenty years, fire had been his companion, and that was the source of how he managed to stand above everyone else and obtain his current status. Yet now, before Su Ming, his right to control fire had been stripped away from him. This was something he could not accept. This was something that drove him mad!

As he roared... a hint of fire appeared on his body, even though there was no longer any flames in this world!

Chapter 551: Freedom!

The appearance of the fire caused Su Ming's pupils to constrict.

Right before his eyes, as He Feng continued roaring in his unwillingness to admit defeat, and madness filled his entire heart, and as flames appeared on his body, they started burning stronger. They increased in volume until they eventually covered his entire body.

"I am the Fire Berserker!

"I am the only Fire Berserker in this world!

"I am the most devout to the fire Berserker in this world!

He Feng shouted. As more flames appeared on his body, the feeling that he was in control of fire appeared in his heart once more. Moreover, once the flames on his body appeared, a wave of heat that was even stronger than before started spreading through the area, as if it wanted to melt everything.

Su Ming watched He Feng, and a brilliant light gradually appeared in his eyes.

‘This is a sign of Life... It might not be the presence of Life Cultivation, but it is born due to great willpower, and it is a power that can tamper the forces in the world so that He Feng can control his own fate.

‘Due to his obsession with fire, his will fused with it, and that's why... he can control it!

‘The fire on He Feng's body no longer belongs to the Fire Berserker that came from the line of the third God of Berserkers. It belongs to He Feng himself...’

Understanding dawned on Su Ming as he looked at He Feng. The realization that Life Matrix might possibly have an incredibly huge connection to willpower suddenly came upon him like a light

suddenly shining in darkness.

Su Ming did not interrupt He Feng's transformation. He wanted to gain an even greater epiphany from him.

At that moment, as the flames on He Feng's body surged into the sky, the world became much hotter. After a moment, he opened his eyes and lifted his head to roar at the sky before he charged towards Su Ming.

"I am the Fire Berserker!"

With a low roar, he closed in on Su Ming. A wave of hot air crashed into his face and he clenched his right hand into a fist before hurling it towards Su Ming. That punch contained all the power of fire in He Feng's body, and for the first time in his life, He Feng managed to truly have total control over his own fire.

Flames charged out of his fist, turning into a fire wolf that closed in on Su Ming with a roar.

Su Ming did not retreat. Instead, he too, lifted his right hand, but his fist did not contain any flames, only the power of the Berserker Bones in his body, along with a hint of the presence of Life Cultivation.

A loud boom that shook the sky rang in the air. He Feng coughed up blood, and the fire wolf shattered into mere embers. He Feng was sent tumbling back nearly a thousand feet, and when he coughed up blood again, he looked even more crazed than before.

"I offer my life to the flames of the world and am willing to become the servant of fire. Please grant the power of fire! Give me even stronger flames!" He Feng roared loudly, and the flames on his body exploded once again, burning even stronger than before.

However, his body also started showing signs of being destroyed by this blast of even stronger flames. His flesh and blood began drying up, as if they could no longer withstand the fire, and a large amount of his blood evaporated, turning into red fog that left his

body. His eyes turned a crimson red, his madness growing even greater.

"I am the Fire Berserker... I am the Fire Berserker!" These were the words he kept repeating. Once he turned into flames again, He Feng roared and rushed towards Su Ming once more.

The instant he closed in, Su Ming lifted his right hand calmly and threw a punch again.

That punch sent He Feng back, just as it did last time. It also made the flames on his body become duller, made him cough up a large amount of blood, and even made his right arm explode and shatter.

But Su Ming was also forced to take a step back!

"What powerful will!"

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes as he watched He Feng. That man was, at that moment, completely overcome by his madness, and as he was sent backwards, he roared, and the flames on his body rose once again.

'This is a condition... A condition where he lost his rationale after being overcome by his madness. In this condition, he obtained his own fire, or perhaps more accurately, he obtained his own Life!

'Everyone has their own Life Matrix, and every single one of them is different... Could it be that going through this sort of transformation is necessary to understand what Life Matrix truly means and to arrive in the Realm of Life Cultivation?

'Will I have to go through what is currently happening to He Feng now?'

Su Ming looked at He Feng and a long string of thoughts went through his head.

The man before him now had opened up a huge gate for Su

Ming's thoughts and allowed him to understand many things.

He Feng's retreat caused him to stand in the sky. As he roared again, the flames on his body increased explosively once more, and at that instant, his legs broke down and shattered into pieces, burnt to ashes. However, he did not know pain. Instead, in his madness, he continued desiring even stronger flames!

And he received them. The flames around his body were so hot that even the sky looked as if it could no longer withstand them and was churning about as if it was melting. The instant those flames reached their strongest state, He Feng looked towards Su Ming, and with his remaining left arm, he flew towards him and hurled his fist forward!

"Die!" He Feng shouted furiously.

When he threw his punch forward, Su Ming narrowed his eyes and clenched his right hand into a fist again before ramming straight against He Feng's punch. A loud bang that bellowed in the skies reverberated through the air. Su Ming was forced several steps back and the Qi within his body churned.

As for He Feng, he no longer had any blood in his body. As he fell backwards, his left arm exploded, leaving him with only half his body remaining. The moment his body touched the sky, he let out the strongest roar in his life.

"I offer my soul to the flames of the world! Give me... Give me even stronger flames!"

The instant these words escaped his mouth, white flames appeared on his body, and when that happened, He Feng's body started rapidly burning away. He glared at Su Ming.

"Su Ming, I am the true Fire Berserker!"

These were his final words, because when he finished saying them, only his head remained, and the flesh and blood on it were rapidly turning to ashes. As the white flames burned, his life and

his soul disappeared without a trace in an instant.

As the white flames continued burning, they exploded abruptly, and the sky finally crumbled under that explosion. A gigantic hole leading straight to the fifth layer appeared!

Those flames swept through the fifth layer, and shrill screams of pain traveled through the hole there. The members of the tribe there had already made preparations and were ready to fight for their freedom, but they all turned into the sacrifices for the white sea of fire, and as the flames spread out, the people disappeared without a trace.

"You are the Fire Berserker."

Su Ming stood there and closed his eyes, only reopening them after a long time had passed. Understanding could be seen in his eyes. He Feng died, but he did not die by Su Ming's hands. He died from the sea of fire.

Because... he did not lack fire in his Life. His Life Matrix could not contain too much fire. That was why he could not withstand the pinnacle of fire. If he absorbed it forcefully, he would only die.

‘The path to Life Cultivation is dangerous, and each step taken is an enigma shrouded in great mystery...’ In silence, Su Ming walked towards the fifth layer.

Right up till his death, He Feng did not understand why he would be burnt by his own flames. Only Su Ming had been able to see through some part of it and understand a little of what was happening, and the epiphany he had gained served as an experience for him towards the path of Life Cultivation.

‘He Feng didn’t know what Life Cultivation is. Perhaps there are people who are already practicing Life Cultivation in this world, but there aren’t many of them... There must also be quite a number of those in the Berserker Soul Realm who have tried to break into that Realm, but had died in this way.

‘Because a lead is missing. They are lacking the lead for them to step into Life Cultivation from the Berserker Soul Realm. If they want to find that lead, then they must understand what Life Matrix is, and from there... truly step into that Realm.

‘He Feng unknowingly found that lead, and it due to his madness... but in the end, he died because of his madness. Then, what would my lead be...?’

‘He sank into madness due to his obsession, due to his obsession...’

In silence, Su Ming stepped into the fifth layer. The flames in there had already disappeared, but there were thick and dense smoke clouds in the air. The ground was charred. There were no mountains in this layer, and smoke filled the sky. No sign of life could be found here.

Once Su Ming swept his gaze across the area, he looked towards the sky. He lifted his right hand, and the violet armor appeared on his body once again. The Undertaker’s of Evil Spear appeared in his hand and a hint of the presence of Life Cultivation surrounded the spear. This was the strongest power Su Ming could muster before he turned into Destiny!

With the long spear in hand, Su Ming took a step towards the sky. Then, like a long violet arc, he charged upwards with a loud howl and thrust the spear forward.

All of Su Ming’s power erupted from his body when he thrust forward, and the wind of the Wind Berserker stirred in the air. The power of the Lightning Berserker burst forth as well, and as lightning rumbled in the sky, that hint of the presence of Life Cultivation also fused with the spear, causing the sky to start trembling the instant the spear touched it while slicing through the air with a howl. The instant a large crack appeared, Su Ming moved his feet and stepped into the crack!

The sixth layer!

The moment Su Ming stepped there, a light immediately shone in his eyes. He saw thousands of people kneeling on the sixth layer's ground, as if they were waiting for his arrival.

The person in the lead was an old man. He had an incredibly long braid behind his head that he had wrapped around his body. The old man knelt on the ground silently, and all the members of his tribe behind him possessed incredibly long hair as well.

This... was Phantom Dais Tribe!

Su Ming had seen the old man before in the past. It was the tribe leader of Phantom Dais Tribe!

"The seventh layer is the Southern Frontier Tribe under Freezing Sky's jurisdiction. This tribe defended the southern front and there are five hundred people in that tribe, but even if there are only five hundred of them, they are one of the sharp blades of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky!

"The eighth layer is where the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky is located. Over the years, not a single piece of news had come from there. It's as if they had been cut off from us.

"The ninth layer... is Si Ma Xin's isolation grounds." The tribe leader of Phantom Dais lifted his head and looked at Su Ming calmly as he spoke slowly.

Su Ming did not speak. Once he sized up the old man, he looked towards the other members of Phantom Dais Tribe. All of them were kneeling on the ground silently, and their faces were filled with apathy.

"Su Ming, we, the Phantom Dais Tribe, would like to offer a deal with you. I can tell you where Lei Chen is, and we can even give you the Phantom Lead to help you search for our next Phantom Equal. With this item, you can sense Lei Chen's whereabouts and find him!

"You don't need to give up too much. We only ask for your left

arm..." The old Phantom Dais tribe leader spoke in a low voice.

"You can also choose not to agree to this, but without our Art, you will not be able to obtain the Phantom Lead! I don't want to participate in this feud between you and Si Ma Xin. We only want freedom!

"Please, give us our freedom!"

The old man's expression was a little complicated. He knelt there and kowtowed towards Su Ming. All the Phantom Dais tribe members behind him did the same. Among them were the elderly, women, and children.

A hint of desire towards freedom lay within their apathetic expressions, and the children were looking at Su Ming with fear in their eyes. All of these things, along with the entire Phantom Dais Tribe kowtowing towards him, made Su Ming's words die in his mouth.

Chapter 552: Si Ma Xin!

The choice each tribe made was different. Once Shepherd Tower Tribe realized they could not obtain Su Ming's arm, they gave up and their Elder chose to use his life in exchange for the possibility of obtaining freedom for his tribe.

Blood Absconsion Tribe's staunch and unyielding attitude made them choose to sacrifice their own lives. With their sacrifice and their control over their own deaths, they showed their struggle towards fate and delivered Su Ming a serendipitous event so that the small remnant of their tribe members in the world outside could perhaps continue their tribe's line.

Phantom Dais Tribe had chosen to make this sort of trade. With their entire tribe's lives on the line, they pleaded to Su Ming while kneeling on the ground in hopes of obtaining his arm.

They did not want to think about whether it was possible for Su Ming to kill Si Ma Xin. They were afraid that even if Si Ma Xin died, he would still be capable of killing the people who had his Seed planted within them.

They were even more afraid of Su Ming dying in Si Ma Xin's hands, because that would mean that a worse fate would fall on Phantom Dais Tribe.

They only wanted freedom, and by Si Ma Xin's orders, they could only obtain it with Su Ming's limbs.

As Su Ming looked at the Phantom Dais Tribe, he was reminded of his second senior brother...

He was silent. The tribe leader mentioning that he knew Lei Chen's whereabouts had also brought about great shock to him.

"You have to obtain freedom with your own hands. Only then will you be truly free." A long time passed by before Su Ming spoke up calmly.

"Please grant our wish. We only desire freedom. We..." Full of anguish, the tribe leader of Phantom Dais Tribe looked towards Su Ming. He knew that this request was too much, but he could not think of a better method to go about this.

Su Ming ignored Phantom Dais Tribe. If they did not attack, then he would not kill them. He walked towards the sky, and as he lifted his right hand, the long spear in his hand started shining with a violet light.

"Sir!" The tribe leader of Phantom Dais Tribe stood up and cried out after Su Ming. Tears fell down from his eyes, and sorrow appeared on his face.

"Please pity the children in my tribe. They're still young, but they already have Si Ma Xin's Berserker Threads in their bodies. They don't have a future, and we do not have any other tribe members in the world outside. We're all here, and we will die or live our lives as if we are already dead.

"Please... help us! We will never forget your kindness to us!"

"Sir, we had a conflict with you many years ago, but this is all in the past. We only have this many people now, we can choose not to leave, but I wish for our children and our youngsters to obtain freedom so that Phantom Dais Tribe can continue growing!"

The voice of the tribe leader of Phantom Dais was filled with grief as he pleaded pitifully. He kowtowed again and again towards Su Ming. All the Phantom Dais tribe members behind him began bowing towards him in silence again, and the sounds of their heads hitting the ground rang in the air nonstop.

The children's cries traveled into the air. The elderly cried. The women started weeping softly as well.

Su Ming froze for a moment in midair before he continued walking towards the sky. The violet light on the spear in his hand grew even stronger, and the killing intent he harbored towards Si

Ma Xin glowed even stronger in his eyes.

The 'game' Si Ma Xin spoke of made Su Ming endure a trial of his humanity, forcing him into situations where he could neither kill the people... nor choose not to kill them!

Sometimes, making a choice is difficult, but it is even more difficult to make that decision when no other choice is present!

When the tribe leader saw Su Ming lifting the long spear in his right hand, about to stab the sky in the sixth layer, his cries of despair reverberated in the air, and each word he spoke was filled with tears of blood!

"Sir, the sixth layer is unlike the other layers beneath us. Si Ma Xin has placed the control over our lives in the sky. If the sky shatters, then we will all die immediately. All of us, all my tribe members will die right before your eyes the moment you break this sky.

"This is our fate..."

Su Ming remained silent. The tip of his spear had already touched the sky's barrier, and the hint of presence of Life Cultivation had fused into the sky's barrier. He sensed the connection tying all the lives of those in Phantom Dais Tribe to the sky.

It was just as the tribe leader said. Once this sky was destroyed, all these people would die.

'Si Ma Xin, you tried to tear into my heart with Bai Su in the past so that you could plant your Berserker Seed in me... Now, you changed your method. You prepared all the things in Heaven Gate to make me hesitate so that you can achieve the results you wanted in the past.'

Su Ming closed his eyes, then after that brief moment of pause, the long spear in his hand stabbed the sky!

The rumbles stirred by that thrust shook the sky and earth,

causing fine cracks to appear in the sky. Once these cracks connected with each other, they turned into fragments that erupted with a loud bang at the tip of Su Ming's spear!

"Sometimes, death is a form of freedom..."

Su Ming closed his eyes, and beneath him, all the kneeling Phantom Dais tribe members trembled and exploded as the sky was ripped apart. A large amount of red threads tore through their skins, and as these people died, those red threads gathered in midair to turn into an indistinct figure.

That figure looked somewhat similar to Si Ma Xin.

He looked at Su Ming and suddenly started laughing loudly. His laughter was soft and velvety, causing those who heard it feel incredibly uncomfortable.

"As expected, you and I are the same type of people. I originally intended to give these people what they so desired according to what I promised if you really gave them your arm, but that freedom would be death!

"Because I, too, sometimes think that death is freedom!

"You're good. You're so good... I'll be waiting for you in the ninth layer. There are still two layers to go. You'd best hurry, or else you'll have to face the same choice when you meet Bai Su... I'd like to see what your choice would be at that time!"

When those words were said, the indistinct figure that was formed by the blood threads fell apart and scattered, turning into a puddle of blood spilled on the ground. Killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes. At that moment, the desire to kill Si Ma Xin turned into a powerful existence burning within him.

He quietly turned around and stepped towards the seventh layer!

A great battle unfolded in the seventh layer, and it was a long string of killings that did not stop. All of this was because of one single phrase echoing in the air, uttered by Si Ma Xin the instant

Su Ming arrived at the seventh layer.

"If he reaches the eighth layer, then all of you will die!"

The string of killings unfolded at that moment. No words were exchanged between them. There were only ragged breathing and an endless amount of divine abilities flying in the air. Su Ming could sense a wave of murderous aura and cold callousness from the five hundred Berserkers around him.

None of them were ordinary people. All of them possessed outstanding power and had with them a vast experience of battle. They were Freezing Sky's sharp blades, the people who defended the Southern Frontier!

They did not fight for their freedom. They were only fighting... so that they could die in battle!

They would either kill or be killed. Dying in the hands of a powerful warrior was to them, the highest form of glory in their lives!

Su Ming looked at them. As he lifted his right hand, the long spear howled, and he swept past the area at high speed. Wherever he went, slaughter would fill the air. These people did not resist. They only used their full power and fought with their divine abilities. Some of them even chose to self-destruct when they were injured.

The murderous aura from these five hundred people surged into the sky, causing Su Ming to fall silent in its face as well.

Eventually, he closed his eyes, and the armor on his body turned into an endless amount of violet threads. These threads shot out in all directions, but not a single scream of pain could be heard. The only things he saw were quiet smiles and absent-minded looks on their faces that said they had been freed.

Su Ming did not know how much time had passed. Perhaps it had been the span of half an incense stick, perhaps it was longer. When

the roars and sounds of battle disappeared from around him and a sticky substance was all over the ground, he opened his eyes. The violet threads returned to him. Once they turned into the armor on his body, only one person remained before him. That person was shivering, but he was gritting his teeth so that he would not fall.

It was an old man. His head was filled with white hair, and blood trickled down the corners of his mouth. He looked at Su Ming, and no hate could be found on his face. There was instead only a smile on his lips.

"Kill me. Don't let me die in the hands of that brat Si Ma Xin's despicable Berserker Threads. I am Tian Shen. Use that spear of yours which can absorb souls and take my soul with you. Turn me into a battle soul and will let me help you in your fight against Si Ma Xin!"

The old man's voice was like thunder. As it rumbled in the air, respect appeared on Su Ming's face. He swung the spear in his right hand, and when he walked past the old man, he took his soul away!

He held the long spear in his hand, and there were now five hundred incredibly distinct battle souls surrounding his Undertaker's of Evil Spear. They did not let out any shrill screams, and only silence could be found on them, along with a frightening murderous aura that erupted from them.

They accompanied Su Ming, rushing towards the sky that led to the eighth layer's world, and crashed into it. A loud bang that shook the sky reverberated in the air, and a crack tore through the seventh layer's sky. Su Ming rushed forward and turned into a violet figure. Then, with the five hundred souls, he rushed... into the eighth layer!

Heaven Gate's eighth layer!

The world where the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky was located!

But the instant Su Ming stepped into the eighth layer, his pupils constricted abruptly.

This was a desolate world, a world that had no signs of life. The sky here was gray, and even the ground was like that...

All the people here... were also gray!

Their eyes were gray, and so were their broken bodies. All the gray-eyed people were beings that had lost their signs of life in this world...

Perhaps they could no longer even be called people. In Su Ming's field of vision, the entire region that belonged to the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky were just ruins. Within them were an innumerable amount of corpses. Though more accurately speaking, they were not exactly corpses, for their eyes were open, and gray.

They did not breathe, and no signs of power could be felt from their bodies. In this quiet world, everything Su Ming saw was filled with a strange air. Among the bodies were men and women, the elderly and the young, and all of them were lying on the ground quietly, as if they were sleeping... All of them had also another similarity - they did not have left hands!

All of their left hands were gone.

There was a large, cone shaped stone in the gray sky. The stone stage was very large and wide, and there was a person sitting on it. When that person saw Su Ming, a sinister smile appeared on his lips.

Perhaps that cone shaped stone platform was Heaven Gate's ninth layer, because Su Ming could recognize the person sitting there with a single glance. He... was Si Ma Xin!

Chapter 553: Gamble!

He was dressed in long white robes and had long hair that spilled down his shoulders. Si Ma Xin sat on the stone platform and looked at Su Ming. His handsome face was extremely attractive, and there was also an expression on him that spoke of a composure that would not be shaken even if the world crumbled. In fact, his smile held that same calmness within it.

However, his level of cultivation seemed to only be at the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm.

He was looking at Su Ming, and even though he might be smiling, there was a hint of coldness and ruthlessness in his eyes. He lifted his right hand, twirled a lock of his hair, and his gaze turned even colder.

"Su Ming, I often imagined the day we met each other again," Si Ma Xin said with a smile. His voice was even softer and darker. As it reverberated in the air, it caused a layer of ripples to appear in the world, which started spreading through the area around them.

The moment his words traveled forward, a glint suddenly appeared in his eyes, and his body strangely turned invisible in an instant. A finger filled with murderous intent stretched out from the air and touched the center of Si Ma Xin's brows. However, that finger merely phased through his invisible body. When Su Ming walked out from the air, he lifted his head coldly.

Si Ma Xin's body materialized in the sky before his eyes.

"You are still the same as before. You attack ruthlessly and without hesitation... But I am no longer as I was in the past." Si Ma Xin looked at Su Ming and shook his head as he chuckled. He lifted his right hand and swung it forward, and distortions immediately appeared in the sky.

As the sky twisted, a scene gradually revealed itself, and the

instant Su Ming saw that scene, he fell silent.

That scene was of an ancient world located in some unknown place. He saw Bai Su sitting on the ground, and he also saw an old man sitting cross-legged behind her. The old man looked pale and miserable. He would occasionally open his eyes, and sorrow as well as dead stillness could be seen within them.

Bai Su's face was stark pale, but she continued standing before the old man resolutely. She did not look that much different from before, but the naivety and innocence in the past could no longer be seen on her face. In its place were determination and resolution.

There was a frightening scar on her face that ran through her entire face, startling to the eye.

She stood quietly and held a long black sword in her hand. Before her was an endless wave of gray-eyed living dead who no longer possessed their left arms!

These people moved forward slowly as they howled, and if anyone cast their eyes into the distance, they would find that there was no end to these living dead.

The ground was trembling further down ahead, and several giants hundreds of feet tall were running towards where Bai Su was. As they ran, they were swinging their arms and occasionally seizing the living dead blocking their path before placing them into their mouths and eating them. Their brutal eyes were trained on where Bai Su was located, and they were all charging towards her.

"Don't worry. She won't die in a short period of time. Over the years, I only left that scar on her face. Otherwise, I didn't harm even a single hair on her body," Si Ma Xin said in that soft, dark voice of his while standing in mid air.

"I just can't accept it. I can't accept losing to you all those years ago. Do you know how much I suffered in Freezing Sky Cave? All of this is because of you!" Si Ma Xin looked at Su Ming, and intense

hatred was laced through his words.

Su Ming averted his gaze from the distorted screen of light and looked towards Si Ma Xin.

"Are you done talking?" He looked as calm as ever, and his body disappeared in an instant. When he reappeared, he was already standing beside Si Ma Xin. As he lifted his right hand, lightning sparks howled and exploded on his arm.

The lightning's collapse turned into an endless wave of lightning sparks that swam about to completely surround Si Ma Xin, causing him to shatter with a bang.

Su Ming frowned. The instant he did so, Si Ma Xin's voice traveled forth from the ground once again, and one among the endless sea of gray corpses started turning into Si Ma Xin as his face melted. He sat up and smiled towards Su Ming in the sky.

"I'm not done yet. Su Ming, I lost completely the first time we fought against each other. Now... we fight again!"

Si Ma Xin stared at Su Ming, and a strange smile appeared on his lips. The power within his new self was much stronger, and by the looks of it, he had already reached the peak of the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm.

"Our gambling chip will be Bai Su and her father, your servant Zi Che, all the people still alive in Heaven Gate... oh, and also your senior brother Hu Zi.

"Let's make a bet and see who among the two of us is stronger after the passage of these twenty years!"

Si Ma Xin's words suddenly grew in volume, and his voice rumbled in the air. The whole world shook because of his voice, and the endless amount of gray-eyed corpses lying on the ground started rising themselves with brilliant gray lights shining in their eyes.

"Come. You're late to this fight by twenty years!" As Si Ma Xin

laughed, he charged straight towards the sky.

Su Ming's pupils constricted. Almost the moment Si Ma Xin closed in on him, violet light shone on his entire body. He lifted the Undertaker's of Evil Spear in his hand and threw it towards the incoming Si Ma Xin. At the same time, he turned into a long arc in the sky, and along with his long spear, they charged forward.

The instant both sides clashed into each other, a loud bang surged into the skies. Su Ming took a step backwards. His eyes shone with a cold glare, and Si Ma Xin's incoming body was torn to shreds, pierced through by the long spear.

However, almost the instant he died, two gray corpses on the ground let out a long string of laughter and sat up, turning into Si Ma Xin. They were no longer in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, but were both in the middle stage of that Realm. In a moment, they flew up and rushed towards Su Ming.

He spread his divine sense outwards, and with a brief scan, his expression turned dark. He could not tell which of the two Si Ma Xins were real. Both of them seemed as if they were his original body!

"The great completion in the Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed will turn everything in the world into me. Su Ming... if you can't even break my Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed, you will make me really disappointed."

"You talk too much," Su Ming retorted flatly and lifted his right hand.

Violet light surrounded his body, and the long spear appeared in his hand once again. Then, as if the spear had gathered all the violet light, the armor disappeared and the five hundred battle souls on the Undertaker's of Evil Spear in his hands started materializing as if they were gaining physical form. In the midst of their silence, they looked towards Si Ma Xin with ruthlessness and murderous intent.

A sharp piercing howl sliced through the air as Su Ming tossed the long spear. It immediately caused the world to shake as it charged to the ground. The five hundred battle souls surrounded the long spear and exuded a wave of murderous aura as well as killing intent that surged into the sky. As it charged forward, the spear plunged down towards the ground.

From the distance, the spear that had gathered up all the power contained within the Undertaker's of Evil Armor was a shocking sight that shook the sky and earth. It caused a violent gust of wind to stir up from the ground underneath, and it also made a sharp glare to appear within the eyes of the two incoming Si Ma Xins. However, a strange smile appeared on the corners of their lips.

The instant that long spear almost fell to the ground... a drastic change happened!

Chapter 554: Confrontation!

The Undertaker's of Evil spear was pointed towards a spot where a large number of gray-eyed corpses laid. During the instant the spear plunged down, the gray in their eyes swiftly disappeared, and as went away, their bodies started trembling, as if they were waking up from a dream!

The clarity in those gazes and the confusion within the eyes of the men, women, elderly, and young when they saw the Undertaker's of Evil Spear in the sky caused Su Ming to be able to see that these people... had just woken up completely, as if they had been revived!

"There is no enmity between you and these people. In fact, they had never even spoken a single bad word of you, but... you're going to kill them. Su Ming, if you attack, will you be at peace with yourself? You'll be experiencing a change of heart right here, and I'll be watching how you will go through this change of heart!

"If you kill so many innocent people, then where do your principles lie?!" Si Ma Xin let out a long string of laughter, feeling extremely delighted.

"But if you aren't willing to kill these people and cause turmoil within yourself, then you will have to endure the endless amount of battles I will deliver to you with the Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed, Su Ming! Yet Bai Su doesn't have a lot of time left, you'll have to choose wisely..." The other Si Ma Xin also started laughing loudly.

Su Ming remained silent. He watched the long spear falling to the ground with a bang, bringing up a wave of violet force that spread out in all directions, causing all the people who had just roused from their sleep to find their bodies shattering in a devastating manner. As the force spread out... more people woke up, and more people were crushed to pieces under that force. Their shrill

screams of pain filled the air as they disappeared into nothingness.

The screams of pain were still echoing in the air. Su Ming trembled. Not attacking others if they did nothing to provoke him had always been a principle he held close to his heart. This was also the principle he kept to as he traveled to this place!

Yet now, this principal was shattered to pieces due to Si Ma Xin's persecution. He bore no hatred towards these people, but with one throw of a spear, he killed all of them. It was just like what he experienced in Phantom Dais Tribe, but the effects shook him even more this time. The event left him silent.

Si Ma Xin's laughter echoed in the air. He did not want to just fight Su Ming through a simple battle of divine abilities. Not only did he want to make Su Ming lose in terms of his combat abilities, he also wanted to make him lose in terms of spirit. If he did not do this, he could not vent his hatred. If he did not do this, he could not truly destroy a person!

If reincarnation existed in this world, then those who died by the Undertaker's of Evil Spear would never be reincarnated. They would forever be trapped in the spear and become its battle souls, surrounding it forever.

If everything went by Si Ma Xin's original plan, then a complex Seed would be planted deep within Su Ming's heart due to the collapse of his beliefs and principles. This Seed would quickly grow and replace what made Su Ming who he was, turning into what would destroy his heart.

However, there were some things in the world that Si Ma Xin could not predict. As Su Ming stood in midair, half of his hair gradually turned white and his body slowly shrank. A whirlwind swirled around his body, and his appearance became that of Destiny's.

He did not turn completely into Destiny, but the moment his transformation was halfway through, he lifted his right hand and

swung it towards the ground. That swing made Si Ma Xin momentarily stunned. Immediately, his pupils shrank, and the endless amount of corpses on the ground gathered together and their bodies became whole once again.

The violet wave of impact spreading outwards also appeared once again in the land far off in the distance, but it no longer spread outwards. It tumbled backwards instead. The passage of time and everything that occurred during the previous moment started reversing at that instant.

As time reversed, Su Ming looked at the ground, then at the unfamiliar faces that had just been revived until he found the expression he wanted. In the midst of their fear and confusion, looks of liberation appeared right at the moment they died.

He saw those expressions of liberation when he executed the divine ability that allowed him to reverse time.

He closed his eyes and lowered his right hand. The white hair covering half his head turned black once again. He no longer continued with his transformation to become Destiny. At that instant, his body returned to normal.

When he opened his eyes, the ground remained as it did after the spear's impact swept through the land. It was as if the time reversal was a mere illusion, a dream, and that dream had just ended. Everything was as usual. Blood filled the air, and torn limbs could be found everywhere. As the violet wave of impact spread out, the screams of pain continued echoing in the air.

However, Su Ming's heart was no longer shaken, because...

He could see the souls that were being absorbed into the Undertaker's of Evil Spear from the ground. As they gathered together to manifest into the people he killed, not a single hint of hatred could be seen on their faces, be it the men, the women, the elderly, or the young. Instead, there was gratitude, and when they were absorbed, they bowed towards Su Ming.

Si Ma Xin also saw this. His expression immediately turned dark, and with a cold harrumph, an even greater amount of corpses that existed in the region further down in the ground stood up with their eyes started flashing in a gray light.

As they stood up, their bodies started changing as if they were melting, and all of them turned into Si Ma Xin!

The limitless gray corpses in the eighth layer's world numbered to tens of thousands. Those who died due to Su Ming's spear throw were just a part of them. As more gray-eyed corpses turned into Si Ma Xin, they howled together and leaped into the sky, turning into numerous long arcs. These long arcs were all Si Ma Xin, and they were all rushing towards Su Ming!

"Su Ming, I'm shocked that you could gain such power during these twenty years. I originally thought that my serendipity was rare enough in this world, but I didn't expect you would possess this sort of luck as well...

"However, your luck and your serendipity will be reduced due to the battles I will deliver to you in this world, they will weaken as your will collapses, they will disappear as that murderous aura on you dissipates, and they will vanish as you become apathetic... I will first bring on you a battle that will destroy your luck!

"All the tens of thousands of my copies are all me. I will make you kill me over and over until you can no longer kill. Even if you don't want to, as you continue killing me, your rage will weaken, your willpower will collapse due to fatigue, your murderous aura will dissipate by large quantities before you even notice it, and by then, I wonder... will you still have the right to fight against me?!"

The tens of thousands of Si Ma Xins said these words at the same time. Their voices fused together to turn into a roar containing an air of sovereignty that sounded like the might of heaven itself. It made Su Ming's pupils constrict.

He had never underestimated Si Ma Xin, not in the past, and not

now. Si Ma Xin was completely different from all the enemies he had encountered in the past. His battles against other people were just a simple fight to the death, but when it came to Si Ma Xin, he would forever focus on the destruction of the soul!

It was just like what he did when he planted the Berserker Seed in him and used Bai Su as a lead and when he all the other things to throw Su Ming's heart into turmoil. All of these things just went to show how strange Si Ma Xin was!

His strangeness was shown even more prevalently through what he just said. Su Ming knew that if things continued like this, he would have to kill Si Ma Xin tens of thousands of times, and no matter how deep his hatred towards him ran, it would gradually disappear during the slaughter, and eventually, all his hate and grudges would turn into mere empty words. They would no longer be engraved deep in his heart.

If he could not keep his hatred deeply rooted in his heart, then it would be difficult for him to keep his will strong, and Su Ming would surely lose this battle!

‘He wants to break my will and my spirit...’

Su Ming lifted his head and looked towards the tens of thousands of Si Ma Xins charging towards him from all around the area with cold sneers on their faces, and suddenly, a cold smile curled up on his lips.

Su Ming's current level of cultivation and his combat powers were definitely not due to some simple serendipity. Neither was it a rare serendipity which Si Ma Xin believed he had received. His power was due to his will after the endless amount of reincarnations he went through in the Candle Dragon's world. If Si Ma Xin had been there, perhaps he would have lost himself.

Only Su Ming could survive it. He had desired to understand everything about himself. He had struggled in the midst of his confusion and endured silently while never giving up. His will had

never been destroyed even after going through an endless amount of reincarnations, so how could his will disappear in this measly battle?!

Even when he had come face to face with the choices he had to make in his heart when he was in Heaven Gate and even had his principles destroyed by Si Ma Xin, he had managed to persevere through it silently with his firm will.

At that moment, Si Ma Xin's words were still echoing in his ears, but the cold smile on Su Ming's lips gave away his killing intent. He moved, and without the Undertaker's of Evil Armor as well as the spear, he started launching his attacks as he did when he was in the Candle Dragon's world, with one jab, one seize of the air, one fist, and one palm strike!

The sky rumbled, and wherever Su Ming went, Si Ma Xin's bodies would be destroyed. Su Ming's expression remained calm and no hint of change could be seen on his face. There was nothing else contained within that calm expression besides the desire to kill!

Time slowly trickled by. Su Ming did not know how many people he had killed, but he did know that his will had not diminished. It had gathered together instead, and his hatred towards Si Ma Xin did not dwindle away, but had instead... grown stronger.

"Si Ma Xin, since every single one of these is you, then the tens of thousands of deaths these copies go through will also mean that you have to suffer through tens of thousands of annihilations. If a person has been killed tens of thousands of times, will his will remain firm?!

"We haven't seen each other for twenty years, and you still disappoint me," Su Ming stated flatly. If Si Ma Xin wanted to destroy his will, then Su Ming would naturally retaliate.

All the eyes of the endless amount of Si Ma Xins began flickering with a gleam of light. Su Ming's words were like a sharp needle

that had pierced right into Si Ma Xin's heart.

The act of destroying other people's wills had always been a double-edged blade. As he schemed against other people, he would also have to suffer the other party's retaliation. It was just like what Si Ma Xin had to suffer now. He was trying to make Su Ming's will dissipate through the endless strings of battles, but with just a few words, Su Ming had figured out the true cost of what he was doing, and it made Si Ma Xin's heart tremble.

As he was shaken by his words, all the copies of him froze up, and during that instant, Su Ming spoke up once again.

"I can kill you tens of thousands of times, and I can continue killing you until I absolutely destroy you!"

Su Ming lifted his right hand, and once he held it in a fist, he hurled a punch straight towards the air beneath him. The power of all the Berserker Bones in his body was released, turning into a violent storm that swept through the area, causing a countless amount of Si Ma Xins to shatter and tumble backwards.

Chapter 555: A Different Brand of Arrogance!

Rumbling sounds echoed through the world. At that moment, there were still nearly ten thousand Si Ma Xins around Su Ming, but they did not continue charging forward. Instead, as they continued retreating, their bodies disappeared and turned into red threads that were quite similar to the red threads that had appeared on the people Su Ming had killed. They started gathering at a rapid speed at a spot ten thousand feet away.

"As expected of the arch nemesis I have waited for twenty years... You have the right for me to reveal my true body!"

When Si Ma Xin's voice rang out, the figure that was formed by the endless amount of threads twisted to reveal a white-robed Si Ma Xin who had the mark of three fingers at the center of his brows!

He stood ten thousand feet away from Su Ming, and a muddled wave of power came from his body.

His power felt muddled because Su Ming had noticed an endless amount of ripples signaling different kinds of cultivation levels. They were largely varied, but there were three waves that were as distinct as the sun itself.

The first belonged to the great completion in the Awakening Realm!

The second belonged to the pinnacle of the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!

The third was the one that made Su Ming's pupils shrink, because it contained... a hint of a power so strong that even he could not determine just how great it was!

"My life is endless, my power is boundless, my body exists everywhere, because the cultivation method I practice is the

second God of Berserkers' divine ability - the Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed!

"An endless amount of people are training for me, and there is a limitless amount of people who will offer their lives to me. You... What right do you have to compete against me?!" The white-robed Si Ma Xin's voice was as soft and dark as ever, but the arrogance on his face could be seen clearly.

"I am the second God of Berserkers' scion. I am the fourth God of Berserkers, what right do you have to fight against me?!" As Si Ma Xin spoke, he took a step forward, and the entire sky trembled violently.

A gigantic footprint emerged in the sky with loud rumbling sounds, and it was several tens of thousands of feet big. It was as if a huge foot was stretching out in the sky and stepping down on Su Ming!

"All the Berserkers must tremble before the second God of Berserkers' legacy and under my divine ability as the fourth God of Berserkers. I'd like to see just how many steps you will be able to withstand from the God of Berserkers Art: Seven Steps to Heaven!" As Si Ma Xin spoke with that dark and soft voice of his along with the arrogant expression on his face, his foot landed, and the world rumbled.

The huge footprint looked as if it had gained physical form and shot out from the clouds to stretch into the air, covering a circular area of several tens of thousands of feet against Su Ming. It came down, rumbling in the air, and a large amount of space around Su Ming started breaking down. A destructive power surrounded the area.

Su Ming lifted his head swiftly and looked at the foot coming down from the sky. A glint appeared in his eyes when he sensed Si Ma Xin's great confidence. He was sure that the source of that confidence came from the serendipity he had received from

Freezing Sky Cave.

Moreover, it looked like this serendipity was the second God of Berserkers' inheritance!

"The legacy of the God of Berserkers ends at the third. Even if you received the second's inheritance, it is just an inheritance."

The instant the God of Berserkers' gigantic foot formed by the first step sank down with a loud rumble, Su Ming lifted his right hand. Dark light shone in his hand, and the spiked club manifested on his palm. The instant he wrapped his fingers around it, the weapon swelled up endlessly. Su Ming lifted it up and swung it against the footprint sinking down towards him!

"No matter how strong the inheritance may be, it is still a path left behind by our ancestor. No matter how much you receive, it is merely similar to the second's... And the second had only received half of the first's inheritance..."

Su Ming smiled faintly. The other's arrogance could not be seen on his face, but the arrogance of his words was much greater than the arrogance Si Ma Xin showed on his face!

Su Ming's arrogance came from within his heart. It lay within his experiences and came from the desire to walk down a path that belonged only to him. It was born from the heart that refused to be controlled by any form of inheritance but instead desired to become a powerful warrior that could control these inheritances!

Si Ma Xin's arrogance was external. It lay within his serendipity and his thirst towards the second's power. He would not seek to control the inheritance, but would instead accept it passively! His was a heart that desired to be acknowledged by the inheritance!

These two types of arrogance were completely different!

Shocking, booming sounds reverberated in the air, and as Su Ming's voice traveled forth, his words landed in Si Ma Xin's ears.

Su Ming's spiked club came into contact with the God of

Berserkers' first step. As booming sounds continued in the air, his body sank down and he was sent several hundreds of feet by that powerful rebound, but his eyes remained firm!

As the booms went on, the God of Berserkers' first footprint shattered, inch by inch and exploded.

"Nonsense. If I can receive the second's inheritance, then it means that this is what I should have in my life. I'm destined to be the fourth God of Berserkers, and I'm fated to lead the Berserkers to unite the world!

"You are just a mere warrior among the Berserkers. How could you talk about inheritances?! Your crime is punishable by death!"

Si Ma Xin's pupils shrank, and with a cold sneer, he took five steps forward. Once he took those five steps, the world moved as if the ground was shaking and the sky was collapsing. Five gigantic footprints sank down from the sky, and each of those footprints was larger than the last, and all of them charged towards Su Ming.

At that moment, Si Ma Xin took another step forward and completed the final step for his God of Berserkers' Seven Steps!

That one step immediately caused the world to turn pitch black. A foot that covered a large half of the sky sank down, and that scene looked as if the sky itself was sinking towards the ground.

"I'd like to see just how you will hope to fight against me under the fourth God of Berserkers' Seven Steps!" Si Ma Xin's voice rumbled in the air.

Su Ming's face was calm. The spiked club in his right hand, he swung it toward the sky once more. The club instantly grew to become several thousands of feet long, turning into a shocking sight to behold. Golden light shone from Su Ming's body, and he lifted the spiked club to ram it against the five footprints descending from the sky.

Booming sounds immediately started reverberating madly in the

air. The instant the spiked club touched the five feet, they started shattering one by one, but the weapon was also sent tumbling back as it trembled. However, when the spiked club was lifted up, Su Ming's body shot through the five collapsing feet and appeared in the sky, right next to the seventh footprint that covered most of the sky and was causing the sky to look as if it was collapsing.

The instant Su Ming closed in, he clenched his right hand into a fist and let out a low growl towards the sky. Golden light flowed out of his body like a stream and gathered on his right hand. At that moment, an illusory shadow appeared behind Su Ming.

That shadow did not belong to his Nascent Divinity, but in its indistinct form, it looked somewhat similar to the third God of Berserkers! That shadow also lifted his right hand and clenched his fist. Then, with Su Ming, he hurled his fist straight towards the foot in the sky.

Loud rumbling sounds turned into a wave of impact that caused the ground to collapse and the sky to be torn apart. The foot that had covered half of the sky trembled and was torn to pieces.

Su Ming was forced back. Blood trickled down the corners of his lips, but the firm resolution in his eyes only grew stronger, and the freezing glare within them turned colder.

The instant Si Ma Xin took that seventh step, his face turned pale, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood. He was forced back several hundreds of feet backwards before he could finally regain his footing, and he glared at Su Ming.

A large amount of cracks appeared when the sky was torn apart. Quite a number of spots shattered to reveal the murky darkness outside. No one had any idea where that darkness led to, but as the boundaries holding it away shattered, the aura of death spreading out of Su Ming's body grew thicker. Clearly, this place was incredibly close to Bright Yang Emptiness.

The earth crumbled and shattered into pieces, revealing the gap

that led to the seventh layer.

Loud booming sounds echoed in the world. Clearly, it was unable to withstand this extreme fight between Su Ming and Si Ma Xin and was beginning to show signs of being destroyed. Once this place was ruined, then in the future, Heaven Gate would no longer possess the eighth or the ninth layer!

Si Ma Xin's eyes sparkled and killing intent shone in his eyes. He originally wanted to destroy Su Ming's will, that was why he had made him suffer through all those trials, but he had been unable to weaken his will even in the slightest. Yet on the other hand, Si Ma Xin's own will was showing signs of weakening, especially from Su Ming's words regarding the inheritance. It had even shaken his heart.

However, this was not the time for him to think too much. Si Ma Xin took a few steps back, then lifted his right hand to seize at the air. Immediately, a gigantic fan appeared in his palm. The fan looked as if it was formed by an endless amount of feathers, and light could be seen spilling out from it. It was clear at first sight that this was not an ordinary item!

"With the God of Berserkers' treasured fan, I execute one of the three Barren Arts of Heaven, Earth, and Man - Heaven Barrenness!" While his soft voice traveled forth, he held the fan in his hand and swung it swiftly in Su Ming's direction.

A loud, deafening sound left the broken sky once he swung that fan. Right before their eyes, the sky started shattering inch by inch, and the entirety of it turned pitch black. It was as if the boundary in the sky had been sent rolling backwards, and the fan had lifted the sky with its swing. The shattered fragments were fused with the power in the sky, and as the fan moved, they were lifted up and flung towards Su Ming.

A strong sense of danger rose swiftly in Su Ming's heart. The fan had actually managed to destroy the sky and caused the fragments

to turn into a power that could tear apart everything. The strength of that power gave Su Ming a strong hunch that even if he had an eight tenths of all his bones in his body turned into Berserker Bones, it would still be hard for him to withstand this!

He could not dodge it, neither could he hide from it. The only thing he could do was fight it!

He would be able to fight against it if he turned into Destiny, but Si Ma Xin clearly had a lot of trump cards left, and if Su Ming turned into Destiny at that moment, then he would definitely be unable to kill Si Ma Xin within the time limit. Then, there would be no meaning to this battle!

Light flickered in Su Ming's eyes. The instant the sky roared and shattered into pieces, he lifted his right hand and seized the air in the direction of the incoming sky. With that, a tempest was abruptly formed around Su Ming. The strength of that tempest instantly connected the sky and earth, turning into a whirlwind that would cause terror to rise within others!

"Sun Genesis!"

Thee instant those two words were spoken, the whirlwind started sweeping outwards with loud rumbling, crashing into the incoming Heaven Barrenness Art with a bang.

The sight was incredibly startling from the distance. It was a sight of the sky rolling backwards, of a whirlwind rising into the sky, of a crash between the sky and the wind, of a clash between the fan and the Wind Berserker Art.

"Lunar Burial!"

In that whirlwind, Su Ming lifted one hand high above his head and the other stretched down below. Immediately, two whirlwinds appeared beyond his whirlwind. The newly appeared wind started spinning. A freezing chill filled the air, along with a wave of heat. As these two different temperatures intersected with each other, a

circular area of hundreds of li around Su Ming turned into the world that belonged to the wind. This was the method he had decided to use to fight against the incoming sky!

Chapter 556: This Fan Belongs to Me Now!

It was difficult to describe the sky at that moment. Right then, it looked as if the sky had collapsed and was tumbling backwards like waves, but when the whirlwind that was hundreds of li in size touched it, a power was formed that caused the sky to collapse and the whirlwind to disintegrate.

That power crumbled the sky and turned it into nothingness. It made the eighth and ninth layers in Heaven Gate shatter into dust...

"Earth Barrenness!" Si Ma Xin roared, and he swung that fan in his hand at Su Ming once again.

This chain of events was completely out of his expectations. Not only was Su Ming's will difficult to shatter, even the God of Berserkers' Seven Steps had been unable to crush him. Now, even the Heaven Barrenness Art contained within this priceless treasured fan could not destroy him.

At that moment, as killing intent filled his heart, he executed the Earth Barrenness Art contained within his fan! This was the strongest Art he could muster with this item. The Man Barrenness Art was still out of his reach with his current level of cultivation. If he tried to cast it forcefully, then before he managed to kill anyone, Si Ma Xin himself would be heavily wounded by the rebound.

When he swung the fan, the originally shattered earth on the ground started trembling and rushed towards Su Ming, who was standing in midair.

There was an endless amount of earth on the ground. As it closed in on him, a presence that screamed of destroying everything exploded into the air. That presence also seemed to contain a violent gust of wind, charging towards the whirlwind around Su Ming's body that was shrinking as the sky shattered.

Sun Genesis and Lunar Burial could allow Su Ming to fight against this Heaven Barrenness, although with much difficulty on his part. However, before that Heaven Barrenness completely disappeared, he now had to fight against that even stronger Earth Barrenness Art.

The limitless earth surging upwards from all around the area surrounded Su Ming with a loud howl. By the looks of it, it seemed to want to gather together with him as its center and turn him into a part of itself!

The Earth Barrenness Art activated the power of the earth. The heavy and thick sensation brought by that power and the wind from the earth the land stirred up was something Su Ming could not hope to control.

His whirlwinds were about to disappear. As he watched the endless amount of earth surrounding him and the wind he was unable to control covering the entire area around him, he fell silent and closed his eyes.

Right then, the words the Wind Berserker had told Su Ming when he first received the three styles to Wind Separation appeared in his head.

"Wind exists in every single part of this world... If you can make a certain part in the world be void of wind due to your existence in that place, then... you will have come to truly understand the third style... Wind Separation!"

Su Ming's eyes flew open. When he did so, the earth right before him had already covered the entire area around him. It was now less than a hundred feet away from his body.

"Wind Separation... I did not know how to make wind leave a certain place previously, but thanks to He Feng, I understand now... I need to fuse my will into the wind, and it's not a simple fusion, neither am I supposed to be one with the wind. Instead, I have to... rule over it!" Su Ming mumbled to himself.

In this time of crisis, understanding suddenly dawned on him. A smile appeared on his lips. At the moment, there was only fifty feet between him and the earth around him. Su Ming stretched his arms wide open.

"Wind Separation does not mean having wind leave me, but I... will be the one leaving wind behind. It does not mean that I do not exist where there is wind, but where I exist, there will be no wind," Su Ming mumbled. By then, there was less than twenty feet between him and the onrushing earth. In an instant, the earth closed those twenty feet and buried him underneath

Su Ming stood at his spot, unmoving, simply allowing the earth to bury him. Once it covered his entire body, more layers of earth came upon him, causing the area around him to look like a tall mountain from the world beyond!

That mountain shot up straight into the black sky, turning into the one and only mountain in this broken world!

Si Ma Xin looked at it, but not a hint of joy could be seen on his face. Instead, his pupils shrank to reveal surprise, and at the same time, he started retreating rapidly.

Right when he started withdrawing, a crack suddenly tore through that one and only mountain in the world. As the earth fell apart, Su Ming walked out leisurely from the crack.

Wherever he went, not a single trace of wind could be found. It did not matter whether it was the wind formed by the earth or the breeze that rose because of Si Ma Xin's fan, all of them vanished without a trace around him.

Due to the absence of wind, the earth in the mountain could not gather and merge together. When Su Ming took a step out of the mountain, Si Ma Xin having already started moving back, he disappeared abruptly. When he reappeared, he was already standing beside his opponent. Almost the instant he did so, Si Ma Xin came to an abrupt halt in his retreat.

It was not that he did not wish to continue withdrawing, but his breathing had stilled. At that moment, there was no longer any wind around him, and during that time, he felt as if he no longer had any strength in his body. He fell head first, as if he had just lost his balance.

Su Ming's fist closed in on Si Ma Xin at the speed of lightning. It rammed straight at his chest, and when that punch struck him, Si Ma Xin coughed up blood. His chest collapsed, and as he fell back, Su Ming caught up to him with just one step, seizing his right hand and snatching the fan that had actually managed to shock him.

"This fan belongs to me now!" Su Ming stated coldly, then quickly put away the fan, and hurled another punch at Si Ma Xin's body.

That punch struck through the man's chest, leaving behind a huge hole. Anger burned in his eyes and he glared at Su Ming, but he did not die!

Blood trickled out of Si Ma Xin's lips and his body started recovering rapidly at a bizarre pace. It was as if there was a limitless life force contained within his body. Perhaps more accurately speaking, there were an endless amount of Berserker Seeds within him due to his divine ability. Each time he was gravely injured, a Berserker Seed would offer up his or her life so that he could recover.

This was what made the Great Art of Berserker Seed so strange. It was also the reason behind why the Immortals decided to tear off the second God of Berserkers' limbs and head!

In silence, Su Ming continued pressing in on Si Ma Xin. With a punch, he caused the man's head to explode, but it immediately grew back!

With another punch, his body broke down, but he recovered again!

Si Ma Xin was feeling incredibly anxious at that moment. Due to

the absence of wind because of Su Ming sticking beside him, he could only passively let those blows strike his body, could only watch as his fan was taken away. It would have been fine if it just lasted for a short while, but his Berserker Seeds were not limitless. He was not truly... invincible.

When he saw that Su Ming's fist was about to land on him again, Si Ma Xin's eyes turned bloodshot. He bit the tip of his tongue and tried to cough up blood, but that blood refused to gush out of his mouth. Instead, it started flowing back into his throat.

During that time, Su Ming's fist made its way through his body once again. Once Si Ma Xin's body was torn to pieces, his flesh gathered together once again, and Su Ming's punch closed in on him again.

Si Ma Xin glared furiously at his opponent. He could not accept this. He still had a large amount of divine abilities he still had to use. He still had treasures he had not managed to bring out, but due to one single time he went on passive, Su Ming had managed to repeatedly strike him. Si Ma Xin did not even have a single moment where he could counterattack. He needed time, even if it was just the span of a few breaths. He would be able to leave Su Ming's strange windless world by then.

Si Ma Xin screamed in his heart. When Su Ming's fist came charging towards him once again, his body broke down and recovered, but at that moment another punch came towards him again.

When Si Ma Xin saw Su Ming's fist rushing towards him again, his eyes filled with red. At the instant he was struck, without sparing even a second thought, he absorbed a large amount of life force from his Berserker Seeds in a fit of madness, and with the price of many of them dying, he self-destructed!

The power of that explosion would be so great that it would shake the sky and earth. It would turn into a destructive power

that would make it so that if Su Ming continued punching forward, he would have to come face to face with the powerful impact caused by the self-destruction.

That impact could injure Su Ming and also force him to lose his hard earned chance. As for Si Ma Xin, due to his strange divine ability, he would recover. Even though he would have sacrificed many Berserker Seeds, with this chance, he could then continue executing even more divine abilities.

His hate towards Su Ming burned even stronger at that moment. He was certain that he would choose to retreat. This... was his only choice!

A ferocious smile appeared on Si Ma Xin's lips, but right when his body exploded, it froze and his eyes went wide.

He had no idea what was happening, but right before his eyes, Su Ming turned into a teenager. Half his hair was white, and the other purple. At that moment, a shocking presence along with an intimidating air spread out from Su Ming's body!

During that critical moment, Su Ming had chosen to turn into Destiny!

Si Ma Xin suddenly remembered the torn pieces of flesh from the corpses gathering together to turn into the people once again when he had persecuted Su Ming. That scene had shocked him when he saw it.

At the instant his heart let out a loud thump, Su Ming finished turning into Destiny. He lifted his right hand and swung it at him, and with it, time immediately started reversing around Si Ma Xin's body!

The chaotic power within him that was on the verge of collapsing became stable once again as time reversed for his exploding body. The ferocious smile on his face faded away right after it froze, returning to how he looked previously.

He paid a huge price for this, and the chance he obtained after sacrificing a large amount of his Berserker Seeds was cut off with one swing of Su Ming's arm just like that. At the same time, Su Ming's punch struck his body. At the moment it disintegrated, Su Ming swung his arm again. Time flowed back, and Si Ma Xin sank into an endless cycle of repetition.

This was a discovery made by chance, but once Su Ming's windless world fused with Destiny, he immediately noticed that he had just obtained stronger power.

Despair rose in Si Ma Xin's heart. He screamed madly in his heart. He could not accept this! He could not!

He could feel a large amount of his Berserker Seeds dying away, and before long, he would no longer have any available for him to absorb. At that time, only death would await him.

But Si Ma Xin was definitely not an ordinary person. As he was caught in this hopeless situation and forced into the endless repetition, one piece of his bone shattered before he was hit.

The instant that happened, a scene that made Su Ming's fist freeze appeared in the sky!

Chapter 557: Woman!

The sky had already been replaced by darkness when it shattered previously. That darkness was boundless, and no one had any idea how far it stretched to, neither did they have any idea how big it was. The existence of that darkness was like an eerie mouth opening its jaws wide open to devour everything.

Heaven Gate's eighth layer was being devoured by that darkness at that moment. Perhaps at any moment soon, this entire place would sink into darkness...

At that moment, distortions suddenly appeared in the darkness above. A huge crack tore through the darkness from within, and low roars could be heard traveling from the crack. Su Ming... also saw Bai Su in that crack!

Bai Su's body was covered in fresh blood. There was an endless sea of corpses before her, and right at that moment, there were two giants that were charging towards her with cruel roars. A broken smile appeared on her beautiful face, and as her blood covered the scar on her face, that scar became an even more startling sight.

The face of the old man behind her was stark pale. His eyes were wide open at that moment and he was looking at Bai Su's back. Grief was apparent in his eyes.

When the woman saw the two giants moving towards her that were now less than a dozen of feet away from her, a calm look appeared on her face, a stark contrast to the despair in her eyes. She seemed to be a little dazed, as if she had just remembered something right before she was about to die. A smile appeared on her face and she closed her eyes.

The sounds traveling from the crack in the sky made it seem as if it was a tunnel, and people could step right into it!

This was Si Ma Xin's trick. He opened this tunnel so that Su Ming could see Bai Su in danger. As long as he went to save her, then Si Ma Xin would have a chance to breathe, but if Su Ming did not save her...

No. He believed that Su Ming would definitely save her!

In silence, Su Ming rammed his fist at Si Ma Xin's body. When it disintegrated once again, he sighed, ended his transformation as Destiny so that he could have the span of a few breaths left and took a step towards the sky.

The moment he moved forward, his body returned to its original state and he stepped into the crack in the sky to appear in that world filled with gray corpses.

He appeared right when Bai Su closed her eyes. As the two giants roared and swung their fists to strike her, killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes. The next instant, he disappeared.

Bai Su had her eyes closed. She no longer cared about her life, no longer cared about anything else. Instead, memories surfaced in her head as she started reminisced about the past and looked back on the happy moments she'd when she was in the ninth summit.

She was tired, exhausted. During these twenty years, she had regretted time and again not cherishing that one chance given to her in the past.

But it was all in the past now. She could not change it.

She had thought about this repeatedly. If the heavens gave her another chance, then she would definitely appreciate it. She would definitely cherish it...

Death did not come upon her. Instead shrill screams of pain along with a loud bang surged into the skies, echoing in her ears, causing her to be cut off from her reminiscence. She instinctively opened her eyes, and when she did... she could no longer close them again.

Bai Su saw a back, a familiar back that had been carved into her memories, engraved into her bones, and that back was standing right before her. The bodies of the two incoming giants collapsed at that moment, and they shattered into pieces with shrill screams.

Violet light surrounded her and turned into a ring-shaped wave of force that swept through the entire area. Wherever it went, all the gray corpses would shudder, and they would all shatter into pieces.

"Su... Ming..."

Bai Su was completely stunned. She could not believe her own eyes. When Su Ming turned around and looked towards her, tears escaped her eyes. Her mind turned blank. She could only see him, and it was as if the entire world had disappeared from her sight except him.

The old man also saw Su Ming, and he was staring at him with a dumbfounded expression. His eyes were filled with disbelief. He knew Su Ming. How could he not? This was that ninth summit's disciple who had broken his daughter's heart.

He had once wanted to kill Su Ming, but had eventually let his thoughts fade away into a sigh because of Bai Su. But now, the shock Su Ming brought to him was nothing short of the shock he experienced when he witnessed Si Ma Xin's return.

"Su Ming!"

The instant he turned his head around to look towards Bai Su, she cried and went up to hug him, as if she was afraid he would disappear.

Su Ming tensed up, but gradually relaxed his body. He looked at the crying Bai Su in his arms, and the memories of the past appeared in his head, eventually stopping at the moment they walked together in the plain of snow. The change of heart he had experienced had eventually turned into a sigh of regret that no one

had any idea who it belonged to in the passage of time.

Yet this was not a place for him to think. He wrapped his arm around Bai Su and looked towards the old man looking at her with a complicated gaze. With a wave of his arm, he dragged the old man towards him and brought Bai Su along with him to charge towards the crack he'd traveled through in the sky.

The opening was shrinking rapidly. Only a very short amount of time had passed since Su Ming arrived, yet even so, the crack had now become less than half its previous size.

Clearly, Si Ma Xin did not want Su Ming to come back through it!

Roars traveled from the ground, and nearly a hundred of giants started moving towards them from the distance. Su Ming had noticed this way beforehand. These giants were incredibly similar to the giants in the Dead Sea!

As the ground trembled, a gigantic crack tore through the land. It was as if Su Ming's arrival had caught a large amount of attention from the powerful living beings in this place. Almost the instant he was about to leave with Bai Su and her father through the nearly shut crack, a roar that made Su Ming's heart tremble violently once he heard it came from the land, and with just a glance, he saw...

...A yellow dragon crawling out from the gigantic crack on the ground!

This might also be a dragon, but it was different from the crimson dragon. The part of its body on the ground was about ten thousand feet long. It did not have any whiskers. Instead, fins formed from sharp spikes covered several thousands of feet on its sides. Its entire body was of a yellowish brown color, and there were many scales covering it.

That dragon let out a shocking roar towards the sky. Its body looked incredibly real, and Su Ming knew immediately that this

was not an illusion. This was a real dragon!

One of the dragon's claws shot up and pressed the ground. As the land shook, the dragon lifted its head and sucked in a few breaths, as if it had just detected a smell that made it go crazy. It swiftly turned towards Su Ming, and as it roared, it charged towards him in a mad dash.

The powerful might from the dragon gave Su Ming a similar feeling as the sight of the Candle Dragon when he was still weak. Right then, the sleeping crimson dragon on Su Ming's arm opened its eyes.

Right away, it shot out and turned into a crimson dragon of ten thousand feet in midair. It should not have risen from its slumber at that moment, but due to the stimulation provided by the similar presence from its kind, it woke up and started roaring at the yellow dragon.

"Let him go." As the two dragons roared, the crack before Su Ming started shrinking rapidly, but due to the presence of this might that had far surpassed his current power, he could not move. But right then, a woman's voice came from the ground.

When it spoke, the yellow dragon stopped roaring, choosing instead to glare over. Right when the land quietened, the pressure on Su Ming's body vanished. He lowered his head and cast a glance at the ground. Then, without any hesitation, he brought the pale Bai Su and her father towards the crack. The crimson dragon turned into a ray of crimson light and flew out with him.

Once Su Ming left, the crack closed up and vanished without a trace.

At that moment, a woman floated out slowly from the crack on the ground. She looked as if she was twenty years old, but ancientness was within her eyes. She was incredibly beautiful, to the point where it would make the world hide in shame while all the living beings would pale before her.

This sort of beauty was rarely seen in the world. Perhaps it should be said that her beauty should not exist.

She floated up and slowly came to stand upon the yellow dragon's back. She looked at the sky with her lively eyes and a frown gradually appeared between her brows.

'Why does he have the presence of Abyss Builders [1], who come from the Emperor of Abyss' True World...?' The woman thought about it for a moment before she started chuckling. Her tinkling laughter instantly caused the world to completely lose its color.

"Interesting. This dimensional crack in the True Morning Dao World leads to a spot in Yin Death Region. Since we finally managed to come out of the house, let's go and take a look at Yin Death Region, Xiao Huang." The woman placed her hands behind her back, and an air of nobility could be detected from her smile.

The dragon called Xiao Huang blinked and let out a few growls at the woman.

"Hmm? You're saying he has a presence you dislike? Then we have to absolutely see it now." The woman lowered herself and stroked the yellow dragon's head. The dragon looked comforted, then charged into the sky. In an instant, they fused into the air and disappeared without a trace.

"Abyss Builders... This is an incredibly mysterious race that is rarely seen even in the Emperor of Abyss' True World. Rumors say that they've already been all wiped out," the woman mumbled, and a look of curiosity appeared in her eyes as she went to Yin Death Region with the yellow dragon.

Su Ming walked into the air of Heaven Gate, which had now been swallowed by darkness. The instant he arrived, the eighth layer completely shattered. A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Without a hint of hesitation, he brought Bai Su and her father straight towards the seventh layer.

Si Ma Xin was not here, but Su Ming believed firmly that he would definitely not leave. His desire to kill Su Ming ran as deep as Su Ming's desire to kill him!

As the eighth layer shattered to pieces, the fragmented dimension where Heaven Gate was located started trembling violently, and the sealed exit was forced open under these tremors.

Su Ming shot through the seventh layer, the sixth, and the others as well. The darkness continued devouring and destroying everything behind him. By the looks of it, the darkness wanted to completely swallow this fragmented dimension that was Heaven Gate.

Long arcs charged through the air and followed behind Su Ming. These were the people still alive within the lower layers of Heaven Gate, and they knew that they could only survive if they followed him.

The exit had now been forced open by the tremors, and leaving this place had now become possible!

When Su Ming rushed into the first layer, he cast a glance at the activated Rune, then swept up the old man in white who had asked for his help earlier before charging towards the exit.

Translator's Notes:

1. Abyss Builders: A case of lost in translation. Abyss Builders is 塑冥 (su4 ming2), so now we have 苏铭 (su1 ming2), which is Su Ming's name, and 宿命 (su4 ming4), which stands for Destiny. Please keep in mind that they all sound similar in Mandarin, because this might be a rather huge clue to Su Ming's background.

Chapter 558: The God of Berserkers' Left Hand!

Right when Su Ming stepped into the Rune and disappeared, Heaven Gate started collapsing at an even more intense pace. The remnants of the tribes who could now leave the place after they received their freedom left with Su Ming. Once they stepped into the activated Rune, they disappeared within.

When Su Ming appeared above the sea beyond the ninth summit, waves rose into the air and splashed down, moving about to turn the sea into a gigantic whirlpool. As the whirlpool let out loud booming sounds, a violent gust of wind that swept through the world was formed.

In the midst of the violent waves and the churning whirlpool, the ninth summit sank into danger, looking as if it was about to be submerged at any moment. Su Ming's eyes sparkled and he charged over. In the blink of an eye, he approached the mountain and put Bai Su, her father, as well as the old man in white down on the ground. Then, he lifted his right leg and stomped down!

At that instant, a strong force traveled from his body into the entire ninth summit before it traveled into the seawater around the mountain. A violent rumble that sounded like thunder traveled out, and the seawater around the ninth summit exploded before tumbling outwards, causing a large hole to appear in the sea, with the ninth summit located right in the center.

The waves at the edges of the hole rose into the air. The scene was a shocking sight from the distance. The waves looked like a huge hand pressing down on the sea to form a deep hole.

The formation of that deep hole caused the ninth summit to stand protruding out of the sea. When another several thousands of feet of the mountain left the seawater, Su Ming lifted his right hand, formed a seal, and pressed his palm down on the ground.

At the same moment he pressed down, his hair was lifted by the wind. His expression was calm as light flickered in his eyes. When his palm touched the ground, a layer of golden light erupted from his body, and it started spreading outwards from his right hand. Within an instant, the golden light covered the entire ninth summit and protected it like a screen of light.

Right at that time, the seawater that Su Ming had forced away came flooding back into the hole. Once the sea recovered and the golden screen of light sparkled, the ninth summit turned into the one and only mountain among the raging waves and violent wind!

Su Ming stood still, right outside Hu Zi's cave abode. The man himself was snoring away in his cave. Behind Su Ming were Bai Su and her father. The duo had just witnessed Heaven Gate falling apart, and their hearts were in shock. At the same time, they also gained deeper understanding towards Su Ming's power, especially Bai Su's father, whose face was filled with disbelief as he looked at their savior's back.

Then, without a single moment of hesitation, Su Ming abruptly spread his divine sense outwards.

He knew full well that his fight against Si Ma Xin had not ended. If he had not gone off to save Bai Su, he was an eighth of a chance confident that he could have killed Si Ma Xin under the continuous cycles of repetition, Wind Separation helping him.

However, the second God of Berserkers' divine abilities Si Ma Xin inherited had made Su Ming rather concerned. He was certain that the man had not left, and he should be just around the corner. As Su Ming spread his divine sense outwards, a sharp, focused glare suddenly came to his eyes.

He could clearly sense a block of ice that had yet to completely melt in the depths of the sea. This block of ice was different from the ice that sealed Great Yu Imperial City. It was spreading out a thick layer of red the color of blood!

There was a tunnel leading into this blood red ice. Su Ming's divine sense saw Si Ma Xin moving into the tunnel, and he was charging into the depths of the blood-red ice.

"Wait for me here."

Su Ming's desire to kill Si Ma Xin had not lessened in the slightest. His eyes sparkled, and he immediately took a step forward to enter the seawater before he rushed to the depths of the sea.

He traveled incredibly quickly, even warping so that he could arrive at the bottom of the sea the next instant. Then, following the tracks Si Ma Xin had left behind, he ran into the tunnel and began his pursuit.

'This... might perhaps be the glacier under Freezing Sky Clan from all those years ago, and it stayed even when the snow melted into ice... Looks like Si Ma Xin obtained his serendipity here!'

Su Ming charged through the red tunnel. He might look relaxed, but his mind remained at high alert and he had his divine sense spread out around him. As he moved through the tunnel, Si Ma Xin's figure immediately appeared within the area covered in his divine sense.

This was a red layer of ice, and the tunnel into this ice was also the only crack in it. Yet for some unknown reason, seawater could not enter.

This red ice was quite thick, causing the crack to stretch out for a long distance. The ground under this ice was crimson red, as if it had been dyed in blood. When Su ming saw this striking crimson in his divine sense, he came to a realization that this seemingly red ice was actually just a transparent layer, and the ice was really projecting the blood-red world underneath.

There was a gigantic arm several hundreds of feet long on the ground under the layer of ice. It was stretching out towards the

sky, and all its five fingers were positioned in the shape of a claw, as if there was a spirit that refused to accept its fate buried in the ground underneath, stretching out its hand to rip apart the sky.

This was a left hand!

The palm lines on this hand could be seen clearly. While the skin was rough, it looked incredibly real. There was also a presence coming out of that arm that was so great it almost made Su Ming's divine sense immediately disintegrate when it came into brief contact with it.

This was... the second God of Berserkers' left hand!

There was a person sitting on the palm, and naturally... that person was Si Ma Xin!

This was the place where Si Ma Xin had received his serendipity, and it was also the source which gave him the second God of Berserkers' legacy! Unless he absolutely needed to, Si Ma Xin would not have lured Su Ming to this place. Yet the strange battle against him in Heaven Gate's eighth layer had nearly driven him mad when he found that he could not control his own actions, as the time repeated itself. It made him not want to go through that sort of pain anymore. That was why he wanted to come to this place, because he wanted to raise the curtains for the final battle to the death between him and Su Ming here!

When Su Ming detected Si Ma Xin, his divine sense shattered, causing his footsteps to freeze for a moment. His face turned slightly paler, but quickly recovered. A dark look appeared on his face and he cast a glance at the crack before him. After a moment, a glint appeared in his eyes, and he charged into the tunnel.

Si Ma Xin was sitting cross-legged on the second God of Berserkers' left palm at that moment while killing intent shone in his eyes. He had his palms placed palms down beside him, having his hands touch the palm while his head was lifted to look at the layer of ice illuminated in a crimson shade above him. A cold sneer

appeared on his lips.

After a moment, a chilling glare shone in his eyes and he swiftly lifted his hand to swing it in the air. The God of Berserkers' left hand started trembling, and an illusory shadow of it manifested. It remained indistinct, and as Si Ma Xin waved his arm, the second God of Berserkers' left palm charged towards the crimson layer of ice, straight towards the person who was charging through the tunnel at an extreme speed.

This was an extremely shocking sight from the distance. With an indescribable speed, the gigantic palm that looked as if it had stretched out from the ground seized the person who was charging through the ice. That hand tightened its grip, and loud booming sounds traveled through the air.

The layer of ice shuddered, and as it tore and broke, cracks spread out, until a large amount of shattered. These crushed pieces fell to the ground, and for a time, falling ice filled the air, covering Si Ma Xin's field of vision. Red light was reflected off this ice, causing the area to seem as if there was a piercing light shining in the water, and no one could see what was going on clearly.

Si Ma Xin's pupils constricted. He had prepared this strike for a long time, but he did not believe that he would be able to kill Su Ming so effortlessly. If he could be killed so easily, then he would not have been able to survive up to this point.

In Si Ma Xin's eyes, Su Ming was his greatest enemy. If did not matter if it was when he was the prodigy of Freezing Sky Clan in the past or now when he had declared himself the fourth God of Berserkers after obtaining the second God of Berserkers' inheritance, he had completely lost every single time in Su Ming's hands!

Although it might seem as if his divine sense had destroyed Su Ming when he was passing through the tunnel, he did not let down his guard. His pupils shrank and his hands began to rapidly form a

seal before he swung his arm in the air above him. All the crushed ice in the air exploded and surged upwards.

Almost the moment the ice above his head surged upwards, a strong sense of danger appeared in Si Ma Xin's heart. At the same time, a figure shot out like a shooting star slicing through the air at an extreme speed, and he was charging towards Si Ma Xin, as loud rumbling sounds rang in the air.

That figure was traveling too quickly, forcing its way into Si Ma Xin's gaze. In the blink an eye, that figure was already less than hundreds of feet away, and that figure... was naturally Su Ming!

He was traveling too quickly, and killing intent flashed in his eyes like a bolt of lightning. When he lifted his right hand, he pointed towards Si Ma Xin. That finger contained Su Ming's will, and as if his entire being had fused into that one finger, it closed in on Si Ma Xin with an earth-shattering force.

Danger was looming right above his head. If it was anyone else, perhaps they would be unable to dodge that finger charging towards them at such an extreme speed. However, Si Ma Xin was a prodigy in the past and now called himself the fourth God of Berserkers. There were certain aspects within him which were the source of his arrogance. Without any hesitation, he opened his mouth wide and did not dodge Su Ming's attack. Instead, he let out a roar that shook the skies and earth.

It was not a normal roar, but contained the essence of the power that belonged to the second God of Berserkers' inheritance. This was a roar of Chi Shan Po, the second God of Berserkers, and it seemed to have traveled through the passages of time by using Si Ma Xin's body as its carrier!

This was the God of Berserkers' roar!

The instant it rang out, Su Ming's pupils shrank. Booming sounds immediately rang in his ears, and blood trickled out of them. The space around him started shattering inch by inch,

turning into fragments. An indescribably powerful force crashed into him, causing him to freeze for a moment.

Rumbling sounds came from within him, and a feeling as if his flesh and bones were being torn apart continuously shot up his body. Blood trickled down the corners of his mouth, and he was forced back several thousands of feet.

The power of that roar might be shocking, but Si Ma Xin himself could not cast it as he pleased. When he let out that roar, his body started withering away rapidly, as if all his flesh, blood, and essence had been absorbed by the attack. The God of Berserkers' left hand shuddered lightly, and an invisible aura seeped into Si Ma Xin. Once it swam through his body, it started nourishing him.

"Su Ming, this place will be your grave!"

A ferocious look appeared on Si Ma Xin's face as he glared at Su Ming standing thousands of feet away. His face started recovering rapidly from its withered state, but as he recovered, his appearance turned incredibly hideous.

Chapter 559: Si Ma's Transformation!

Almost the instant Su Ming was forced backwards, Si Ma Xin's face twisted into a hideous expression. He lifted his arms and formed a seal quickly, then bit the tip of his tongue to cough up a large mouthful of blood. That blood spilled on the palm under his body and started trickling down its lines, causing the originally faint palm lines to turn incredibly clear.

"As the God of Berserkers, I have the fate of all Berserkers in my hands. I control the world and the universe. The lines on this palm are like my own destiny, and I will use these lines to kill - God of Berserkers' Lines!" Si Ma Xin spoke swiftly, and as he did so, he lifted his hands and pushed forward.

While Su Ming was continuously forced back by the roar containing the power of the second God of Berserkers that traveled through the passages of time, Si Ma Xin's murderous voice reached his ears.

A feeling as if he was being torn apart appeared in Su Ming's body, but not a hint of panic could be seen on his face. Instead, a freezing glare flashed in his eyes. He might be retreating, but he lifted his right hand swiftly, and the crimson dragon's mark on his right arm flashed with a brilliant red glow, making it look like a totem. A spirited look also appeared in the crimson dragon's eyes, and it looked towards the ground, right where Si Ma Xin was sitting on the second God of Berserkers' left palm.

Right at that moment, the God of Berserkers' Lines Si Ma Xin had cast spread out, and the entire ice above them became darker in an instant. Red lines appeared in the air all around Su Ming as well.

These lines filled the entire area. They looked as if they were tangled with each other, but if anyone took a closer look, they would be able to see clearly that the lines in the sky were the palm lines on the second God of Berserkers' left hand.

A primitive presence spread out through the frozen world. Su Ming's pupils shrank. Right then, a dragon roar traveled out from his right arm, and the crimson dragon manifested itself. It surrounded Su Ming's body, and as it lifted his head to roar, it immediately grew larger.

It had all ten thousand feet of its body circle Su Ming, and as it roared angrily, the layer of ice above them shook loudly, and a large amount of it fell off. When Si Ma Xin saw the crimson dragon, his pupils shrank once again.

Su Ming's strength and the methods he employed had exceeded Si Ma Xin's expectations again and again. He had never expected Su Ming to possess a dragon, and by the looks of it, it was incredibly strong.

Si Ma Xin's face turned dark when he saw the crimson dragon. He formed a seal with his right hand, then tapped the center of his brows. With the fingernail on his little finger, he sliced up a long gash between his brows, causing blood to flow out.

As his blood flowed out, the palm lines above him turned into in a gigantic palm. However, that palm was formed by the crimson palm lines, though it still looked incredibly real.

Rumbling sounds traveled through the air. The palm formed by the palm lines clenched its fist, as if it wanted to crush Su Ming within. As it did so, the air above started trembling. The gigantic palm lines gathered together and shrank. It caused all those caught within to fall into a daze as if it contained some form of law in the world.

The instant that palm closed its fingers around Su Ming, the crimson dragon let out a roar that shook the skies. Its body grew larger once again, and it grew so large that its body started sweeping through the area, turning into a gigantic crimson whirlwind that went on to stand against the palm with its body!

Booming sounds surged through the air. As the fingers on the

palm closed up and the crimson dragon roared while murderous aura spread out from its body, these two forces clashed into each other in the air, and they were equal to each other in terms of strength!

All of this happened over the span of several breaths. A shocking boom shook the entire area, and a wave of impact swiftly spread out.

Wherever it went, this wave would cause a large amount of ice above to shatter, causing the blood-red hue on the ground to look even more disorderly.

The palm in the air started shattering inch by inch and eventually exploded. However, while Si Ma Xin was unable to bring out its full strength with his current level of cultivation, it was still the God of Berserkers' divine ability. Even if he could only bring out a portion of its power, it was still enough to make Si Ma Xin proud of himself.

Right then, Su Ming's crimson dragon also shuddered and its body exploded. Fortunately, its body was made of Earthen Aura and not flesh, or else it would have surely died!

However, even if it was made from Earthen Aura, its body had still broken down. After it disintegrated, the crimson dragon gathered together behind Su Ming. It looked incredibly weakened, as if it had lost its vigor, and its body was indistinct, as if it could no longer maintain its form. It turned into the crimson mark once again and returned to Su Ming's right arm, falling into deep sleep to recover itself.

"A rather impressive divine ability, but since you're the one using it, you won't be able to kill me with it."

Su Ming's face was calm, but killing intent filled his gaze. He lifted his right foot and took a step forward, turning into a long arc that shot through the air to appear around a hundred feet away from Si Ma Xin.

The instant Su Ming closed in, he lifted his right hand, but he did not point towards Si Ma Xin. Instead, he positioned his fingers into the form of a claw and seized his opponent through the air. Si Ma Xin immediately jolted, and his body rose three feet above the God of Berserkers' left hand as if he had been captured!

This scene shook Si Ma Xin. He was already shocked by Su Ming. Over their repeated encounters, Su Ming's inexhaustible attacks surprised him time and again, and when the crimson dragon appeared just now, his shock had reached its peak. He had never expected him to be so strong!

The hatred he harbored and the failure he suffered in the past had left Si Ma Xin depressed and dejected. By chance, he had come across this serendipity that allowed him to seize the world, and he met Su Ming once again after that. However, he had failed once again in Heaven Gate. The shadow of death loomed over his head once more, causing Si Ma Xin's confidence to suffer a huge blow.

The God of Berserkers' Seven Steps were useless against him. The fan's Heaven and Earth Barrenness were also broke. Right then, Su Ming had also similarly resisted the power from the God of Berserkers' palm lines. All these things had almost caused despair to rise in Si Ma Xin's heart.

His eyes turned red. At that moment, he no longer cared that his inheritance was incomplete. In truth, he needed more time to fuse with the second God of Berserkers' left hand, and only when he completely absorbed the arm sometime in the future, turning it into his own arm, could he be considered to have finished obtaining the inheritance.

But right then, he was in danger. He could no longer care about whether his body could withstand the power and the rebound he would have to suffer if he forced himself to cast even stronger divine abilities. With bloodshot eyes, Si Ma Xin let out a piercing roar.

As he roared, nine sharp black spikes immediately shot out of the second God of Berserkers' left hand. These spikes exuded an eerie, chilling presence, and some of them even had black water droplets oozing out of their bodies. Freezing air spread out of these water droplets, and a dark, sinister presence could be felt from them.

"God of Berserkers'... bone spikes!"

Si Ma Xin turned sickly pale, and as he roared, his body withered away once again, but his recovery from that withered state was much slower than before. With a single shout, the black spikes broke off from the God of Berserkers' left hand, and with a whistle that sliced through the air as they traveled at an indescribable speed, they charged towards Su Ming.

Si Ma Xin's hair danced in the air and madness shone in his eyes. Using the chance created as the bone spikes charged towards Su Ming, he swiftly lifted his right hand and pressed it on the God of Berserkers' left hand. He closed his eyes and began mumbling under his breath, but the words sounded complicated and no one could hear them clearly.

Su Ming's pupils shrank. A great sense of danger rose in his heart. There might only be nine of those bone spikes coming towards him, but each of them exuded a murderous presence that made his skin crawl.

The black bone spikes, black liquid, and the speed at which they charged forth would make anyone's blood run cold... And wherever they went, these bone spikes would also dye the air they passed through completely black!

Su Ming could also sense the power of a seal filling the air. In fact, he had even felt that the bone spikes had locked onto his Qi, and they would endlessly chase him down. He had a strong hunch that if any of those bone spikes sank into his body, then the consequences he would have to face would be incredibly drastic.

These were not ordinary bone spikes, but were the culmination

of the grudge and madness that was stored within the second God of Berserkers' body over the years, along with the seal that was placed on his body once he was torn apart. Once all of these things fused together, they transformed the bones in his left hand throughout the passage of time, giving birth to these bone spikes in the end!

Even those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm would be shocked by these spikes. Fortunately, there was a limit to their number. It would seem that this was the amount of spikes that were present in the second God of Berserkers' left hand.

The moment Su Ming's body froze and he started retreating, Si Ma Xin swiftly lifted his head while remaining on the God of Berserkers' left hand. By then, he looked like a skeleton, and as his handsome face withered away, he looked as if a layer of skin had been ripped off from his body, revealing a bloodcurdling face that was filled with scars.

This was his real face!

His skin was brown due to it having fallen off from frostbite in Freezing Sky Cave, leaving behind only brown flesh on his real face.

The scars littered all over his flesh were a nauseating sight to behold, and that horrendous appearance was no longer something that belonged to a human.

Si Ma Xin let out a crazed roar and lifted his right hand from the God of Berserkers' palm. When he did so, a bone spike in the shape of a long blade was slowly pulled out!

The second God of Berserkers' left hand started shuddering, and during that instant, Si Ma Xin dragged the entire bone spike out with a crazed roar towards the sky!

This was a bone blade that was around ten feet long, and it was

black all over. Once Si Ma Xin dragged it out from the God of Berserkers' left hand, the freezing air around the area instantly turned several times stronger, and a wave of murderous aura that was much stronger than before spread through the entire region!

A crazed look appeared on Si Ma Xin's face when he held the bone blade. He glared at Su Ming with hatred burning within him. At that moment, he only had one thought in his mind, and that was to kill Su Ming with his own hands so that he could put an end to the grudge he had harbored throughout all those years!

"Su Ming!"

Si Ma Xin took a step into midair, and for the first time, his body left the God of Berserkers' left hand completely. As he stood in midair, he gripped the gigantic bone blade with both hands... and slashed down towards Su Ming while those nine smaller bone spikes charged towards him!

Chapter 560: Battle!

Su Ming's pupils shrank. Those nine black bone spikes that were charging swiftly towards him were not the only things that worried him. The large bone blade in Si Ma Xin's hands also gave him a sense of danger, and it was even greater than from the spikes!

The air behind the nine bone spikes seemed to have been torn apart, and it was rotting away, turning into a layer of darkness. A chilling, murderous aura also came crashing into Su Ming's face, as if the blade had brought the second God of Berserkers' grudge and madness through the passages of time before him.

Si Ma Xin's change in appearance and his withered body had entered Su Ming's eyes, causing him to be able to understand after just one glance that these God of Berserkers' bone spikes were incredibly difficult to control, and even Si Ma Xin did not have complete mastery over them. This could practically be said to be a double-edged sword!

If Si Ma Xin could control it from the start, then there would have been no need for him to continue with this fight. This was a treasure that was born from the second God of Berserkers' left hand, an item formed by the gathering up of power from the seal after many years. This divine ability... was definitely not something that Su Ming could stand up to with his current level of cultivation!

However, Si Ma Xin's forceful execution of that divine ability was a chance for him!

Su Ming did not hesitate. Almost the instant those nine bone spikes came to him, he pushed his left hand downwards and lifted his right hand into the sky, with his palm facing the sky and the back of his hand turned towards the ground. His hair started changing swiftly, and the moment the bone spikes closed in on

him, half his hair had turned white, while the other purple.

As a raging whirlwind suddenly appeared around him, his body abruptly shrank, and he... turned into Destiny!

Destiny's appearance caused Su Ming's combat powers to instantly rise to their peak, and he could now fight against those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!

A grave expression appeared on his face, and the instant he turned into Destiny, he lifted his left hand and flung his arm outwards towards the incoming bone spikes. With it, time looked as if it was reversing right before him, like it was forced to flow backwards.

As the nine bone spikes rushed forward, they crashed into the invisible force causing the past to repeat itself. The nine bone spikes froze, but only for an instant before they started moving towards Su Ming once again. However, their speed was much slower than before, and it looked as if they were moving against the stream of time.

As for Si Ma Xin, who was right behind those nine bone spikes, madness appeared on his face, and as he swung the bone blade downwards, his body froze for a moment, pain filled his face, but he gritted his teeth and continued.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He clenched his right fist and punched forward. It turned into a wave of force that exploded before him. Once that wave crashed into the bone spikes and Si Ma Xin, the roaring sounds became even stronger, causing the space around them to collapsed in an instant.

Su Ming did not stop. When he retreated once again, he swung his left arm forward the second time. This time, not only did he change the speed within Si Ma Xin and those bone spikes, the space that had collapsed due to his punch was immediately restored before it exploded once again, repeating itself again and again. In the blink of an eye, this process had already repeated itself a dozen

something times!

Su Ming knew that he could not cause much change towards the bone spikes' impact. The strength of it could not only fight against his power to return to the past, but had also clearly gained the upper hand in the exchange.

However, he could change the punch he just delivered. He could make that punch repeat itself endlessly, causing its might to reach a terrifying state.

If each punch contained the strongest power a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm could deliver, then even though the power would not reach a state where the nature of the punches would change, the fusion of the dozen something of them gathered together would still surpass the power of a normal Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm. The hint of presence that belonged to Life Cultivation within Su Ming's body would also reach its maximum potential as his punch continued repeating itself.

A loud boom exploded in the air. It caused a powerful impact that shook the ground and caused a large amount of the ice above to crumble. It was the impact caused by the strongest power Su Ming could muster after the punch he delivered repeated itself for the dozen something times, crashing into the incoming Si Ma Xin and his bone spikes.

Since the power for the ice above was too great, the instant that impact reverberated through the air, pieces fell off and started flying all over the place. Cracks that stretched to tens of thousands of feet tore through the ice, and eventually, as the layer of ice exploded... seawater swiftly rushed in..

Water surged around them as if rain had started pouring down from the sky, and it continued as if it wanted to drown the entire place.

The seawater started rushing down and spreading through the

whole area. As the booming sounds lingered in the air, Su Ming retreated a dozen something steps and his face turned slightly pale, but his eyes remained calm. He took a swift step forward, then rushed straight at Si Ma Xin!

Not a single one of the nine bone spikes before Si Ma Xin were destroyed under that impact. However, they had become much slower, and the direction in which they traveled also changed slightly due to the impact caused by Su Ming's punches.

Si Ma Xin coughed up a large mouthful of blood. After all, he had yet to receive the full inheritance, and he had already reached his limit when he forcefully brought out those God of Berserkers' bone spikes. As he coughed up blood, his face turned dull and lifeless while his body shuddered. He might be moving forward, but it was clear that the bone blade was the one dragging him forward!

With that extreme speed of his, Su Ming closed in on the bone spikes within an instant. If it had been the bone spikes from before, Su Ming would not have been able to dodge them no matter how fast he was, but it was different now!

They were slow. These spikes that were traveling against the stream of time looked as if they had an invisible obstacle between them and Su Ming. What was more, due to the change in their direction, while it looked as if Su Ming was rushing towards them, in truth, the moment they closed in on each other, Su Ming's body shifted several times.

Every single time he moved, he would avoid the bone spikes, making them pass by him. From the distance, this scene would give the false impression that Su Ming had come into contact with the projectiles that had turned into black long arcs, but there was no sound of impact. Those bone spikes looked as if they had shot through Su Ming's body and landed in the submerged ground with loud banging sounds reverberating in the air.

The seawater had submerged half of the erect God of Berserkers'

left hand on the ground. As the bone spikes shot in, the entire water... turned black!

Freezing air rushed out with loud wailing sounds and filled the entire area.

Even after Su Ming avoided the bone spikes, he did not relax his guard even a single bit. He lifted his right hand and rammed his fist against Si Ma Xin's body. He was so quick that before the bone blade in the other's hand sliced down, his fist had already landed on his chest.

A loud bang echoed in the air. Si Ma Xin widened his eyes and coughed up blood once again. He should have been retreating, but the bone blade he held dragged his body along and made him swing it down.

Because of that, the two forces traveling in different directions erupted within Si Ma Xin's body, causing him to be torn apart with a loud bang at that moment. He was ripped into two parts. One of them was his right hand holding the bone blade, and the other part was his remaining body. As he tumbled backwards, his life force started dwindling away rapidly.

However, even though Su Ming's fist had caused Si Ma Xin's bone blade to be separated from his body and even though Si Ma Xin was once again gravely injured, that ten feet long bone blade let out a piercing howl and cut down on Su Ming.

There was no way he could dodge it. Even with the Art to reverse time, he could do nothing at this moment. He watched the bone blade reach a distance less than twenty feet above his head and felt the chill fill his whole body with coldness. He lifted his head.

Han Mountain Bell swiftly manifested around him, and the Nine-Headed Dragon's shadow appeared, crashing against the bone blade.

A shocking bang reverberated in the air, and a shrill roar shot

out. Three of the Nine-Headed Dragon's heads exploded and whatever remained of its body dissipated in an instant as well to return to Han Mountain Bell. At that moment, the bone blade cut down on Han Mountain Bell with a murderous aura that surged into the sky.

Bell chimes rang violently in the air, and with a loud sound, a fine crack appeared on the seemingly impenetrable Han Mountain Bell, right where the bone blade cut down on it.

The instant that crack appeared, Han Mountain Bell started shrinking rapidly, sent back into Su Ming's body while trembling. The bone blade's presence had become slightly weaker, but it still brought with it a strong killing intent that rushed towards Su Ming.

If it did not kill him, this blade would not back down a single inch.

Si Ma Xin's body was still broken in the distance, but his life force was no longer flowing away. Instead, a large amount was surging into him in invisible waves, causing his body to rapidly recover.

However, his recovery speed was clearly much slower compared to the time he fought in Heaven Gate.

"Su Ming, you will definitely die under the God of Berserkers' bone blade!"

Si Ma Xin withdrew and lifted his head to laugh maniacally at the sky as his body recovered. He glared at Su Ming, and as his laughter fused with his voice, it reverberated in the air while the ice above them collapsed and the sea submerged most of the God of Berserkers' left hand.

"I'm not so sure about that!"

Su Ming smiled coldly. The bone blade closed in on him in an instant and he lifted his right hand to push against it. At that

instant, a medicinal cauldron immediately appeared on Su Ming's palm!

This item was what he had used to refine and create his medicine, but it was, after all, a cauldron, and the Barren Cauldron... was the sacred item of Great Yu Dynasty, as well as the entire Berserker Tribe. This medicinal cauldron might not be the Barren Cauldron, but it was shaped in the form of a cauldron, and it would definitely contain the power it should.

Another violent bang rang out, and the instant the medicinal cauldron crashed into the bone blade, a crack appeared on it, and the bone blade froze once again!

At the same time, Su Ming lifted his left hand and seized the air. Immediately, the spiked club manifested in his hand. Once he grabbed it, he put away the medicinal cauldron and swung that club right against the incoming bone blade!

The clash between the bone blade and spiked club stirred up the strongest boom to ever appear in this place, causing the ice above to crack, shatter, and explode once again, and even more seawater surged in!

As that boom continued shaking the area, Su Ming's weapon shattered. When that spiked club that had followed him up to this point... exploded, after shattering inch by inch, the speed and strength of the bone blade that had been slowed time and again shot through the spiked club with less than a third of its previous strength.

The moment it cut down on Su Ming, he lifted both of his arms, not caring to bring out anymore Enchanted Treasures, and clasped his hands around the incoming bone blade with a low roar!

His body shuddered, but he managed to stop the bone blade at a spot seven inches away from the top of his head!

Chapter 561: Snatching the Blade !

The instant Su Ming clasped his hands together and stopped the bone blade, a large amount of freezing air immediately spread out from within it, flowing into his body through his hands. The cold froze him for a moment.

However, his eyes remained clear, and there was even a hint of ferociousness within them. Blood trickled out of the corners of his mouth. This was the first time his blood was spilled when he was Destiny.

"A blade that swore loyalty to a wrong owner is not worthy of killing me!" Su Ming roared, and his sinking body came to a halt as he lifted his head and glared at the bone blade.

"I, Su Ming, am your master. From now on, you belong to me!"

Right when he said these words, his hands turned pitch black, as the freezing air spread out, and his hair started floating. His Nascent Divinity shot out of his body and turned into a gigantic shadow behind him before charging towards the bone blade.

The instant he touched it, he felt a strong force repelling him. Yet since Su Ming had continuously cut down the blade's power previously, even though the force repelling him was strong, it was frozen in its place and unable to escape. This allowed the Nascent Divinity to crawl inside in a frenzy.

If it was a normal will trying to take over this blade forcefully with Nascent Divinity, perhaps it would not be able to do so, but the strongest aspect of Su Ming was never his power of cultivation or his combat powers, but the will that was formed after going through endless cycles of reincarnations in the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World!

The strength of his will far surpassed his power of cultivation, and even those who had attained great completion in the Berserker

Soul Realm might not be able to compare to it!

The strength of his will might not possess too much practical combat power and was like empty air, possessing a superficial feeling, but once he fused it with his Nascent Divinity, even though the power that would erupt forth might not be anything close to any sort of combat power, but it could let Su Ming be completely unrivaled in his attempts to Possess anything.

Moreover, unless there was someone else who had an equally strong will as his, then if he went on to Possess someone else, he would not find a single person who could stand up against him. Possession had its similarities to forcefully Branding an Enchanted Vessel, that was why Su Ming had chosen to weaken the blade first, because all of his actions had been for this moment - to forcefully claim this bone blade as his own!

As Su Ming's Nascent Divinity rammed in, the bone blade started resisting violently, but in an instant, a piercing sound came from within the blade. A huge force spread out from inside—it was trying to struggle free of Su Ming's hands!

"Nothing I've set my eyes upon can run away!"

Su Ming's expression turned dark. He clasped his hands firmly on the blade and did not let go. Once his Nascent Divinity rushed into the bone blade with an extreme speed, he started suppressing all forms of thought trying to resist him like a hot blade cutting through butter.

When Si Ma Xin saw this scene from the distance, a look of shock filled with disbelief appeared on his face. Su Ming's actions had once again stunned him. He did not think he would be so determined... to snatch that bone blade from him.

"You're biting off more than you can chew. This blade was born from the God of Berserkers' left hand. It has already gained sentience a long time ago. Even if I am the God of Berserkers' scion, I can only borrow its power. Even I can't control it, and

you're thinking about snatching it away? You're mad!"

Once Si Ma Xin suppressed his shock, a cold sneer curled up his lips. He did not believe that Su Ming would succeed. To him, this action was simply too crazy.

Yet even though he did not believe Su Ming would succeed, this was a chance for him, because right then, his opponent was focused solely on snatching the bone blade.

He did not hesitate. The moment he said those words, Si Ma Xin, who had now mostly recovered, charged towards Su Ming. He closed in within an instant and lifted his right hand to strike his forehead. Killing intent shone in his eyes, and that strike also contained the irreconcilable hate he harbored towards Su Ming.

The instant his palm arrived, a glint abruptly appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He let his left hand fall from the bone blade and seized it with his right, not caring about blood flowing down. Once he made sure the bone blade would not be able to escape, he swung his left hand towards Si Ma Xin the instant he approached him.

The power to reverse time arrived once again, and its appearance made Si Ma Xin's face instantly turn pale. Once again, he miscalculated. He originally thought that Su Ming would be paying full attention to snatching the bone blade and did not expect that he would still be able to cast that terrifying divine ability.

He had made many miscalculations and experienced many setbacks as he fought against Su Ming, and all of these things struck a severe blow towards Si Ma Xin's confidence. In fact, he had a feeling that no matter how many serendipities he received, he would still be unable to fight against the speed before his eyes, that he was bound to fail.

Only a small hint of that feeling could be detected within him in the beginning, but as time continued passing by, it filled his whole heart, especially when he was dragged into the cycles of repetition once again.

The instant Si Ma Xin's body was filled with the power of the past and he started moving backwards instead of forward, Su Ming clenched his left hand into a fist and slammed it against his opponent's body. When his body collapsed and he coughed up blood, Su Ming waved his left hand again.

The process repeated itself. The span of time Su Ming could remain as Destiny this time had clearly become much longer. This was related to the serendipity he received from Blood Absconsion Tribe and connected to the increase in his level of cultivation.

Su Ming might look as if he was occasionally in a disadvantage during this battle, but in truth, since the both of them truly attacked each other, he could be said to have been completely leading the course of the battle!

He had completely suppressed Si Ma Xin with his power!

It was especially so during this moment. Su Ming had his right hand around the bone blade as his Nascent Divinity continued fusing into it and suppressing all forms of resistance to forcefully leave his Brand on it, while his left hand executed the Art to return to the past, causing Si Ma Xin to sink into depression.

Si Ma Xin's eyes turned red. He could not accept this! He absolutely could not accept this!

He had received the second God of Berserkers' inheritance. This was an incredibly rare serendipity in the entire land of the Berserkers. This was a fortuitous chance that would make an endless stream of people go mad with jealousy, but... he was still suppressed by Su Ming!

He... did not possess a single ounce of strength within him capable of fighting against this state where he was caught in the cycle of repetitions, even when Su Ming was still holding onto the bone blade with his right hand. This made Si Ma Xin roar in his heart, unable to accept his fate.

But he... could not even give voice to his roars!

As rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, Si Ma Xin's body shattered again and again, and his recovery began to slow down with each passing moment. If this continued, then before long, he would completely die!

However... Su Ming gasped in his heart. Si Ma Xin could be said to be the hardest person to kill ever since his power grew exponentially. All of this was because of that Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed he practiced. If Si Ma Xin did not have this Art, Su Ming would have killed him a long time ago.

Even if he had received the second God of Berserkers' inheritance, Si Ma Xin would still not be Su Ming's opponent!

But Si Ma Xin's life force remained as an unending stream within him, and Su Ming's time as Destiny was limited. Even though his time limit had increased by quite a huge margin due to the increase to his power of cultivation, his time as Destiny had to end now.

Su Ming's hair was returning to its original state swiftly, and his body was gradually changing. The power of the past was also rapidly becoming weaker.

Si Ma Xin immediately noticed this. As he slowly began to recover from his collapsed state, a murderous glare appeared in his eyes, and he finally obtained the chance to speak.

"Can't go on anymore, Su Ming?! Can't go on anymore?!"

Si Ma Xin laughed maniacally. There was a wound on him that had pierced through his chest, and it was quickly recovering at the moment. When he saw that Su Ming's divine ability was weakening, he laughed loudly as a ferociousness expression appeared on his face.

"You're noisy!" Su Ming said coldly.

The instant his appearance returned to normal, his hair turned black, and he reverted from being Destiny, Si Ma Xin's laughter

resounded in the air, and his body was no longer bound by the power of returning to the past. Right at the moment he could finally swiftly retreat, a piercing buzz rang forth from the bone blade in Su Ming's right hand.

That buzzing sounded like a cry of submission, like a final, unwilling roar once everything within the blade had been suppressed. At the same moment that sound echoed in the air, Su Ming released the hold of his right hand. The bone blade immediately turned around, causing the blade's hilt to fall in Su Ming's palm. Once he held it in his hand, the power of all the Berserker Bones in his body started circulating within him.

During that instant, a shocking, black murderous aura erupted from the bone blade in his hand. It might be unwilling and might have subjected itself in humiliation, but at that moment, it could be controlled by Su Ming!

Because once Su Ming's Nascent Divinity fused with his incredible will, he had forcefully subjugated the bone blade, even though it had been born within the God of Berserkers' left hand, and even though... it had existed for millions of years!

The instant Su Ming held that blade, he took a step towards the retreating Si Ma Xin. That man was originally laughing loudly, but his expression was rapidly changing to that of shock. Like a long arc, Su Ming charged towards him with the bone blade in hand and cut down with it!

Before the blade even cut Si Ma Xin's body, a piercing sound that sliced through the air as if it had cut through space itself resounded and a black ray of light traveling in an arc flashed in the air. During that instant, Su Ming's bone blade had already arrived at the top of Si Ma Xin's head and cut through his skull, his body, right until it cut him in half.

A rumbling sound so loud it shook the sky and earth rang out. Si Ma Xin let out a shrill scream of pain once the blade cut him

completely apart.

Su Ming lifted his head. With the black bone blade in hand, his black hair dancing behind his head, the profound, strange light in his eyes, and the aloof expression on his face, he was filled with an indescribably enigmatic and mysterious air!

The left half of the two sides of Si Ma Xin's body turned into a layer of darkness once he was cut in half, eventually turning into black liquid that fell into the sea beneath them.

However, the remaining half of his body fell into the sea as he continued falling backwards while remaining a bloody mess.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he charged straight into the sea with the bone blade in hand. However, right when he came closer to the surface of the sea, a sense of danger rose within him. Without hesitation, he disappeared in the span of a breath, and when he reappeared a thousand feet away, he immediately saw the spot where he had previously been collapsing with a bang and turning into a vortex.

The appearance of that vortex caused a whirlpool to appear at the surface of the sea. At the center of it was the God of Berserkers' left hand, which had already been submerged by the sea!

Chapter 562: Welcoming of Deities!

"Su Ming, I will not be able to reconcile with myself if we do not end our grudge today! With my identity as a Berserker, I will burn my blood and revert my body... to that of the second God of Berserkers!" Si Ma Xin's looming voice traveled out of the whirlpool in the sea. As the waves roared, his voice spread in all reactions, and Su Ming frowned.

The difficulty in killing Si Ma Xin was something he had rarely seen in his life. Even now, this person had not died, and this made Su Ming gain a deeper understanding towards that Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed.

He suddenly came to understand why the Immortals deployed so many powerful warriors just to kill the second God of Berserkers, and even tore his body into pieces even though he only had half the first God of Berserkers' power.

All of this must surely have been because the second God of Berserkers was even more difficult to deal with and kill compared to the current Si Ma Xin. No matter who it was, they would surely frown when they came face to face against this sort of enemy.

Su Ming had already mortally wounded Si Ma Xin numerous times, and if he looked at it based on the number of times the man had recovered, then Su Ming could say that he had killed Si Ma Xin a countless number of times... but even now, the man still remained alive.

The presence he exuded from the whirlpool in the sea was also slightly stronger than before!

As his voice echoed and the roars from the sea reverberated in the air, the second God of Berserkers' left hand shuddered, and the spot where the bone blade had been pulled out from its palm started shining with a powerful light. Si Ma Xin's body appeared within it!

He still looked as he did previously, as if his body had never been torn apart. However, he did look even more dried up than before. He was now really just skin and bones. His eyes were crimson red, and his face was filled with murderousness.

He did not stand up, but had his hands pressed on the God of Berserkers' palm instead. He lifted his head to glare at Su Ming. His body was vague and indistinct in the powerful light. At the instant he looked over, a strange voice tumbled out of his mouth.

"Hear my Chant for the breaking of souls within one incense stick - Let my blood be set ablaze!"

Si Ma Xin lifted his head and roared. Then, as if fire had been kindled within his body, a wave of heat abruptly spread through the area. At the same time, Si Ma Xin's face started changing quickly. The God of Berserkers' arm beneath him started withering away rapidly, as if it had been sucked away.

A roar filled with madness slowly traveled into midair. That roar did not belong to Si Ma Xin, neither did it belong to Su Ming. It appeared out of nowhere, as if it had originally existed in the world, but only a certain set of people could hear it during certain moments.

This was... the second God of Berserkers' roar, filled with his grudge towards the Immortals, and his unwillingness to accept death!

The instant that roar filled the area, Si Ma Xin also lifted his head and roared. It practically fused together with the second God of Berserkers' roar to turn into a frequency, causing the people who heard it to be unable to differentiate the voices.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. When he narrowed his eyes, he took a step forward and appeared beside the God of Berserkers' left hand in an instant. At the moment his bone blade drew an arc in the air, it swung down towards Si Ma Xin.

While he moved, Si Ma Xin's body swiftly swelled up and his hair grew much longer. His flesh started squirming in his body, and he became much sturdier than before. As his body transformed, he grew to become thirty feet tall!

At that moment, he was no longer Si Ma Xin. He had instead changed into another person. A power filled with madness erupted from his body, and at the same time he stomped the God of Berserkers' left arm with his right foot and flew up to throw a fist towards Su Ming's incoming bone blade!

Perhaps it was no longer accurate to say that the punch belonged to Si Ma Xin, because his mind had become muddled at that point. Setting his own blood ablaze to forcefully receive the full inheritance and executing the power within the inheritance was not something he could control at the moment. The damage dealt to him as he forcefully executed that ability was something that he could only heal using his life!

The life spoken of was his own vitality. He had used his life as a sacrifice, used all the life force within his Berserker Seeds in exchange for this, and all of it was for the sake of killing Su Ming!

Si Ma Xin's fist reached an extreme speed as he hurled it in a punch forward. In fact, his afterimage was still left on the God of Berserkers' hand when his true body had already appeared before Su Ming.

Su Ming's pupils shrank due to that punch. He just felt an indefinable pressure coming swiftly at him from the front.

His robes fluttered backwards and all his hair stood up on his body. A strong sense of danger swiftly rose within him. He did not have time to think. He lifted the bone blade in his hands and slashed down at the air before him.

A shocking boom surged into the sky at that instant. As it reverberated in the air, the entire area shook. Su Ming, however, only felt a huge rebound coming from the direction before him. It

shot up the bone blade and traveled into his arm before going through his entire body.

As that rebound shot through him, Su Ming gained the feeling as if a hundred thousand mountains had fallen on him. He coughed out a huge mouthful of blood and staggered several thousands of feet backwards. A grave expression appeared on his face as he looked towards the spot where he was moment ago.

Si Ma Xin's body materialized from the void. His entire right arm exploded in that instant, torn into a bloody mess, but it was strangely recovering at a swift pace. His face was emotionless, and his eyes were lifeless, but there was a powerful presence coming from his body.

This was the God of Berserkers' Blazing Blood Art. It was a mysterious Art within his inheritance that could allow the caster's combat powers to instantly escalate. This Art... was astonishingly similar to Su Ming's Destiny!

When the second God of Berserkers cast this divine ability in the past, he managed to make all the Berserkers bow down and worship him, had managed to shock the Immortals with it, and had left a memory of the second God of Berserkers carved into the Immortals' bones even after the first had left.

It was also the source for his death!

At that moment, Si Ma Xin's lifeless and apathetic eyes looked towards Su Ming. Not a hint of emotion could be seen within him as he lifted his right foot and walked towards him. At the instant his foot landed, the world rumbled. Su Ming immediately vanished, continuing to retreat.

The moment he disappeared, the air in the spot where he was previously immediately shattered to turn into a gigantic black vortex. It swept in all directions, and Si Ma Xin walked out of the vortex to look towards Su Ming, who had appeared in the distance.

Su Ming's expression had turned incredibly sour. The change of Si Ma Xin had increased his combat powers explosively. In Su Ming's eyes, that punch he delivered just now could completely suppress a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm by force.

If Su Ming could still turn into Destiny, then he would be able to fight against him, but he had just ended his transformation as Destiny, and he would not be able to turn again within such a short period of time. Because of that, fighting against this Si Ma Xin who had just received an increase in strength became a slight headache.

When Si Ma Xin looked towards him with the expressionless face which made him look as if he had no soul, then lifted his right foot to come closer, Su Ming's pupils shrank. The entire area within this region had turned into chaos as the second God of Berserkers' faint and indistinct roars rang in the air, giving voice to his unwillingness to accept his fate throughout the ages.

The seawater beneath them roared, and the ice above them continued shattering, as if it wanted to completely submerge this place in water. During this critical moment, a thought appeared in Su Ming's heart. Right when Si Ma Xin's foot landed and he closed in once again with a boom in the sky, Su Ming lifted his right hand swiftly and patted his storage bag. Immediately, a round medicinal pill appeared on his palm!

That pill was the Welcoming of Deities!

It could absorb all the soul fragments in the world. If anyone swallowed it, they would be able to turn into that soul itself. Its might could not be predicted, because it was largely connected to the soul the pill took in!

"Receive the spirits from all directions, absorb the remaining wills in all universes. If the souls are empty, then they all... can be taken." With two fingers pinching the Welcoming of Deities, Su Ming quickly mumbled under his breath, a strange light in his

eyes.

The instant he said those words, a piercing dark light immediately erupted from the Welcoming of Deities in his hand. That dark light looked as if it came from a dark colored sun, causing the entire area to be illuminated by it in an instant. During that moment, the entire ice above them, the seawater below them, and the surging sea was completely illuminated in that dark light.

As it filled the area, Si Ma Xin's body swiftly appeared hundreds of feet away from Su Ming, looking as if he had been forced out by the dark light.

Almost the moment his body appeared, the second God of Berserkers' roar instantly reached an extreme volume within this this world of ice in the sea.

"ROAR!"

It reverberated in the air, and became clearer with each passing moment. In the span of a breath, the roars sounded as if they came from right next to Su Ming's ears. As they echoed in the area, black shadow threads appeared out of thin air from all over the place. Instantly, they all rushed towards Su Ming's Welcoming of Deities.

The God of Berserkers' left hand standing erect in the whirlpool in the sea underneath shuddered violently. This was the first time it shook because of someone else other than Si Ma Xin!

Si Ma Xin had been able to receive the second God of Berserkers' inheritance entirely because he practiced his cultivation methods and because of this arm. No one else would be able to obtain this sort of chance and serendipity. Even those before Si Ma Xin who had managed to find the arm were not able to receive the inheritance.

That was why it was impossible for Su Ming himself to receive this inheritance, especially since Si Ma Xin's Brand had been left in the second God of Berserker's left hand.

It would be impossible for him to try and receive the inheritance in this sort of situation even if he tried to use the black stone fragment and changed his presence to deceive it.

However, the appearance of the Welcoming of Deities had changed everything completely!

This pill could absorb all soul fragments in the world... and the second God of Berserkers' soul was included among these fragmented souls!

If the second God of Berserkers' soul did not exist to this day, then the legend of a certain set of people being able to sense his presence during certain periods of time would not have come to be, and clearly, the largest amount of the second God of Berserkers' fragmented parts of the soul could be found on his arm.

If Su Ming activated the Welcoming of Deities in this place, then he would... definitely be absorbing the second God of Berserkers' soul!

As the God of Berserkers' left arm trembled, a large amount of black smoke immediately erupted from within, turning into an illusory fog that rushed towards Su Ming's Welcoming of Deities.

In an instant, that fog fused into the pill, causing it to tremble violently, and its color changed abruptly. A primeval presence spread out from inside, and as if the pill had turned into a gigantic vortex, it started absorbing all the soul fragments within the place!

Chapter 563: A Different Inheritance!

All of this might seem to have happened slowly, but in truth, several breaths had only passed since Su Ming brought out the Welcoming of Deities to the moment it absorbed the soul fragments in the area. Right before his eyes, fog surrounded the the pill, and a large amount of black smoke was still surrounding it, causing his right hand to be enveloped within.

The roars from the second God of Berserkers did not sound as if they came from the surroundings, but were now coming from the Welcoming of Deities. A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and without any hesitation, he swallowed the pill!

The instant he did so, Si Ma Xin closed in once again after he was forced to reveal himself. He appeared before Su Ming, and with an apathetic and expressionless face, he hurled his fist straight towards him!

Rumbling sounds echoed in the air. Su Ming retreated seven steps, and when he withdrew, Si Ma Xin followed him, then clenched his fist and struck again.

When Su Ming took his first step backwards, dark light started flickering in his eyes.

When he took his second step, he calmed down, and strangely, his hair grew longer.

At the instant he took his third step, the dark light appeared in Su Ming's eyes. That flickering light was a peculiar sight to behold.

When he took his fifth, sixth, and seventh steps, his body became slightly thinner. The dark light in his eyes became stronger, and his hair grew to reach his feet. Right when he took his seventh step, a power that did not belong to him erupted from his body.

When that power erupted, Si Ma Xin caught up. Su Ming saw him delivering the same punch as before, straight towards his skull,

and at that moment, a dark light flashed in his eyes. He opened his mouth and let out a roar so loud that it shook the sky and earth!

Si Ma Xin's incoming punch froze, and his flesh was immediately torn apart. Even his body started shattering inch by inch as if a violent gust of wind had swept past him, and at the same time, he started retreating abruptly.

When he did so, his apathetic face changed instantly. His eyes went wide, and shocked disbelief appeared on his face once again. His breathing quickened, his body shuddered, and his disbelief caused him to be overwhelmed by an indefinable shock towards Su Ming!

"God of Berserkers' roar... This is the God of Berserkers' roar! This is impossible! This shouldn't be possible!" Shock was evident in Si Ma Xin's voice. That attack just then was indeed the God of Berserker's roar!

Su Ming stood in midair and looked towards Si Ma Xin, the dark light in his eyes shining. At that moment, his head was clear, but he was still a little rusty in controlling his body. It was as if there was another force besides him that was controlling his body and fighting according to his will!

This power came from the Welcoming of Deities, or more accurately... the soul fragments in the world that the pill had absorbed!

In fact, there was a strong feeling raging in Su Ming's heart. That feeling came from the God of Berserkers' left hand in the sea, and it was a feeling of a blood bond so strong that it was thicker than water. It was as if this left hand belonged to him!

In truth, he could even sense something calling out to him from the God of Berserkers' left hand, as if he was connected to it!

However, Su Ming knew that this feeling was not because of him. It came from... the soul fragments within the Welcoming of

Deities, which it had absorbed from the world!

Su Ming! Si Ma Xin!

When they had their first battle in Freezing Sky Clan all those years ago, all the people watching had thought that their divine abilities were incredibly similar, and even their temperament was similar. Many people had remembered this feeling in their hearts.

Right now, while there might be no one watching their final battle, but the skills and divine abilities both Su Ming and Si Ma Xin revealed were still... similar!

If Si Ma Xin had received the second God of Berserkers' inheritance and used the power stored in the God of Berserkers' arm to boost his combat powers to the max, as well as to let himself gain his current appearance, then the Su Ming now could also be said to have gained the second God of Berserkers' inheritance!

However, his method was different from the one used by Si Ma Xin. He had absorbed the second God of Berserkers' soul, had the soul enter his mind, and had that mind fill his whole body!

Si Ma Xin had inherited the God of Berserker's power, had that power enter his body, then had his body cause his mind to scatter!

They had different inheritances, different manners of manifesting their inheritances, different methods to obtain those inheritances, but what was similar... was the second God of Berserkers!

Su Ming closed his eyes and spread out his will through his body to fuse with the power contained within the Welcoming of Deities. Once he did so, his eyes flew open, and he lifted his right foot to take a step forward.

An illusion immediately appeared on the ice above them. A huge foot appeared with a bang within that illusion.

This... was what Si Ma Xin had cast earlier - the God of

Berserkers' Seven Steps!

As Su Ming executed that Art, Si Ma Xin's body tumbled backwards. He lifted his right hand and hurled a punch towards the incoming gigantic foot from above. With a loud bang, the footprint collapsed and vanished. At the same time, Si Ma Xin was forced back several hundreds of feet. When he lifted his head, madness appeared in his eyes.

"This is impossible! I'm the one who should be the second God of Berserkers' scion! I'm the one who should be!"

In his madness, Si Ma Xin lifted his hands swiftly and clasped them together above his head, then with his index finger and thumb, he formed a round mark above his head!

At the same moment, Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He lifted his hands as well and had four of his fingers connect above his head to form the exact same mark Si Ma Xin had done!

"I know... all the divine abilities you inherited!" Su Ming declared languidly. Dark light shone in his eyes, and at that moment, he had let go of his control over his body, allowing the power of the Welcoming of Deities to control it to fight!

"God of Berserkers' alteration towards the stars, sun, and moon. First Alteration... Disaster of the Stars!" Si Ma Xin shouted, and his hands parted swiftly from the top of his head before he swung his arms towards the sky. With it, a large amount of the ice above them immediately crumbled and shattered away to reveal an illusionary shadow above.

The illusion was of a sky with numerous stars glittering in it. As they moved and shone, they grouped together to form a huge arm. It looked as if it stretched out of the sky and was swiftly descending on Su Ming.

The same words tumbled out of Su Ming's mouth in whispers. With a swing of his arm, another piece of sky filled with stars

appeared above them. However, this one was completely different from the one Si Ma Xin had brought up!

It was an unfamiliar sky to the people of South Morning. This was the night that belonged to Su Ming's memories - Dark Mountain's night sky!

As the stars shone in the sky, they also formed an arm. Once the two arms made appeared, they crashed into each other with a bang. A power strong enough to cause the sky to crumble and the earth to shatter erupted swiftly at that instant.

The skies filled with stars were torn apart, and the ice above them crumbled completely. A large amount of seawater charged in madly, causing the space within the ice to be filled rapidly the sea. By the looks of it, before long, this place would truly become a part of the seabed!

Si Ma Xin coughed up blood and took several steps back. Just as he wanted to go and absorb the power from the God of Berserkers' left hand so that he could recover his vitality, he discovered, much to his shock, that he could no longer absorb any more power from it!

It was as if there was a will contained within the God of Berserker's arm that stopped him from absorbing his inheritance!

"Si Ma Xin, it's my turn to attack now," Su Mint stated calmly. As he stood in midair, he lifted his right hand and bent his body slightly, making it look as if he had taken the form of a crescent moon!

Right as he did so, a string of words that made Si Ma Xin sink into despair fell out of his mouth.

"God of Berserkers' alteration towards the stars, sun, and moon, Second Alteration... Shift in the Moon!"

Once those words were spoken, an intense dark light spread out from Su Ming's body. As it shone, his entire body turned into a

crescent moon. Moonlight shone through the entire area, and wherever it went, the place would be filled with a cold and murderous air!

Almost the instant he activated his divine ability, an illusion of a moon immediately appeared around Si Ma Xin's body. That illusion covered his entire body, and a true life-threatening sense of death rose in his heart.

With Si Ma Xin's inheritance and his current level of cultivation, he could execute the Disaster of the Stars from the alteration towards the stars, sun, and moon. As for the other two styles that came later, he could not execute them. At that moment, when he saw Su Ming executing the stronger Shift in the Moon, he lifted his right hand and struck his chest viciously in despair.

From that one strike, he coughed up a mouthful of blood. The Berserker Bones in his body were crushed, the foundation he built in the Awakening Realm collapsed, his thoughts as a Berserker Soul shattered, and all the cultivation bases in his body became a muddled mess.

This sort of chaos would definitely kill him if he did not have any life force providing nourishment to him! However, Si Ma Xin knew that if he did not do this, then he would definitely die. It would be better if he did something crazy instead. Before his death, he would drag Su Ming to hell with him!

"You're... dying together with me!" Blood trickled out of the corners of Si Ma Xin's lips. A ferocious expression twisted his face. As he roared, he lifted his right hand and positioned himself in the exact same pose as Su Ming.

"God of Berserkers' alteration towards the stars, sun, and moon, Second Alteration... Shift in the Moon!" As Si Ma Xin roared, his body became the same as Su Ming's. He, too, turned into a crescent moon in the depths of the sea!

If he did not cause his cultivation bases to fall into a muddled

mess, did not cause them to completely shatter and explode, then he would have been unable to execute the second Alteration from the the alteration of the stars, sun, and moon. At that moment, he could no longer care about anything. With death as the consequence, he executed this Art, and immediately, the illusion of a crescent moon also appeared around Su Ming!

"Moon Slaughter!"

"Moon Slaughter!"

Two voices shouting the exact same words exploded from the world in the depths of the sea. At the instant they erupted forth, the dark shadows of the crescent moon around Su Ming and Si Ma Xin shattered and crumbled at the same time. Booming sounds came from their bodies, which seemed to have fused together with the shadows.

Su Ming coughed up a huge mouthful of blood straight from his heart. He was sent tumbling backwards until he reached a thousand feet away, and when he coughed up blood once again, he lifted his head swiftly.

Si Ma Xin's right arm exploded and his right leg shattered. His body was flung out and blood filled the water. The right arm and leg he lost did not recover as it did in the past, but... was gone for real instead!

"I can't accept this! I can't accept this!" Si Ma Xin cried out shrilly. He could feel his life force fading away, and at that moment, he was already heading straight towards death, but he... could not accept this!

"This is not my fate! It absolutely isn't!"

Chapter 564: Si Ma's Death!

Si Ma Xin's piercing howl echoed in the water. He stopped after tumbling several thousands of feet backwards. His left hand started rotting away, and as his left leg trembled, it began swiftly withering away. Signs of decay appeared on his body.

Hair fell from his head, and a large amount of black spots appeared on his face. Those black spots rotted away one by one and let out a horrible stench. This was not due to the power of Moon Slaughter, but was due to Su Ming gathering up the power of the Curse within him when he executed Shift in the Moon!

"You might know all my divine abilities... but you... definitely won't know the last divine ability I will cast in my life!"

Si Ma Xin's eyes became dull and lifeless. When he lifted his head and looked at Su Ming, a crazed sneer appeared on his lips. This was an expression formed due to his grudge, his unwillingness to accept his fate, and everything else before he died. Perhaps this could not be called a sneer. It was an expression that had no name, an expression that was not of crying or smiling.

"The God of Berserkers' fate... was to suffer being quartered. His body would be torn to pieces, and he would seal the land of the Berserkers for generations to come. This... is the will of Morning Dao," Si Ma Xin mumbled. This string of words had emerged in his head the instant he touched the hand all those years ago.

This was... the power that sealed the second God of Berserkers!

This power did not belong to Si Ma Xin, but belonged to the world in the depths of the sea where he and Su Ming stood right at that moment, because this was the place where the second's left hand was sealed, and this sealing power had originally existed in this place to begin with!

Si Ma Xin was simply activating the seal, making the seal spread

out to seal all the people who had any sort of connection to the second God of Berserkers!

Almost the moment he said these words, the sea stopped moving. The sea surging down from above also stopped moving as if time had stopped for them. The God of Berserkers' left hand trembled, and yellow waves of light shot out from it.

"The worlds located in the five directions [1] suppress the Berserker's arm. Once these five directions shift, the universe will close its eyes, and Yin Death... will open!"

Si Ma Xin laughed loudly. At that moment, a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Just as he was about to close in on Si Ma Xin, the man closed his eyes and continued laughing.

"I lost, but I didn't lose to you, Su Ming! I lost to fate!

"God, if you already had me in the world, then why did you make Su Ming appear?!

"Could this be my destiny? Am I fated to fight against Su Ming, and the only one alive will be the one truly chosen by heaven?!" Si Ma Xin laughed maniacally, tears fell from his eyes. His left hand swiftly exploded, while his left leg rotted away into liquid.

From the moment he obtained the second God of Berserkers' inheritance up to this point, from his initial delight up to his current despair, Si Ma Xin had gone through too many things. As he looked at Su Ming, his hatred had grown to an indescribable level. Even if he had to die, he would drag Su Ming down with him!

"If this is my destiny, then I will fight against it! Neither of us will survive! I want him to die with me! I want this destiny to not be fulfilled against me!" The instant he said these words, his body shattered, turning into a large amount of black flesh pieces that fell onto the surface of the sea.

Si Ma Xin, who was the prodigy of Freezing Sky Clan, who had obtained the second God of Berserkers' inheritance, and who had

called himself the fourth God of Berserkers, ended his life right before Su Ming in the place he obtained his inheritance and in the place that was the source of his great power...

As his body was torn apart, no more life force went towards him. Perhaps his life had been determined since the moment he met Su Ming in Han Mountain City...

If he did not die, then Su Ming would!

At the instant Si Ma Xin died, a ray of red light flew out from his shattered body. That red light... was a wooden red puppet!

It was built in Si Ma Xin's image, but there was a dried drop of blood at the center of its forehead, and right under that drop of blood was a white strand of hair!

It was very short and incredibly soft. It did not look as if it belonged to an adult, but looked like the fetal hair of a baby. However, it was white... there was no sign of life on that strand of hair, only a thick wave of aura of death that Su Ming was incredibly familiar with!

But he was even more familiar with the strand of hair and the dried drop of blood. He might never have seen them before, but the familiar sensation from them gave him a feeling that they belonged to him.

At that moment, cracks appeared on the puppet's body... With a bang, it broke down into smithereens. Right then, the white strand of hair got dyed in blood and floated to the air. Su Ming did not know whether it was a mere coincidence, but the strand drifted towards him and landed on his palm.

When it touched his palm, he shuddered. Then, something akin to a storm stirred in his eyes. It was as if his mind was dragged out by the strand of hair and he entered a strange world.

Su Ming could only feel booming sounds going off in his head. He saw himself rushing out of the depths of the sea towards the sky.

The clouds in the sky churned, and with an extreme speed, he charged towards a protective screen of light surrounding this place, right to the boundless sky!

When he arrived at the end of the sky and shot through the dark clouds that covered the sun, a bright clear sky appeared. He did not stop. It was as if there was a string tied securely around him, guiding him to continue rising into the sky!

He did not know how much time passed. When the bright clear sky was no longer around, black fog surrounded him. He was familiar with it. It was... the fog from Yin Death Region, the fog that had surrounded the ancient bronze sword in the past and stopped it from traveling out!

Su Ming rose up through the fog in a daze until he heard a roaring. A beast lay within the fog before him. It had the head of an alligator, but the body of a dragon that stretched to an unknown distance. That beast was looking around with its head stretched outwards, as if hesitating about something.

A powerful presence that almost made Su Ming's mind break down spread from the creature's body, but the beast clearly did not see him. Su Ming could feel himself shooting through the black fog as he continued rising into the air.

On the way, he saw more than a dozen powerful and strange ferocious beasts. In fact, the ones he saw near the end gave him a feeling that they were even stronger than Di Tian's clone.

The fog above him gradually became thinner. As faint and indistinct roars echoed in the air, he shot out of the darkness, and he saw the galaxy, the stars, and everything else that he had seen on the ancient bronze sword in the past!

Su Ming also saw the vortex formed by the black fog beneath him. It was gigantic and covered an incredibly wide area within the endless galaxy. The vortex rotated with loud rumbling sounds, and as the fog surrounded it, the aura of death filled the entire

area.

Su Ming's body continued rising even as he looked at the galaxy and the stars. Unable to control himself, he arrived on a large piece of land floating in this galaxy, located somewhere away from the vortex.

This was a desolate piece of land. There were signs of life here, the only structure a towering altar. On it was a person, and he was lying there quietly. His limbs were impaled to the ground, and his dried blood filled the entire area.

There was a drop of blood at the center of the person's brows, and on it was a white strand of hair.

This person seemed like a young adult, but... the instant Su Ming saw his appearance, a bang went off in his head. This... was Si Ma Xin!

As Su Ming trembled, he whipped his head around, and then, he saw similar altars suddenly appearing on the originally desolate piece of land. Those altars were so numerous that they covered the entire area. By the looks of it, there were hundreds of them!

Moreover, the sizes of these altars varied. There were five altars that were incredibly tall and their sizes far surpassed those of others. When Su Ming saw them, he had a sudden urge to look so that he could see whether there were corpses similar to this lying around!

Yet right at the instant he wanted to go forth and look, a strong suction force appeared around his body and dragged him backwards at an extreme speed. Within an instant, brought Su Ming back to the vortex in Yin Death Region.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. Just as he was about to cast a divine ability so that he could force his body to stay in this place, he found out... that he did not have a body, only a thread of his spirit.

In bitterness, he was forced to retreat while tumbling backwards,

but in his eyes was madness as he silently engraved the image in his heart!

As he retreated, he saw... an endless amount of continents floating in the galaxy. There were altars such as these on each continent, as if they formed a gigantic Rune. Right in the middle of that Rune was a continent, and on that continent, Su Ming saw vaguely that there was... only one huge altar there.

Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the continent in the center was in itself an altar.

Su Ming might only have managed to catch a brief glance of that place, but he had sensed... a calling towards his soul.

This was the final thing he saw. When his world cleared up again, he found himself standing at the depths of the sea, and the strand of white hair floated above his palm.

It gradually shattered and disappeared without a trace...

Su Ming stood there quietly and closed his eyes. At that moment, yellow light was shining from the God of Berserkers' left arm beneath him, and as it spread out, a loud bang rumbled in the air. The light grew brighter and illuminated the entire seabed!

A huge seal pointing in five directions manifested from the second God of Berserkers' left hand. It covered the God of Berserker's left hand, as if it was what had sealed the hand for an unknown amount of time!

That seal was naturally the Five Direction Seal that was suppressing the second God of Berserkers' left hand!

It was also the treasure that Si Ma Xin was confident could make Su Ming die with him. There was only one use to this treasure, and that was to suppress and to seal. It was to suppress all those connected to the second God of Berserkers and seal away all of the second God of Berserkers' power!

However, due to its long existence, the seals power had been

greatly reduced. The mighty strength within the second God of Berserkers had also caused the Five Direction Seal to fuse with his left hand. Once they could no longer be separated, the seal's power of suppression was weakened once again, that was why Si Ma Xin could obtain the inheritance.

However... due to Si Ma Xin's madness, the seal was awakened...

The water in the depths of the sea was still. The waves at the seabed did not move. Everything at the bottom of the sea had ceased to move since the moment just now. Besides Si Ma Xin's crumbling body, the white strand of hair floating above the palm, and Su Ming himself, everything else had been frozen.

Su Ming opened his eyes.

Translator's Notes:

1. Five directions: Related to Buddhism, or more accurately, the Buddhas of the five directions. The directions are north, south, east, west, and the center. Each direction means something. Here is a link for anyone curious.

<https://guamdharma.wordpress.com/2010/11/20/faq-what-is-the-meaning-of-the-buddhas-of-the-five-directions/>

Chapter 565: Serendipity!

The instant Su Ming opened his eyes, the Five Direction Seal on the God of Berserkers' left hand exuded a gentle yellow light in the still world. That light was like sun-like, causing the still depths of the sea to be illuminated with a golden sheen, turning it to a golden world.

Su Ming's body was also illuminated by that light. His appearance had already faded away and he was shining with a gentle golden light. Nothing dangerous could be detected from the light, but it was rather strange in this still world.

Because everything that was illuminated within the area of this light would... disappear without a single sound, be it the seawater or the ice.

It was as if the golden light could devour everything, and as the things around Su Ming disappeared, the golden light looked as if it was slowly shrinking. As it moved back, the edges of the light and the sea seemed to have been separated into two different dimensions.

A sealing power filled the golden light. A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. His body suddenly swayed and he abruptly disappeared from his spot. Almost the instant he vanished, he reappeared in his original spot. His expression turned dark and he frowned.

He had warped just now, but he was forced out of space itself right away. The seal in this place had isolated everything!

The golden light in the area continued shrinking right before his eyes. The edges of that light were dark.

Su Ming took a step forward and turned into a long arc. He lifted his right hand and seized the air. Immediately, the bone blade appeared in it, turning into the tip of the long arc as he charged

towards the shrinking golden barrier.

A rumbling sound echoed in the air. Su Ming tumbled backwards and he took eight continuous steps back. His expression turned darker. The sealing power contained within the golden barrier was something he could not pierce through.

As the light continued shrinking, Su Ming lifted his head and looked upwards. A grave expression appeared on his face. He could see a faint gold shade beyond the golden light above his head, and it was not just a single layer, there were five of them!

Five layers of light that continued becoming darker with each layer, and all of them were gold.

This was the Five Direction Seal. Each layer of gold represented one direction of the seal's power. Right then, the five directions were all present, causing the seal's power to be nothing common.

The golden light around Su Ming was continuously shrinking towards the God of Berserkers' left hand, forcing him to take a few steps so that he no longer stood at the edge. It was as if his body was trapped in an incessantly shrinking cage and he could only move with the cage as it continued shrinking.

Su Ming frowned. Si Ma Xin might have died, but this sealing power he activated before his death was incredibly strange. Su Ming could not leave no matter what he tried, and judging by the area covered by the golden light, even if he had been able to leave beforehand, he would still have been enveloped within the light, and he would still be eternally sealed in this place.

‘Judging by how crazed Si Ma Xin was, this seal should be the one sealing the second God of Berserkers' left hand. Now that I've absorbed the second God of Berserkers' soul fragments with the Welcoming of Deities, it can be said that I've obtained some of his legacy. Because of that, the seal believes I fulfill its requirements to be sealed...’

Su Ming's eyes flashed. At that moment, the ancient second God of Berserkers' left hand was standing erect in this land several dozens of feet away from him. The golden light that was shrinking slowly towards them laid a hundred feet away.

The area beyond the five layers of light was an empty void. It was like a ravine that had separated the area from the seawater.

'Si Ma Xin believed that I obtained the inheritance, same as he did... But in truth, I absorbed the soul fragments with the Welcoming of Deities, so it's very simple to leave this place. As long as I make the seal believe I don't have the second God of Berserkers' presence on me, then I can leave.'

A pensive look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He looked at the golden light and his eyes flickered before he swiftly opened his mouth. Immediately, a dark light flew out and turned into the Welcoming of Deities before him!

The instant it left his body, his presence swiftly weakened by a large margin. All the divine abilities related to the second God of Berserkers also faded away from his memories. His control over his body also reached its peak condition and he was no longer as rusty as before.

More importantly, the instant the Welcoming of Deities left, he no longer sensed the sealing power from the shrinking golden light around him.

'As I thought.' Su Ming's brows did not relax and he continued to frown. A hint of uncertainty appeared on his face.

He looked at the second God of Berserkers' left hand standing erect beside him, then looked at the golden light from the Five Direction Seal, and became uncertain.

'If I leave now, I won't be exposed to danger most likely. I can go back to surface of the sea without much trouble and return to the ninth summit... But the second God of Berserkers' left hand will be

sealed up again. Even if I come back and search for it later on, I won't be able to find it.'

Su Ming's gaze fell on the empty ravine in the darkness standing between the screen of light and the seawater. Clearly, this place had been separated into two regions. Leaving this place would be much easier than trying to come in from the world outside.

'But it's quite unfortunate if I leave just like this...'

Su Ming continued to frown. He was not really that interested in the second God of Berserkers' inheritance, but he had all sorts of feelings welling within him when he thought about Si Ma Xin's Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed. More importantly, he'd seen the second God of Berserkers' divine abilities and Arts just now. He had even experienced casting one of them himself just moments ago, and those divine abilities were what he was lacking at the moment!

'And the second God of Berserkers' left hand could make Si Ma Xin continuously recover, so there must be a large amount of life force contained within it. An eighth of all the bones in my body have been turned into Berserker Bones now, if I could absorb the second's left hand, then perhaps I could reach a breakthrough again!'

Once Su Ming thought about that, his heart started racing against his chest.

On one hand, he could leave safely, but he would not be able to receive much serendipity. On the other hand, he could stay and face danger to try and absorb the God of Berserkers' left hand. It did not matter whether he would fail or succeed, he would have to face the risk of being sealed in for eternity.

How should he choose...?

There was very little time left, and Su Ming absolutely had no time to think too deeply about this. A flicker of light appeared in

his eyes and he gritted his teeth!

‘Success only comes if you take risks! There is no serendipity in the world that would arrive without cause. I need to fight to gain and exchange for what I want... I might have received a serendipitous event in the Candle Dragon’s Undying and Imperishable World and obtained the Candle Dragon’s blessing, but the premise was that I had fought for it while exposing myself to an incredible risk!’

The golden light around him was already close to the God of Berserkers’ left hand before his eyes, and the light screen above him was also sinking, causing the dimension where Su Ming and the God of Berserkers’ left hand was to become increasingly smaller.

The light shining from the Five Direction Seal was no longer gentle, but gained a fierce, mighty air, as if it wanted to suppress all things related to the second God of Berserkers so that it could fulfill the mission it received in the past!

‘I’ll take the risk!’

A determined look appeared on Su Ming’s face. If he left just like this, he would definitely be filled with discontent. That was why he decided to take the risk!

The instant Su Ming made this decision, he lifted his right hand and seized the Welcoming of Deities, swallowing it once again. The presence around his body instantly changed, and his pupils turned even darker. A faint, illusionary shadow seemed to have appeared in his eyes, and then, he took a step to land right on the second God of Berserkers’ left hand!

This was the first time Su Ming stepped on there, and just like what Si Ma Xin did previously, he sat down cross-legged he touched down.

It was warm. This was the first thing Su Ming felt when he

touched the God of Berserkers' left hand. That indefinable warmth made him feel... as if they had met somewhere before.

The instant he sat down, the light from the Five Direction Seal above him swiftly started shining even more brilliantly, moving from a gentle light to a piercing glare. The mighty presence contained within also started growing endlessly at the moment.

"I don't need your inheritance. I just want your life force and the divine abilities that belong to the God of Berserkers!" Su Ming stated slowly. As he closed his eyes, he lifted his hands and pressed them flat on the surface by his sides, right on top of the God of Berserkers' left palm.

Right away, Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. A vast amount of life force swiftly surged into his body through his hands and body with rumbling sounds echoing in the air.

This... was the power contained within the second God of Berserkers' left hand. This was the power that supported the arm so that it would not be destroyed, and this power was originally something no one else could absorb besides Si Ma Xin!

Due to his level of cultivation, Si Ma Xin could not absorb too much life force. He had originally intended to absorb this wave of power every single time his level of cultivation rose. Then, when he perfectly completed his cultivation, he would absorb all the power within the God of Berserkers' left hand and turn it into something that belonged to him. At that time, he would be able to obtain a portion of the second God of Berserkers' strength.

Now, with Si Ma Xin's death, no one else could absorb the power contained within the God of Berserkers' left hand. Yet due to the Welcoming of Deities, Su Ming could indirectly obtain the inheritance, which turned him into a person who could absorb this power!

Besides, the amount of life force Su Ming needed for the Berserker Bones in his body was simply too much, and it was

something Si Ma Xin could not hope to compare. That was why Su Ming seemed to have turned into a bottomless pit as he absorbed the life force. When he closed his eyes and the life force surged into his body, the second God of Berserkers' left hand shuddered, and the fingers that had never moved since ancient times started moving slowly.

Eventually, those five fingers started slowly closing up to turn into a shield protecting Su Ming's body within the palm!

This protection was a vague form of acknowledgment and should have originally been Si Ma Xin's serendipity, yet now... it had become Su Ming's!

If Si Ma Xin had not died and saw this scene, he would definitely cough up blood, because this should have originally belonged to him...

Su Ming lifted his head. His long hair danced in the wind, and he looked at the golden light closing in until it completely enveloped the God of Berserker's left hand and the Five Direction Seal floated above his head, causing the area around him to be completely sealed.

The area was filled with a deadly silence. Only Su Ming could be seen sitting still and unmoving through the cracks formed between the second God of Berserkers' left hand when it closed up.

Time flowed slowly. At that moment, there was a great number of people gathered on the ninth summit outside this sealed world. All of these people were the survivors from Heaven Gate. At that moment, all of them had complicated expressions on their faces as they occasionally looked towards the sea.

Bai Su was also looking at the surface of the sea quietly from a corner, with a rather anxious expression on her face.

As Hu Zi continued snoring in his cave abode, the bald crane stepped on Hu Zi's back and pecked his back with its sharp beak. A

thin thread was plucked out and swallowed with a snap of the crane's jaws. An incredibly contented look appeared on its face.

"Weren't you just playing hide-and-seek with me earlier?! Go on, hide! Once you hide properly, I will find you, and I will eat you!"

Chapter 566: Warmth

The ice had already disappeared in the depths of the sea. The entire sea was dark, filled with death-like silence.

If anyone looked from the distance, they would see no signs of light. There was nothing shining golden, and neither was there the second God of Berserkers' left hand.

Even if that someone knew precisely where it was located, they would still only see emptiness. It was as if nothing existed there anymore, and no signs of past events or things could be found there.

Yet in this region that could not be detected with the naked eye, could not even be noticed by divine sense, was a dimension that had been separated from the sea. Golden light surrounded it, and as that light spread out, it turned into golden runic symbols that circled round the area.

They could not be seen in the outside world, though.

At the center of the dimension were five layers of golden light that covered the center. They looked as if they were in an oval shape, and they inflated and deflated as if in breathing.

It was a strange dimension and a bizarre five-layered screen of light. In the deepest depths of it was a gigantic arm that was incredibly coarse. It stood erect in the light and was lifted high up in the air. It had its fingers slightly curled, and sitting on its palm was a young man who had his eyes closed.

The young man's long black hair spilled over his shoulders. He was handsome, and his cheeks were slightly flushed. He would only breathe once after a long time. His hands were pressed on top of the palm he was sitting on, and the two seemed to have fused together. Aura spread out and crawled into his body, as well as his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth.

Su Ming looked as if he was silently meditating, but he was going through a tremendous change as if a storm was raging in his body. An endless wave of life force was continuously surging into him. As it swam through his body, it was quickly devoured and absorbed by the Berserker Bones.

Su Ming's cultivation base was unique. Other people would only have twenty something Berserker Bones, but every single bone in Su Ming's body had the possibility of turning into a Berserker Bone. In fact, even his flesh, blood, and everything within his body were the same.

As he continued with this rapid absorption, an unknown amount of time passed by, and he obtained his own serendipity. Almost a ninth of all his bones in his body had turned into those that belonged to a true Berserker, Berserker Bones!

Once Su Ming completely changed all of them, then his power would immediately reach a new height. At that time, what would await him would be... the true Berserker Soul Realm that no one before him and perhaps no one after him would be able to obtain!

If he could succeed, then his power would reach a new pinnacle. Even if he did not transform into Destiny, he could still fight against a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, and he would not be at a disadvantage.

Unless, of course, he ran into those old monsters who had been lying around quietly for years once they had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm and had managed to obtain a thread of the presence in Life Cultivation through much experimentation with their great and deep cultivation. Yet even so, no one could tell who would win in the end!

However, the premise for all of these things to happen was that Su Ming could turn everything within him into Berserker Bones and step into the Berserker Soul Realm!

As he absorbed the life force, a huge figure appeared in his head.

He could not see the person clearly, but that person was executing his divine abilities and Arts one by one in his head.

These Arts were mixed and varied. Su Ming could see some of them clearly, but some of them were over in a flash. When he tried to look more closely, he found that it was still difficult for him to discover any hints on how to cast these Arts.

Besides the divine abilities, he also saw some scenes. They were rather muddled, and would usually disappear soon after showing up. It was impossible to connect them together.

Only some scenes could be connected together, and one of them was a huge person floating up without moving his feet and flying into the distance. That person was in a bright galaxy filled with stars.

There was a huge round ball before him, and within it were oceans and continents, just like in a complete planet.

The instant this person closed in on that planet, an innumerable amount of long arcs flew up. As howling sounds echoed in the air, Su Ming saw the person in the picture lifting his foot and taking seven steps forward!

When he took those seven steps, the entire galaxy shook. With his first step, he stirred up a wave of impact so strong that most of the long arcs tumbled backwards. With his second step, no more long arcs could be found blocking his path. When he took his third step, he landed on that planet and the entire sphere trembled with a loud rumble. At the instant he took his fourth step, the sea churned and drowned everything.

When his fifth, sixth, and seventh steps landed, the round sphere looked as if a calamity had fallen on it. When it was torn into pieces, that person lifted his head and let out a roar.

The torn world shattered swiftly. Once it was turned into smithereens, a ray of crystalline light flew out, and that person

caught it in his hand. It was a crystal shining in flowing streams of light. In it... was the power of one World.

That was the power of a World.

With the crystal in hand, the person left.

"God of Berserkers' seven steps, God of Berserkers' roar..." Su Ming mumbled.

The scene changed in a flash. The person appeared in Su Ming's mind once again. However, this time, his face was no longer too obscured. Su Ming could see a little clearer. It was a very ordinary looking face. There was even a simple and honest air about him, without a hint of solemnity.

It was especially so when he smiled, which gave him an even friendlier and more cordial feeling.

When Su Ming saw this person's face, he gradually had a sense of familiarity. It came from the gigantic head Di Tian had sat on when Su Ming had borrowed the power of Possession from Han Mountain's ancestor to search through his memories while he was still in Han Mountain City!

The person's face here was rather similar to that head he saw, but if anyone compared this kindly face and the crazed ferociousness on that head, they would very easily think that these were two different people if they did not look closely.

Su Ming remained silent. This amiable and completely lacking of any solemnity second God of Berserkers in his head lifted his left hand and swung his arm towards the sky. The sun, moon, and stars appeared above, and he started executing divine abilities and Arts so shocking that they shook the sky and earth.

He also saw the second God of Berserkers sealing the three Barren Arts of Heaven, Earth, and Man into the fang. He saw the concentration on his face and the loving smile as he created the fan, as if he wanted to give it as a present to a member of the

younger generation.

It was not the only fan, either. There was another one which he Branded with the Art of the sun, moon, and stars.

Su Ming also saw the second God of Berserkers walking towards the land once he finished making those two fans, and he continued walking until he arrived before an imperial city with a number of palaces. When the sounds of a baby crying traveled out from one of the palaces, the second God of Berserkers could be found crying outside the palace with a smile. At that moment, he did not look like a God of Berserkers, but was just like an ordinary adult. He looked as if he was about to push the door to the palace open and give the two fans to the infant inside as his or her Origin Treasure.

Yet right at the instant he placed his left hand on the palace door and was just about to push it open, the sky suddenly changed and snow floated down... The second God of Berserkers froze for a moment before he brought back his left hand. His face turned cold, looking entirely different from the gentle person from before, as he looked towards the sky.

The scene changed once again. Su Ming saw the palace again, but this time, he was inside. The doors to the palace were open, and the second God of Berserkers was covered in fresh blood. The sounds of battle outside rang nonstop, and an endless amount of long arcs sliced through the air with howls, as if a calamity had fallen on the world.

The second God of Bersekers' face was pale. He walked into the palace and looked at the similarly pale looking woman standing inside. The two of them embraced each other.

After a long while, the second God of Berserkers looked towards two small beds placed together nearby. There were two babies lying on top of the beds. One of them was crying, and the other had his eyes closed. He did not move, as if he was dead.

He walked up and lifted his left hand to touch the crying baby

girl's forehead, then with a complicated look, he glanced at the other baby who looked as if he was dead. He sighed and walked up to the baby.

The instant he touched the seemingly dead baby's forehead with his left hand, Su Ming opened his eyes swiftly. He started trembling. Everything in this scene - the baby's cries, the second God of Berserkers' kind and loving smile, the feeling when the God of Berserkers touched the other baby's forehead, all of these made Su Ming's breathing still.

At that moment, he was still absorbing the power within the God of Berserkers' arm, but he needed to open his eyes, because... the baby's cries gave him a familiar sensation, an incredibly familiar sensation...

As his power increased, as he was moved by what he saw, and as that feeling rose in his heart, a sudden sharp pain appeared in his heart. Cracking sounds traveled out in the midst of his pain, as if something in his head had just shattered into pieces.

At the same time, he became dazed. He saw a world covered in darkness, yet the area around him was warm. Cries and mumbling echoed in his sears. The one speaking was a woman, and her voice was gentle and soft.

"Fei Er, ma is here. Don't cry..."

"You little rascal. You're still so young, and you're already crying so loudly? When my daughter grows up in the future, she will definitely be a very powerful person.

"Alright, I won't take away your toys anymore. I'll give them back to you, don't cry..."

"Ah! My precious daughter, look. Your pa is back..."

Everything before Su Ming's eyes was dark. He could not see light, but he could hear a sudden change in the crying and the woman's gentle voice. The cries became even stronger, and the

gentle voice fell abruptly silent. The area around him turned freezing cold within an instant, as if it had begun snowing outside.

A long while later, he felt a hand touching his forehead. That touch... was very warm, was so incredibly warm...

When Su Ming regained his senses, he sat on the God of Berserkers' left hand with a dumbfounded expression. He then lowered his head and looked at the God of Berserkers' arm beneath him, and tears slowly fell from his eyes...

He understood where the warmth he felt when he touched the God of Berserkers' left hand came from now...

"Fei Er..." This was the second time Su Ming heard that name, but it was deeply engraved in his heart. The scenes he saw before fighting against Di Tian's clone all those years ago emerged once again in his heart.

"Big brother... big brother..." The voice echoed in Su Ming's ears, and it gradually fused together with the cries.

Chapter 567: Turning Point

After a long while, Su Ming closed his eyes once again to cover the dejected look in his eyes. In the midst of his loneliness, he sensed that the warmth from the second God of Berserkers' left hand was the same as the sensation from the coarse hand touching the forehead in his memories.

It was as if he had returned to that palace that had existed many years ago, returned to the little warmth he had felt in that dark world.

"Perhaps Destiny truly exists in this world..." Su Ming mumbled.

The second God of Berserkers' left hand, the caress in the past, the touch this day, all of these things seemed like a circle. He had found the start of it all, and also found the end.

'Perhaps this is how memories really are... Once you find the end, you will also find the start... Is... this Life?' Su Ming closed his eyes, and pain appeared on his face.

He no longer needed to absorb the power from the God of Berserkers' left hand into his body. Instead, once the memories that existed since an unknown amount of time ago surfaced in his head, the power from the God of Berserkers' left hand automatically surged into him.

The difference between him absorbing on his own and the life force surging into his body to fuse with him on its own was incredibly great!

One of them was a forceful accommodation of the power into his body, and the other was a complete deliverance after he had been acknowledged.

Time gradually passed. The second God of Berserkers' left hand gradually withered away and shrank. All the power within it was sent into Su Ming's body without any hint of reservation, causing

all of the Berserker Bones in Su Ming's body to start moving towards great completion once he had turned a ninth of his body into Berserker Bones!

It was as if this left hand that belonged to the second God of Berserkers had always been waiting for someone - waiting for the baby whose forehead he had caressed while looking at him with a complicated gaze before leaving all those years ago.

He might have perhaps mistaken Si Ma Xin for the baby all those years, but Si Ma Xin's death and Su Ming's arrival had caused everything to return to its original tracks.

The fan that Su Ming had taken away from Si Ma Xin... originally belonged to Su Ming!

‘Destiny, Su Ming... Just what is my fate...?’

In anguish, Su Ming closed his eyes. The vast amount of life force within his body was surging like an ocean, causing all his blood, flesh, and bones to change rapidly while moving continuously towards reaching the true great completion in the Bone Sacrifice Realm that no one before Su Ming had ever accomplished!

When all the bones, flesh, and blood in his body had turned into that of a true Berserker, only then his body could be said to have returned to its roots. His strength would also surpass his current combat abilities.

Time passed by slowly, and the second God of Berserkers' left hand continued withering away and shrinking. Eventually, it even started to fade away.

Su Ming's hair had started dancing in the air at some point, and his presence surged into the sky. However... the anguish on his face remained.

The reunion after so many years had turned the warmth into the memory of a single touch. His memories were awakened bit by bit, causing him to be in anguish, and at the same time, at a loss.

Su Ming was confused as to what exactly Life meant. At that moment, he suddenly had a strong desire to know just what... exactly was Life.

In the midst of his confusion, loud rumbling sounds came from within his body, and it instantly turned gold. The brilliance of its golden light surpassed the light coming from the Five Direction Seal, and it was gradually piercing through the second God of Berserkers' transparent left hand before spreading through the area.

This light came from Su Ming's body, from every single one of his bones, every inch of his skin, every drop of his blood, every piece of his flesh... from every single part of him.

As the rumbling sounds echoed in the air, the golden light all over his body became stronger. He could clearly feel that almost every single one of his bones had already turned into Berserker Bones, and only his skull had yet to be completely turned, but the change was quickly spreading through.

The changing of his skull into a Berserker Bone was incredibly quick. After a moment, golden light shone brilliantly at the center of Su Ming's brows, and as cracking sounds rang gently in the air, a shudder ran through him, and his presence erupted, increasing rapidly at an extreme speed. After just a moment, it reached its peak!

During that instant, all his bones, his flesh, his blood, and his tendons were completely turned into those that belonged to a true Berserker!

At the same time, the second God of Berserkers' left hand under Su Ming's continued turning transparent and dissipated. It was as if it had completed its mission and finished waiting, and was now returning to dust.

When Su Ming opened his eyes, he saw the sight of the second God of Berserkers' left hand, which had been standing erect for a

long time, disintegrating. When it turned into crystalline light and spun around in circles, it spread through the air all around, and some of it touched the center of Su Ming's brows, making him feel as though that huge figure in his memories was caressing his forehead with the complicated emotion from the past that he'd seen in the dark world.

Su Ming looked at the crystalline light rising in the air quietly, watched it as it seeped through that Five Direction Seal and disappeared into nothingness, and a feeling of loneliness rose in his heart.

After a long while, Su Ming closed his eyes. When he reopened them, his gaze was calm. The confusion, loneliness, and anguish were hidden away. No one could see them. Only Su Ming himself could sense them within his heart.

His body rose into midair, still within the five-layered screen of light at that moment. He slowly stood up, but right when, he suddenly frowned.

He had a feeling that he was lacking something. In silence, Su Ming looked at his hands and went on to sense the vast amount of power within him at the moment.

That power was much stronger than what he possessed before, but he was only stronger by a fold compared to previously. He did not possess the oppressive power he imagined he would own after all his bones had turned into Berserker Bones.

After all, Su Ming's Berserker Bones contained the Wind Berserker's inheritance, the Lightning Berserker's inheritance, the Candle Dragon's blessing, the serendipity from the Blood Absconsion Tribe's blood, and the second God of Berserkers' legacy. All of these things formed his current power, which none of his predecessors had managed to do before.

However, the feeling he obtained after he had arrived at his current condition was that he was not really that much stronger

compared to his previous self, and it gave him a feeling that there was something off.

It was especially so when he sensed a lot more potential contained within his Berserker Bones, his blood, and his flesh, but he could not gather it together and bring it out...

‘Perhaps I’m lacking a turning point for me to be able to bring out my full potential swiftly! If I’m able to spend a long time polishing myself, then after a certain amount of time, I would be able to bring out my full potential... but now, I don’t have time!’ A glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. He understood quite well just what he was lacking!

But this was just his guess. After all, his current situation was something that was never heard of among Berserkers. He had to continuously fumble about looking for his way.

After a moment of pensive silence, Su Ming’s eyes sparkled. The power in his cultivation base started circulating with a loud bang, and his hair started moving without wind. A violent and wild sensation filled the area.

‘If I cannot bring out this potential, then I will force it out!’

The power within Su Ming started circulating even faster, but just as it was about to leave his body, it was forcefully retracted, causing two different types of pressure to appear!

One of them was within him and was pushing his aura outside, and the other was outside pressing down against him. By doing so, Su Ming’s body was turned into the center of the fight, and as the two forces continued pressing against him from inside and out, his face grew increasingly solemn.

If a normal person carried out this sort of compression, then they... would end up triggering a self-destruction!

Self-destruction was a state of collapse once the body was pushed to its limit by the body’s own pressure from within and the world

squeezing down the body from outside. The greater the compression, the more shocking the force would be once after the explosion.

When a person self-destructed, all the potential within his or her body would be naturally brought out in the explosion. This was the method Su Ming thought of, and it was a very crazy idea.

Because he did not have the time to slowly polish his potential and gradually bring it out to fuse with his body, he could only use this extreme method to achieve the same results.

Su Ming was also the only person who could do it, because the tenacity of his body at the moment had already reached a terrifying level. On the downside, this tenacity would make it so that if Su Ming wanted to self-destruct, it would be much harder for him to do so compared to other people.

At that moment, as his body continuously went through the compression formed by the pressures from inside and outside him, a flicker of light appeared in his eyes, and the power within him started circulating at a faster pace. By doing so, the power from the compression became even stronger. Under this force, Su Ming noticed that a trace of the potential within his body was forced out and fused into his cultivation base.

"I knew it'd work!"

Su Ming gritted his teeth, and the circulation of his power within him increased once again, and this time, he was almost pushed to his limit. Rumbling sounds echoed in the air, and he started trembling. The compression formed by the pressures from inside and outside his body pressing down on him caused his eyes to become bloodshot, but this action caused another trace of the potential to split off once again and fuse into his cultivation base.

As his cultivation base circulated faster, the potential was continuously forced out, but... it was not much.

‘I lack a turning point for this...’

A resolute look appeared on Su Ming’s face. He swiftly lifted his right hand and positioned two of his fingers into the shape of a sword. As he stared at the tip of his fingers, he didn’t hesitate and tapped the center of his brows.

The instant the fingertips touched him, a sharp stab of pain spread out from the center of his brows. That pain instantly reached its peak, and like a blown out balloon that had a hole punctured on its surface with a needle, an exit appeared on Su Ming’s body under the compression. All the power within his body erupted with a bang!

The strength of that explosion far surpassed the circulation of power within Su Ming’s body. Under the explosion, the full potential within his body was completely released. Intense pain shot through him, as if he was about to be torn apart, about to collapse. However, in the midst of this pain, Su Ming could feel himself... becoming truly powerful!

It was a strength that far surpassed his previous strength, a powerful sensation that truly belonged to him who had turned his entire body into Berserker Bones!

Su Ming lifted his head and let out a roar. It contained his pain, the strength of his cultivation base, and his will!

When it traveled forth, the Five Direction Seal started shaking, causing the roar to shoot through the screen of light and affect the entire sea. Its surface started trembling, and huge waves that surged into the sky were formed. In the midst of deep shock, all the people on the ninth summit heard Su Ming’s roar traveling forth from the depths of the sea!

Chapter 568: Great Completion

As Su Ming roared, all the veins on his body popped up, and his face twisted into a ferocious expression. Fine cracks appeared on his body, and once those cracks spread out and connected with each other, what would await Su Ming would be even more intense pain. Only when the power of his cultivation base within him exploded until it broke down would this pain stop.

Or else, he would have to control his power and cause it to calm down!

Su Ming's eyes turned bloodshot. At that moment, he no longer had his power continue spreading outwards, but instead retrieved all of it back into his body, as if he had just tamed a wild horse that had run wild once he'd let go of its reigns.

He had already managed to let the potential in his body explode. At that moment, the vast power of his cultivation base made him feel incredibly powerful, but also brought over a wave of madness to rage within him.

Su Ming did not hesitate for long. Remaining seated, he closed his eyes. The Qi within him was incredibly chaotic. It would occasionally be violent, and at other times tame. The powerful will he had gathered and refined in the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World played a critical role at this moment. His will contained a tenacious determination that would not be destroyed even after the endless amounts of reincarnations he went through, and this amount of danger he had to face, as well as the pain he had to suffer, was nothing, especially when he was doing this to obtain even greater power.

As time passed, the chaotic Qi within him started gradually becoming weaker. He did not know how much time had passed, but when there was no longer any hint of chaos within his body, he slowly opened his eyes.

Not a hint of a ripple from his cultivation base could be detected coming from within him. His skin was fair and his body slender. He looked just like an ordinary mortal, and not a single hint of any sort of cultivation base could be detected within him.

Only his eyes remained incredibly clear, and it looked as if the world was contained within their depths.

At that moment, even those who had reached great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm would not be able to detect any power from his cultivation base, unless, of course, they looked closely.

Because... at that moment, not only had Su Ming's entire body gone through a transformation, he had also reached a state of balance. It was as if his life itself had gone through a metamorphosis, and once he reached perfection, he had managed to cover the traces of his power.

The powerful warriors within the Berserker Soul Realm were strong because of the change in their spines. Those who had reached the great completion in the Bone Sacrifice Realm could not control the fluctuations within their body. The unique state where only their entire spine had been turned into Berserker Bones over all the other bones in their body was like several drops of black ink suddenly appearing in clear water. It would be incredibly distinct, and everyone would be able to tell that there was something different about them with just one glance.

However, if this transparent water was already ink to begin with, then when the rest of the world looked over, they would not be able to discover too much of a difference due to this balance.

This sort of situation had never appeared since the first day the Berserkers were formed, and Su Ming was the only one who had managed to do so!

He opened his eyes. The black shade in his pupils would be incredibly clear to all those who looked into his eyes. He slowly stood up, and not a single trace of his power spread out from his

body. He was just like a common mortal. As he looked at the Five Direction Seal above him, he lifted his right hand calmly and swung his arm towards the five-layered screen of light.

That one swing did not cause any sort of astonishing boom that shook the sky and earth, but the first layer of the screen of light started cracking, inch by inch, without a single sound. It shattered, and the seal behind it also shattered...

However, the Five Direction Seal was the treasure used to suppress the God of Berserkers' left hand. It might have become one with the left arm over the millions of years and the sealing power within it had also become much weaker to the point that it no longer had the might it held all those years ago, it would still not be easy to break it.

The instant two layers of light shattered, the remaining three layers started shining, and Su Ming saw two other layers appearing right behind them, and because of that, the seal still had... five layers left!

Su Ming stood on his spot, looking as composed as ever. Not much change could be found in his expression due to the change in the Five Direction Seal. However, his eyes started sparkling, as if he was deep in thought.

After a moment, a glint appeared in his eyes. He lifted his right hand and pointed towards the five layered screen of light. At the moment he pointed over, the five layered screen of light shuddered with a bang. The first layer shattered, and so did the second, and the third... all five layers shattered at the same time at that instant, but the moment they shattered, another five layers manifested beyond the previous five.

It was as if there was no end to it, no bottom, as if it was an eternal seal.

'I wonder what would happen if someone attacked the seal from outside...?'

A flicker of light shone in Su Ming's eyes. When the five-layered screen of light expanded outwards, the area within also grew larger. By the looks of it, the seal would only continue expanding once it shattered and recovered.

Su Ming took a step forward. When he lifted his right hand, he pointed forward once more. Once he did so, he shot out like a long arc, and without a single pause, he pointed forward again.

After he did so several times, the five-layered screen of light continued shattering and reappearing. Every single time it reappeared, it would expand outwards a lot more. Because of that, after this process repeated itself several times, the screen of light located the furthest from Su Ming had already expanded to several tens of thousands of feet wide.

As Su Ming continued rising into the air, the screen of light in the outermost layer swelled up and started spreading towards the sea.

Su Ming did not stop; he pointed forward again.

The screen of light continued becoming bigger. As it continued breaking and reappearing, it looked as if it was a huge bubble of air underneath the seawater that was continuously expanding... and floating towards the surface of the sea!

After a moment, right before the eyes of all the people in the ninth summit, and amid their shocked gasps, there was loud rumbling sound that came from the surface of the sea in the distance. The seawater started churning even more furiously, and waves started rising endlessly as if the sea was boiling!

A golden ray of light appeared, and as that light spread out, a screen of light that looked like a bubble of air emerged.

The instant it came out, the dark sky was dyed in gold. A pressure that could intimidate the souls of all spread out through the world!

The golden screen of light caused the seawater to roar and fall backwards in all directions, as if it was avoiding it!

When the screen of light completely appeared on the surface of the sea like a huge bowl that was flipped over, uproars traveled forth from the ninth summit. All those who saw it trained their eyes upon it, with their hearts filled with shock.

The screen of light continued rising until it left the sea to appear in midair. Then, what appeared before all the onlookers' eyes was a spherical screen of light!

The screen of light shone with golden light, and it had five layers to it!

The outermost layer was several hundred thousand feet big, and the people could see a person underneath it. The person was obscured, so no one was able to see him clearly.

The hundred thousand feet spherical screen of light in the air looked like a sun with its golden light under the dark sky. It shocked all those who saw it, and at the same time, an endless amount of reverence rose within their hearts.

"Use all your strength and strike this screen of light!"

While everyone was still standing in shock, Su Ming's voice traveled out from the screen of light with a hum. It echoed in the world and spread in all directions.

"Su Ming... It's Su Ming!"

Once all those from Heaven Gate seeking refuge in the ninth summit heard the voice, excitement immediately overcame them. To them, Su Ming was not an enemy but their benefactor who had allowed them to break free of Si Ma Xin's control!

Even though he had killed many of their own in Heaven Gate, but the culprit for this was not Su Ming... but Si Ma Xin!

It was especially so for those who had gotten to know Su Ming a long time ago. When they saw this scene and heard his voice, a rather complicated expression appeared on their faces, and a great wave of emotions rose in their hearts.

Bai Su looked at Su Ming, and in her daze, tears fell from her eyes. However, even though there was joy contained within her tears, there was also a hint of complicated feelings as well. They were a sigh of regret when she remembered that one thing that had happened all those years ago.

Her father standing behind her looked at Su Ming within the five layered screen of light in the sky silently. Even up to this moment, he still could not link the person before him with the young man in the past.

"Execute all your attacks on this screen of light! I want to test its might!" Su Ming's voice traveled once more from the screen of light.

After a period of silence, someone from the crowd immediately flew up and charged towards the screen of light. Soon after, more people flew up, and long arcs shot through the air. When they charged forward and closed in on the screen, booming sounds echoed in the air. All the people within the long arcs launched attacks with their full power at the five-layered light according to Su Ming's wishes.

However, the screen of light only shook slightly and did not show any signs of crumbling.

"That's enough!" Su Ming's voice came again, and the people around him immediately withdrew with respectful expressions on their faces.

'This thing might be a seal, but if I can utilize it properly, it can also turn into a treasure used for protection!'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled and he lifted his right hand to press against his chest. A dark ray of light immediately flew out from his mouth, and as that dark ray of light shone, it turned into the Welcoming of Deities in Su Ming's hand.

The pill was dark. Even though Su Ming had brought it out, his

presence did not change. He no longer needed to use this Welcoming of Deities to obtain the God of Berserkers' divine abilities; he had already obtained everything when he absorbed the God of Berserkers' left hand.

Once he put away the Welcoming of Deities, he looked at the Five Direction Seal that had never disappeared around him with a calm look. Then, he spread out his divine sense and fused it into the black stone fragment hanging off his neck, which he had not used for a long time.

The stone fragment could deceive all existences, the mere Five Direction Seal was naturally nothing to it. This was one of the reasons why Su Ming had the courage to search for his serendipity while putting himself at risk within the Five Direction Seal.

Almost the moment Su Ming's divine sense touched the black stone fragment, his presence changed abruptly. Gradually, the second God of Berserkers' presence faded away from his body.

It was as if he had turned into another person. Su Ming walked towards the five-layered screen of light before him, and the instant he touched the inner layer, he walked out without experiencing a single obstacle in his way. When he walked out of the remaining layers and stood in midair, he turned around and looked towards the screen of light.

Once Su Ming left, it looked as if the seal could no longer find the source of what it was sealing, and the screen of light gradually shrank. Eventually, with a flash of golden light, it turned into a golden Five Direction Seal that was about the size of a palm!

That Seal floated in midair and plunged down towards the sea. However, with a swing of Su Ming's arm, it changed direction and flew towards him. When Su Ming held it in his hand, he observed it carefully, and once he put it away, he turned his head around and cast his gaze at the ninth summit, as well as the people around him.

Chapter 569: Life of a Stone Falling into the River in the Sky

"Greetings, Sir Su Ming!"

"Please accept our greetings... Sir Su Ming!"

The crowd that had been asked to attack the screen of light moments ago were standing before Su Ming and looking at him with respect on their faces. Some of these people had seen him before, and right then, their hearts were filled with mixed feelings, but they did not dare reveal it. Their faces were filled with extreme respect instead.

No matter what race it was, all powerful warriors would be respected. This respect might be sincere, and it might also be due to fear. The strong reign supreme - This was a universal law that would never change.

The crowd before Su Ming's eyes acted precisely this way.

They were the survivors left behind after Heaven Gate collapsed, and they had seen how Su Ming had murdered his way through the numerous layers. As their words traveled into the air, Su Ming's gaze landed on them, and the people lowered their heads, not having the courage to look at him.

Su Ming's gaze was not that fierce, but simply a clear gaze filled with a profound look. Yet this ordinary look in his eyes made all the people who saw it feel as if their inner thoughts had been seen through, and it felt as if they could keep no secrets from him.

Shock filled their hearts within that instant. As they lowered their heads, Su Ming looked at them. There were some among them whom he could recognize vaguely, but he could not remember their names. These were the people he had met by pure chance when he still stayed in the ninth summit.

After all, to the people who knew Su Ming, only twenty

something years had passed. Twenty years might bring about many changes, but to those who walked down the path of cultivation, their memories would not have faded away too much.

But Su Ming had gone through a countless amount of reincarnations in the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World. His will might have become stronger, but unless his memories were about certain people and certain incidents, everything else had faded away, as if they were lifetimes apart.

In fact, even the emotions and feelings he had harbored for certain relationships in the past had largely faded away, just like how he felt towards a certain person. He stood in midair and swept his gaze across the crowd before his eyes fell on a person in white, who was as beautiful as she had been all those years ago.

Hu Zi's loud snores would still occasionally travel through the air. His voice broke the silence that fell among the crowd due to Su Ming's appearance.

Su Ming lifted his foot and took a step towards the ninth summit. When his foot landed, he vanished before reappearing in the sky above the ninth summit. When he took another step, he stood at the peak of the mountain.

Besides Bai Su and her father, there were some other Heaven Gate survivors who had ran to the mountain. One of them was the old man in white robes, who was one of the Lords of Heaven Gate who had his life force scattered and had fallen into a state of unconsciousness as if he had died.

The Berserker Threads in the old man's body had not vanished after Si Ma Xin died, but had instead buried themselves deep into his body and stayed there still and unmoving, as if they had lost their life.

The old man might be injured badly and had his life force scattered, but he was also gradually waking up. After all, if he had dared to take such a risk, then he would naturally have a way to

recover his life force. In fact, everything that had happened to him beforehand might have just been an illusion.

At that moment, the reawakened old man in white saw Su Ming arriving, and with an excited look on his face, he went up and wrapped his fist in his palm before he bowed deeply towards him.

"I am Lin Hai Zi. Greetings, Lord of Freezing Sky's Great Frozen Plains."

Once the old man said these words, the rest of the people on the ninth summit, besides Bai Su and her father, wrapped their fists in their palms and greeted Su Ming.

"Greetings, Lord of Freezing Sky's Great Frozen Plains!"

These words were voiced by many and turned into a wave of sound that echoed in the air above the surface of the sea, refusing to fade away even after a long time.

After the crowd did this, Bai Su's father, who was the old man with the complicated expression on his face, also lowered his head and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming.

At that moment, all the people in the area were voicing their respect towards Su Ming with voices filled with admiration. They might not know what had happened in the sea, but when the Threads from the Berserker Seeds in their bodies sank into silence as if they had lost their lives, these people sensed Si Ma Xin's death, and felt the threads controlling their fates over the past years abruptly snapping.

As Su Ming walked out from the sea, all the people in the mountain understood that no matter what the process had been, the fight between Su Ming and Si Ma Xin had ended... with Si Ma Xin's death!

"Lord of Freezing Sky's Great Frozen Plains, Sir Su Ming, what has happened to Si Ma Xin...?" The old man in white hesitated for a moment before finally asking. Si Ma Xin might be dead according

to what he could sense, but the old man still felt a little wary. He wanted to hear it from Su Ming's own mouth.

"Si Ma Xin is dead!" Su Ming stated slowly, not too bothered by the old man attaching the title of Lord of Freezing Sky's Great Frozen Plains to his name.

At the instant he heard Su Ming's words, the old man sucked in a deep breath, and an excited expression appeared briefly on his face. He looked at Su Ming and wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing towards him once more.

As Su Ming returned and reported Si Ma Xin's death, the remnants of Heaven Gate felt at a loss in the midst of their excitement. They were lost as to where they should go next, and lost as to where their destinies laid.

When the night arrived, Su Ming sat outside Hu Zi's cave abode in the ninth summit, who was still in deep sleep. Besides a white figure beside him, there was no one else around. The entire area was very quiet, and only the swishing sounds of waves could be heard faintly, along with Hu Zi's snores that would occasionally travel outwards.

The remnants of Heaven Gate were scattered everywhere on the mountain. They did not get closer to this spot. Occasionally, someone would lift their heads and automatically look towards the figure under the moon at the top of the mountain. When they looked over, their gazes would be filled with gratitude and respect.

Bai Su sat beside Su Ming. They had been sitting side by side for almost two hours while watching the sky gradually turn dark and the sea turn dim. Neither of them spoke.

In truth, they were not the only ones there. Not too far away was a cliff, and at the edge of the cliff was a bald crane, who was lying on the ground in a lackadaisical a manner. There was a shining stone in its claws. It continued looking at it, and occasionally, its beak would curl up in a smug grin, and it would let out cackling

sound.

"Are you going to leave again?" After a long while, when the bald crane looked away from the stone and cast a few scrutinizing glances towards Su Ming and Bai Su, Bai Su broke the silence.

"I will head off to Eastern Wastelands." Su Ming looked at the black seawater and spoke unhurriedly.

"I wish you a good life..." Bai Su lowered her head and looked at the seawater, as well, while speaking softly.

Su Ming did not speak. He turned around and looked towards Bai Su. Her dark locks were incredibly long and covered her face, blocking her countenance from his gaze, and also hid away the hideous scar on her face.

"I was immature in the past. Thank you for being tolerant towards me. I'm very happy to have met you again..." Bai Su spoke softly. She did not look at Su Ming, but lowered her head to look at the sea. There was a gentle smile on her face and it contained a hint of being carefree along with a hint of nostalgia.

After a long time, she stood up and walked past Su Ming.

"The ninth summit is your home. Leave at peace. I will stay here and take care of the place... If the day comes that I'm no longer in the world, I will leave my body behind... and atone for the harm I've done to you in the past," she said quietly. T

The instant she walked past Su Ming, he suddenly lifted his hand and grabbed her arm. She trembled lightly. She did not break free from his grip, and simply allowed him to hold her arm, but she kept her head turned downwards.

Su Ming stood up and looked at Bai Su, then lifted his right hand and moved away the dark locks on her face. She clearly flinched and moved away slightly, but he still saw the hideous scar on her face.

Bai Su closed her eyes, and tears fell down her cheeks. She

lowered her head, as if she did not want him to see that ugly scar.

"You don't need to atone for anything. What has happened belongs solely to the past. I only want to see the adorable girl from all those years ago, the girl who had the wild beauty within her," he said softly while looking at Bai Su.

"People grow up eventually, don't they...? I'm no longer who I was in the past, and neither are you." Bai Su opened her eyes and looked at Su Ming. Her gaze no longer contained the wild nature from his memories, but had turned into signs of age and time.

There was also a deeply rooted fatigue and a look screaming that she was helplessly struggling against fate within her.

"My pa once told me that I'm burdened with the Life of a stone falling into the river in the sky. The splashes when the stone fell into the river have turned into me, and I'm destined to have tears as my companions. I'm destined to only be the splashes from the river forever..." Bai Su looked at Su Ming and struggled violently against the hold on her right hand, as if she wanted to break free from his hand.

"Wait for me. I'll search for a way to return to the Alliance of the Western Region, and if I find it... come with me to the Western Region." Su Ming did not let go. He looked at Bai Su, at this woman, and spoke slowly.

"The stone falling into the river in the sky is destined to be alone forever due to the fall. Even if there are splashes in the river, no one will be able to find the stone, because there is simply too much water in the river, and I... am merely a few drops within it.

"Su Ming, I will stay here and take care of the ninth summit for you, but I... will not leave with you." Bai Su turned her head around and broke free from his grasp. When she turned around once more, her dark locks danced in the air, cutting through some of the tears that fell from her eyes, causing the broken droplets to scatter into the air. When they floated past Su Ming's eyes, Bai Su

left into the distance.

Su Ming quietly looked at her figure disappearing from his sight. Then, Dark Mountain's Bai Ling and the Celestial Maiden from the World of Nine Yin manifested in his head. The figures of these three women seemed to have fused together at that instant.

"The Life of the stone falling into the river in the sky... will only appear when the falling stone appears, will only be special because of that falling stone, and will be alone because of itself. In the end, the splashes caused by that falling stone will fuse into the river, and no one will be able to find the stone ever again."

An old voice spoke from the other side of the mountain. Along with it came a pale old man with a complicated expression on his face. The old man's life force was dim, as if there was not much life within him and as if all traces of his life could be wiped away at any given moment. He walked towards Su Ming. The old man was Bai Su's father, and he'd been a middle-aged man with a great reputation in Heaven Gate all those years ago.

Twenty years had gone by, and time had left too many of its tracks on his body.

"This is her Life, if she cannot break free from it, then she is bound to end up that way."

Translator's Notes:

1. Life of a stone falling into the river in the sky, with capital L for Life: 天河落石 (tian1 he2 luo4 shi4), originally translated as Falling Stone in Galaxy, because that was what 天河 means, which is another name for milky way, by the way, but when I read the description for Bai Su's Life, I changed my mind and decided to go for stone falling into the river in the sky instead, sounded more accurate that way.

Do remember that Life = life/vitality + fate.

Chapter 570: Life!

"What is Life?" Su Ming looked at the black sea and sky in the distance and asked calmly.

The sounds of footsteps grew closer. Bai Su's father, the old man whose face was now burned with age, stopped several dozens of feet away. He looked at the sea and sky Su Ming was staring at. There was only darkness there.

He fell silent for a moment before he spoke hoarsely. "All things in the world have Lives, and this Life does not mean the state of being alive, but is the manifestation of what we have sensed from our past lives in our current lives."

"How did you determine that Bai Su's Life was to be a stone falling into the river in the sky?" Su Ming still did not look at the man as he asked lightly.

"Because all of us descendants of the Bai family have the Lives of the river in the sky. We are to be hurt by love and are to be alone. Only our children will remain and stay with us until we grow old and die... The river in the sky is made of starlight, and there are a lot of stars that shine in the sky. When they fuse together, the river can be seen clearly, but when you try to look carefully, you won't be able to differentiate each one. This is my Life, and so it was for my younger brother Bai Chang Zai. And my daughter Bai Su... is burdened with the same fate. The entire Bai family has been burdened with the same Life for generations!

"But Bai Su is a little different. Her Life has been changed because of the stone. That stone... is Si Ma, and is also you!" Bai Su's father spoke slowly, and his voice was deep as it echoed in the area in this is dark night.

"Nonsense!" Su Ming turned his head around and cast a cold glance towards Bai Su's father.

"Si Ma's Life is different. Those with his Life are the light from the dew on grass that appears when it reflects the light from the morning sun. He should have originally been green grass, but due to the dew on his body, he became a striking figure under the sunlight.

"This is... borrowing Life.

"I don't know what his original Life was supposed to be, but the reason behind why he had such great power and serendipity was all because of the reflection of light on the dew, but this reflection can be cut off and turned against him, that is why I had been certain that if he died, he would definitely die because of the reflection of light!

"The person who can kill him will definitely be the one who gave him that dew, the one who lent his Life to him!" The eyes of Bai Su's father were originally dull and lifeless, but when he said those words, they started sparkling brilliantly, as if they were reflecting light. He looked towards Su Ming.

"I deduced your Life in the past. You had the Life of the veins within grass, wood, and stones. All of them contain veins, and they support their entire bodies. Those who have this Life are bound to be controlled like puppets, and they cannot escape... They are not suited for Bai Su's Life!

"But when I looked for your Life again now, it has changed greatly. I... can no longer see any signs of Life on you!" Bai Su's father looked at Su Ming and took a few steps forward. His voice gained an anxious edge.

"This shouldn't be possible. All manner of being in the world has Life, and even those who have died will have Life. Their Lives will not disappear, but you..." Bai Su's father stared at Su Ming, and a brilliant light appeared in his eyes.

Su Ming stared at the old man before him coldly. The Life this old man spoke about seemed to be connected to the Life

Cultivation he had come to understand, but was even more subjective, and Su Ming could not find himself believing in him.

Besides, Life Cultivation was a new Realm after the Berserker Soul Realm. Perhaps there were truly people who had managed to step into that Realm, but they were incredibly rare. Even those who had managed to arrive at its doorsteps would surely be only a few.

Su Ming did not believe that this old man had managed to find his way to the door leading to Life Cultivation, or else, why would he be humiliated and oppressed by Si Ma Xin! However... even if Su Ming did not believe in his words, the meaning behind them had made his heart move slightly.

‘Si Ma Xin turned into a puppet after he died... That puppet had a strand of hair from when I was still an infant and a drop of my blood at the center of its brows, and then there are the altars I saw because of that strand of hair scattered all over the continent.

‘The reflection of light on dew...’

Not a hint of what Su Ming was thinking was revealed on his face. He looked at the old man, and his gaze was still filled with cold detachment.

"I know that you won't believe in this so called Art of Life so easily, but every single thing I said is the truth!" Bai Su's father said once again.

The words he said previously about Su Ming's Life echoed in his head, especially in regards to the first half of his words, when he was talking about the Life of the veins in grass, wood, and stones, and that he was supposed to be controlled like a puppet. These things caused a barely noticeable constriction in his pupils.

"Then what is your Life?"

"My Life is..." There was a slight hint of anguish on Bai Su's father's face, but when he looked at Su Ming, there was a strange

glint contained within that pain in his eyes.

"My Life is that of the fish suffocating outside the river in the sky! Those with this Life cannot run into emptiness, because once they do, they will definitely die! They are just like fish that have left water, they will not live long.

"I had never understood what it meant until I met you again. You have no Life, so you are emptiness itself!" Bai Su's father looked at Su Ming and spoke with mixed feelings.

"Are you saying that you don't have a long time left?" Su Ming asked slowly and calmly.

"I may have only a few moments, or it could be a couple days, but no more. Then I will die." Bai Su's father said with a low voice, and sighed.

Su Ming narrowed his eyes and suddenly asked, "How did you manage to look into other people's Lives?"

"About that..." Bai Su's father hesitated for a moment before he cast a glance at Su Ming, and then, he gritted his teeth.

"The Bai family has a long history with Freezing Sky Clan and we are closely connected to them. Our ancestor, Bai Yuan Hua was one of the creators of Freezing Sky Clan, and during his time, his level of cultivation could be said to be so famous that his name rang through the entire South Morning!

"We don't know where he is now, since once he built Freezing Sky Clan, he left South Morning. But before he left, he once isolated himself for a hundred years, and when he left, he left behind a Life Scroll!

"It is damaged and in tatters, and our ancestor obtained it by chance. He should have left because he wanted to search for the other Life Scrolls, and in fact, the great power from his cultivation base might have come from the epiphany he gained from that Life Scroll!

"But us descendants of the Bai family do not have our ancestor's wisdom, and up to now, there is no one who has managed to understand that scroll completely, and since we were afraid of getting into trouble for what we have, this thing has always been a secret within the Bai family.

"A long time ago, my younger brother, Bai Chang Zai, had gained the most understanding from that scroll, but he still could not gain a deep enough one. As for me, I only possess superficial knowledge about the contents in that scroll, and I can only make simple deductions and calculations."

Bai Su's father was filled with sincerity, and his voice echoed in the darkness, able to cause all those who heard it to feel an ancient air about him.

"This is absolutely true. I have no reason to lie to you. I can give you the Life Scroll that is the legacy passed down in the Bai family, but I want to ask you for a favor!"

When Bai Su's father said these words, he swiftly lifted his right hand and pointed at the center of his brows. Immediately, dark light shone at the spot where his fingers touched. His body immediately started trembling, and he began withering away right before Su Ming's eyes.

As he withered away, the skin on his face started squirming as if there was something moving within his body. He sucked in a deep breath at that moment and lifted his left hand to swing at the air. Immediately, a lit incense appeared before him. The wisps of smoke from the incense curled up into the air, and as it rose upwards, Bai Su's father sucked in a deep breath in its direction, and it immediately turned into seven wisps of smoke that crawled into his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth.

This was an incredibly bizarre sight, and a focused look appeared in Su Ming's eyes as he watched. Once Bai Su's father sucked in those seven wisps of smoke, he began trembling, and a crack tore

through the center of his brows.

No blood flowed, and it looked as if it had existed for many years but had been hidden away usually so no one could see it.

Only when Bai Su's father used a secret Art would this crack appear. Right then, Su Ming immediately sensed a presence that shook his soul spreading out.

It was difficult to describe this presence with words. It was like a sweet scent that would make people feel delighted the moment they took a sniff of it, their bodies relaxing. In fact, those who took a whiff of it would even find their own cultivation base increasing slightly, and joy would appear within the depths of their hearts, as if they had just experienced an incredibly joyous occasion, and they would be unable to control themselves and smile.

It would make these people try to sense more. Yet when unable to help themselves they would open up to get in touch with that presence, they would find that it was no longer sweet, having turned into a nauseating feeling. It would make them feel as if they were about to throw up all their organs in their bodies. It was as if what they had sensed earlier was just an illusion, and this was the real deal!

However... if that was merely the case, then this presence would not really be that strange. What shocked Su Ming was the bitterness that gradually emerged from within that presence once the nauseating feeling was gone. That bitter taste was as if he had just swallowed the thickest gallbladder in the world, and it had turned into an extreme bitterness as the taste traveled from within his body to his skin.

This complex and varying presence caused Su Ming's mind to be shaken, and at the same time, he saw Bai Su's father lifting his right hand pushing it into the crack at the center of his brows. There was a strange look on his face, as if he was laughing and crying at the same time, when he slowly pulled out a black wooden

block from within!

This wooden block was only the breadth of two fingers and half a palm long. The presence that had caused Su Ming's mind to be shaken came precisely from it!

"This item is the Life Scroll our family's ancestor left behind when he left all those years ago! This scroll is not a scroll, because it has turned itself into a piece of wood with its own Art..."

The black wooden block's image appeared in Su Ming's eyes. The instant his gaze was trained on it, the cries of infants seemed to echo in his ears, along with the sorrowful mourning of women, and the grief filled voices of men, as well as the sounds of tears falling on robes as the elderly cried.

Those were the wailing sounds of people from different periods of time.

Su Ming's pupils shrank. With his current level of cultivation, it was rare for his facial expression to change visibly, but at that moment, he was visibly moved, and all of it was because of this small piece of wood!

'This item is definitely nothing ordinary!' This was the only thought that appeared in Su Ming's head at that moment.

Because while he heard crying sounds, he saw illusory shadows surrounding the block of wood, and they were all men and women married to each other. They were smiling... smiling in all sorts of situations, smiling during birthdays, during childbirth, during their marriages, their wedding night, and all sorts of other situations. There were all sorts of people among those illusions, and they were all smiling happily.

"I give this to you... and for this, I just have one request. Promise me, if the day comes where you possess the ability to change the Principles of Life¹, help my daughter Bai Su change her Life..."

"Before you possess this ability, then I wish... for her... to be safe

in this chaotic world." Bai Su's father sat down cross-legged on the ground, and his voice grew weaker. Once he finished saying those words, he swung his right hand in the air, and the black wooden block immediately started drifting slowly towards Su Ming.

It continued until it arrived right before him.

Su Ming looked at that wooden block, and after a long while, he slowly nodded. He might still have doubts regarding the old man's words towards the Art of Life, but he still chose to agree to his request.

The instant he nodded, Bai Su's father smiled faintly. He lifted his head and looked towards the dark sky and sea in the distance. Vaguely, he seemed to have seen a woman walking towards him from the air, stretching her hand towards him.

"Hui Chen... is that you...?"

A dazed expression appeared on Bai Su's father's face, and when he uttered that question softly, he closed his eyes, and the presence and life force within his body disappeared at that instant.

Translator's Notes:

Principles of Life: 命理 (ming4 li3), actually just known as Chinese fortune telling or Chinese divination, but I highly doubt it. Maybe I haven't been able to find the official translation for it, but I gave it the name according to Life series, so we have here Principles of Life. The basic meaning of this 命理 is the principles that govern a person's fate. This fate has two meanings, one of them is the state of being alive, and the other is the eight characters/eight words (八字) that form your inborn natal chart or what we call here Life Matrix. This apparently shows what sort of stages you will go through in life (which is the 'life' mentioned earlier) and whether you will live your life in a series of blessings or disasters (which is 'fate').

Chapter 571: The Enemies Arrive!

The black wooden block floated before Su Ming while spreading out a dim light. His gaze fell on Bai Su's father, and saw a dazed smile still lingering on his lifeless body.

Su Ming originally would not believe him so easily, but at that moment, the words the old man had said previously surfaced in his head, and when he looked at his lifeless body, all of these things made him become uncertain about this Art of Life.

'Life...' Su Ming closed his eyes, and when he reopened them some time later, he looked towards the black wooden block before him and lifted his right hand swiftly to seize it. A sparkle of surprise appeared in his eyes. At the instant he touched that wooden block, he vaguely saw the sights of all sorts of people going through the cycle of life, of being born, getting old, getting sick, and dying right before his eyes...

The sights of those people going through their cycles of life flashed by his eyes. Those unfamiliar faces and unfamiliar voices all turned into a huge smiling face in the end. However, that smiling face was crying and rushed towards Su Ming abruptly, causing his heart to lurch forward, and at the same time, the dazed look in his eyes disappeared. Everything returned to normal.

Bai Su's father remained seated cross-legged on the ground. It was still dark all around him, and the sounds of waves crashing on the surface of the sea would occasionally travel into his ears from the distance, fusing with the contrasting silence in the area.

However, Su Ming could not calm down his emotions, because right in the depths of his heart, that instant when the smiling and crying face charged towards him kept repeating itself in his head, along with a faded voice saying the same words again and again.

"What is Life?"

It was a question. The voice did not seem to be seeking for an answer from someone else, but was a question the speaker had asked himself as he was in the process of gaining an epiphany. Due to a special fluctuation of power, that epiphany had filled the black wooden block, and it was precisely because of this epiphany gathering itself on the black piece of wood that it became extraordinary!

Su Ming had asked himself that question when he gained possession of that one thread of presence belonging to Life Cultivation. However, at that time, that question had been brought up with uncertainty and confusion.

Yet now, the faded voice traveling from the black wooden block brought with it insight. It was a question directed to the speaker himself once he gained that epiphany, and within that voice was a hint of nostalgia and sentiment.

The words were the same, but the meaning was largely different.

Su Ming understood, but he forgot the answer. He could not answer that question, because he was even more at a loss.

What is Life...?

Su Ming remained silent. He had a sudden feeling that the epiphany he had gained earlier through some of the thought processes he had went through were rather insignificant, judging by what was happening now.

The three words from the black wooden block sounded like a question directed to the speaker himself, but in truth, the feeling Su Ming obtained from those three words was that the speaker was actually expressing himself after he had come to an understanding of the question and had gained an epiphany.

‘Bai family’s ancestor gained a great epiphany as he trained with this Life Scroll, and he came to understand Heaven Art: Principles of Life... All of this might be because of these three words!’ Su

Ming closed his eyes, and those three words kept repeating themselves in his head.

The voice uttering those three words was ancient and gave off a feeling of endless time. It contained a boundless amount of wisdom and sentiment, causing those who heard it to be unable to help themselves but fall into an absent-minded state, and even their minds would sink into that voice.

Su Ming sat just like that on the mountain rock, with his eyes closed and the voice echoing in his head. He did not want to wake up.

Time trickled by. When the second morning arrived, a halo of light spread out from the thick clouds in the distance, causing the sea and the sky to look slightly brighter and the darkness in the area to slowly be hidden away.

Su Ming did not wake up. He continued sitting there to slowly reflect on those words, slowly mulling over them. He forgot about the passage of time.

Hu Zi finally woke up three days later. He yawned as if he was still sleepy. When he opened his eyes, he saw the bald crane and was momentarily stunned. Then he began to let his mind wander.

That bald crane was also looking at Hu Zi. The man and crane stared into each other's eyes for some time before the bald crane suddenly realized that this man seemed a little dumb...

A twinkle appeared in its eyes before it slowly opened its mouth to speak with a solemn expression on its face.

"You're finally awake. I've been waiting for you for many years. Boy, do you have any idea just how much strength I've had to spend so that I could wake you up...?"

The bald crane spoke slowly, with an intimidating air within its voice, but almost the moment that presence appeared, Hu Zi glared over, lifted his hand, and slapped the bald crane. That slap came

too suddenly, and the bird absolutely did not notice it. In fact, it had even been deceived by Hu Zi's expression. When that slap struck its face, its body was instantly flung off to the side with a huge force.

"You little rascal, your Grandpa Hu is the smartest person in the ninth summit, how dare you try and lie to me?!" Hu Zi glared at the crane with his eyes wide open, then stood up while rolling up his sleeves before he started shouting at the bald crane.

"I was wondering why I kept feeling someone scratching an itch on my body, so it's you, you baldy! I'm going to strangle you!" As Hu Zi spoke, he became fuelled with rage and strode towards the bald crane that was nearly stunned by the blow.

When it saw Hu Zi glaring at it while walking closer with wide steps, as he fumed in rage, the bald crane immediately screamed, and was also overcome by rage. The few remaining feathers immediately stood up, and it even flapped its wings a few times.

"Ah ah ah, how could you do this to me, boy?! If you don't give me ten thousand crystals for this, I won't forgive you, even if that boy Su Ming is around!" While screaming, the bald crane started flapping its wings like a chick. By the looks of it, it did not want to get closer to Hu Zi, but wanted to leave his cave abode.

Hu Zi's expression was filled with disdain. When he lifted his right hand, a crystal immediately appeared in it and he threw it towards the ground. A clear sound rang in the air when that crystal fell on the ground. Just as the bald crane was about to leave, it heard the sound, and almost instinctively, it pounced on the crystal. There was no hesitation in its actions, it was really just acting on impulse.

Yet the instant it pounced on the crystal, Hu Zi had already lifted his right fist and punched towards it.

"Look at you, I had started playing these sort of tricks when I was three! How dare you try scheme against me?!"

On the third day since Su Ming immersed himself in his absent-minded state to gain his epiphany, Bai Su took away her father's corpse, as if she knew long ago that this would happen. There was no hint of surprise on her face, only grief and the tears that she could not hide away no matter what she did.

Some of the people who had sought refuge on the ninth summit chose to leave during these few days. Every single one of those who left would cast a respectful glance towards the spot where Su Ming had chosen to isolate himself for his meditation. They left the ninth summit to search for their homes, which might have drowned or might perhaps still exist in the land.

The Berserker Threads within these people's bodies still had yet to disappear, buried deep in their bodies after they lost their lives. As the people left, they brought the threads with them.

The people who chose to stay on the ninth summit chose to settle themselves at the middle section quietly, with the old man in white as their leader. They no longer had any homes and did not know where to go. This place was their only home.

Once Hu Zi learned of everything that had happened in Heaven Gate over the past few days, the shock in his heart turned into a foolish grin on his face, before it eventually settled into pride.

The ninth summit belonged to Su Ming and Hu Zi. In this place, he was the master, and the others were just guests, and because of Su Ming's existence, all the people who chose to stay on the ninth summit were extremely polite to Hu Zi. No one dared offend him, including the Lord of Heaven Gate, the old man in white.

As for the bald crane, the two of them would glower at each other every single day, but every time Hu Zi flung away a crystal, it would immediately smile and charge towards that crystal. However...

Once, Hu Zi threw a stone that was gathered together from discarded crystal powder which he'd made many years ago

through much research, and the bald crane pounced on that stone. It looked just like a crystal, and even had an incredibly similar presence to a crystal, but was not actually one. Just like always, the bird rushed over and did not even notice that anything was off. A prideful feeling rose in Hu Zi's heart as he scoffed at that bald crane.

‘What an idiot. As expected, I’m just so smart!’

‘Heh heh, does he really think I don’t know that this is a fake crystal? But even if it’s a fake crystal, I can still use it to trick other people. Why shouldn’t I take it?’

The man and crane continued toying with each other happily on the ninth summit as Su Ming continued immersing himself in his epiphany.

Besides Hu Zi, there was another existence that stood out among all the others on the ninth summit, and that was Bai Su. The matter between her and Su Ming was not a secret for Heaven Gate members. Many people even treated her as some sort of master within the ninth summit.

Time passed. One month went by, and Su Ming still did not wake up. He was immersed in his state to gain his epiphany, still lingering around the tone contained within the three words.

He was trying to search for the person who had Branded these three words on this black wooden Life Scroll as he spoke them, and was trying to find out what sort of epiphany he had gained that would make him say those three words with such sentiment.

Bai family’s ancestor had once walked down the path Su Ming traveled all those years ago, and as he continued understanding the meaning of Life, he managed to possess such great power that he became one of the creators of Freezing Sky Clan.

It was this path that Su Ming was moving through.

However, epiphanies differed for each individual. When different

people went on to understand the same sentence and the same tone, they would gain different results.

As Su Ming continued trying to understand the words, as the remaining people who chose to stay behind in the ninth summit continued living their lives peacefully, as Hu Zi and the bald crane continued playing with each other, and as Bai Su stood at the top of the mountain quietly while her black locks were lifted by the wind to reveal her beautiful figure, at that moment, right outside the protective screen of life surrounding the gigantic island where Freezing Sky Clan was located, far from the tranquil scene in the ninth summit...

The Dead Sea roared and raged with waves surging into the sky. Hundreds of gigantic heads emerged from the surface of the sea. Their eyes shone with a cold and detached dark light as they stared at the protective screen of light while continuously closing in on it.

Behind them were Aquatic Dragons that would occasionally reveal their gigantic bodies. As their roars filled the sky... a gigantic ship of a hundred thousand feet long appeared at the furthestmost corner of the Dead Sea!!

At the top of the ship was a slender figure. His face could not be seen clearly, only his heartless and prideful eye, which were sparkling like brilliant stars!

There was a woman keeping him company by his side. The woman's dark locks danced in the sea breeze, and she was an incredibly elegant sight.

She looked at the island behind the protective screen of light and asked softly, "Big brother Beiling¹, is this South Morning's Freezing Sky Clan?"

Translator's Notes:

1. Beiling: Is a major spoiler, holy crap. Remember Bei Ling? From Dark Mountain Tribe? Yeah, their names are written slightly

differently. Beiling is written as (北陵) and Bei Ling is written (北凌). If you look at it, only the second word is slightly different, which is the part we call the Chinese radicals. Also, due to a wordplay and spoiler later, Beiling has not been translated as North Hill, and neither has Bei Ling been translated as North Icicle, because I can't do that wordplay later on if I did that. BUT DO THEY HAVE A CONNECTION??!!! (Oh my, I don't know, look at my innocent eyes OwO)

Chapter 572: The Immortals' Prodigy!

"This is one of the three big islands in South Morning that was formed after Eastern Wastelands crashed into the continent." The man with the heartless and prideful eyes stood on the warship and lifted his right hand before swinging his arm forward. Immediately, a jade slip appeared in his hand.

That jade slip sparkled and projected an illusory map before the man and the woman.

On the map was an impressive projection of the complete Eastern Wastelands and the islands that were formed after South Morning was split apart, as well as the duo's current location.

They could clearly see three words written on the island before them on the map.

Freezing Sky Clan.

"The three big islands in South Morning are the strongest forces among the Berserker remnants now. This should be where the Immortals from Great Leaf Immortal Sect descend, but from what our Sect Leader has deduced, Great Leaf Immortal Sect has suffered quite a lot of damage in the land of the Berserkers this time!

"Di Tian's projection has died, and there is absolutely no news about the Sect Elder of Great Leaf Immortal Sect here, so he must have run into an accident... Big brother Beiling, you shouldn't meet much resistance when we get there. This trip shouldn't be hard." The woman looked at the protective screen of light not too far away and spoke softly.

"If we don't meet much resistance, then it also means that this place might not be the spot where the second God of Berserkers' left hand was sealed." The man called Beiling spoke slowly, as his gaze turned even more aloof.

"There is a third of a chance that the second God of Berserkers' left hand is sealed in this place. We need luck for this. Besides, compared to the island where the Ocean Sky Sect descends in Sky Mist Dao, as well as South Morning's third island, which is controlled by Hidden Dragon Sect, I believe that this place has the highest possibility for us to find that arm," the woman said softly after pondering it for a moment.

Beiling let out a cold harrumph and did not speak, which was a sign of him agreeing to the woman's words. He lifted his right hand and pointed towards the growing closer island where Freezing Sky Clan was located. Immediately, the Dead Sea roared. The hundreds of Dead Sea Giants before them opened their mouths wide and simultaneously let out low roars. As they did so, they swiftly emerged from a large area of the sea, and anyone who cast a glance towards the area would find hundreds of giants taking large strides and swiftly closing in on the screen of light around Freezing Sky Clan's island.

The waves roared, and as the sea churned, it turned into a vortex with the island located right at the center. With a loud bang, the vortex started turning.

"Big brother Beiling, don't worry. The person who went to search for the second God of Berserkers' left hand in the Ocean Sea Sect's island, which is where the Immortals descend in Sky Mist Dao [6], is Sikong [1]. He might have extraordinary power, but he's arrogant and too prideful. He'll definitely run into a lot of obstacles. It's still uncertain whether he'll be able to successfully occupy the place. This time, all of you prodigies will be ranked according to your achievements, and you, big brother Beiling, will definitely have a high rank." The woman looked at him, and there was a gentle look on her face.

"Sikong isn't a problem, but the person who is going to Hidden Dragon Sect's third island... is Chenchong 2]. He's the one enemy I'm the most worried about this time!" Beiling stated calmly. The

moment he mentioned Chenchong's name, a hint of wariness appeared on his face.

"Sikong, Chenchong... and then there's Eastern Wasteland's Bisu [3] and... Justice Heaven Dao's Ye Wang [4]." Beiling narrowed his eyes. When he uttered that last name, his face darkened.

"Ye Wang..." The woman also frowned. Clearly, that name had left a deep impression in her mind.

The woman hesitated for a moment before she spoke softly. "Ye Wang, the best among all the disciples of this generation... and acknowledged by all the Immortals' Sects! The Five Immortals [7] offered him protection right from his birth and even opened up his Dao for him. He was fated to become an Immortal... It is said that when he was born, ten Immortal Spirits who had originally passed away were resurrected, and they were given to him by heaven to protect him."

Beiling remained silent and did not speak, but a will to fight burned in his eyes. He might be looking at the hundreds of Dead Sea Giants attacking the protective screen of light, but he was not too bothered by it. What truly caught his attention was the competition among all the prodigies from each of the Sects that had descended in the land of the Berserkers!

"I'll leave the screen of light to you, junior sister Chenxin [5]." Beiling closed his eyes and sat down cross-legged at the bow of the warship. The woman beside him nodded gently and looked at him. This person had been in her heart ever since she was young. She was willing to give up everything for him.

However... Beiling's cold and aloof attitude had caused her to feel dejected. Chenxin sighed in her heart, then lifted her hand. There was a jade bracelet on her wrist. It was letting out a gentle light at that moment, and it covered her entire body. One ray of light broke off to shoot through the Dead Sea. Once it connected with the protective screen of light, runic symbols used for deduction

immediately appeared in her eyes.

Time trickled by. On the second day the warship and the hundreds of Dead Sea Giants appeared next to the protective screen of light, and hundreds of long arcs flew up from beyond the ninth summit. The people within them were those who had left the mountain. These people's faces were panic-stricken as they charged into the air. They flew towards the ninth summit to bring the people there a shocking news.

There were enemies approaching the island, and they were trying to break their screen of light!

Hundreds of Dead Sea Giants, powerful Aquatic Dragons, and a hundred thousand feet long ship. These pieces of news caused all the people on the ninth summit to wake up from their meditation.

It was especially so for the Lord of Heaven Gate. The old man in white immediately issued a few orders with a grave face. A dozen something long arcs left the ninth summit, and when night arrived, they returned. Not too far away from Su Ming's isolation grounds, Bai Su, Hu Zi, the Lord of Heaven Gate, and the other powerful warriors from the other tribes in the ninth summit silently looked at an illusory picture before them.

Within that picture were the Dead Sea Giants, the Aquatic Dragons, the gigantic, terrifying ship, and also the black-haired man sitting on it.

They also saw the continuously fading protective screen of light, and also the petite figure standing beside the man with her arms wide open. She was clearly the cause for their protection screen waning.

"A person who can control the creatures in the Dead Sea... Who could she be...?"

"Could she be from Eastern Wastelands?"

"To hell with them! No matter who they are, if they dare touch

the ninth summit, then I'll let them have a few pieces of my mind!" Hu Zi gave the picture a few glares and roared.

The bald crane cast a disdainful, sideways glance towards him, and started wondering how it should run away if the entire ninth summit were not these people's opponents.

"Miss Bai Su... do you know when Sir Su Ming will wake up?" The old man in white hesitated for a moment before he looked towards Bai Su.

She looked towards the spot where Su Ming sat, looked at him, then shook her head gently.

When she did so, a muffled rumble suddenly came from the distance and traveled to them swiftly. No one could tell precisely where that sound originated, because it came from all directions at the same time, as if it had rang into the air at the same time all around them.

That sound came incredibly suddenly, and almost the moment it reached their ears, they saw cracks appearing in the sky. They made it seem as if the sky itself was being torn apart, but if anyone took a closer look, they would find that the cracks had appeared on the invisible screen of light around them.

Due to the booming sounds and the cracks, the expression on the old man in white changed, and several people around him immediately stood up with incredibly grave expressions, as well.

Whistles and moans from a gust of wind resounded in the air at that moment. A stench that did not belong to the icy sea in this area but the Dead Sea traveled into the area along with that gust of wind as well!

The screen of light had shattered!

The strength of that screen of light had made even Su Ming frown, and it was able to withstand the Calamity of the Eastern Wastelands, but now... in just one day, it had crumbled. At that

moment, all the people in the ninth summit who were awake felt their hearts tremble, and they gained a rough estimation of their enemies' strength.

However, it swiftly turned into anguish.

When the protective screen of light shattered and disappeared, blood trickled out of the corners of Chenxin's mouth, as she stood beyond the island. Her face turned pale, and she even had a dull and lifeless look about her. She took a few staggering steps backwards.

"Big brother Beiling, I can only intercept the protection here for three days. Three days later, it'll appear again, that's why... you have only that time."

Beiling had already stood up beside her. A biting cold air surrounded him, and there was a freezing look in his eyes. He did not look at Chenxin, but lifted his right hand and formed a seal, then pointed forward.

The hundreds of Dead Sea Giants immediately roared and rushed towards the island, right where Freezing Sky Clan was located. They strode towards the island with loud, booming steps. As the waves from the Dead Sea rose and fell, it submerged the edges of the island. Aquatic Dragons of tens of thousands of feet rose into the air, occasionally revealing their black bodies within the clouds in the sky. Their roars also reverberated in the air, spreading in all directions.

There were nine Aquatic Dragons who were charging towards Freezing Sky Clan, as they tumbled through the layers of clouds in the sky.

Beiling was standing at the bow of the ship, and the ship beneath him was tearing through the sea. At the instant it closed in on the island, it charged out of the sea and started rushing forward in midair!

At that moment, the entire area where Freezing Sky Clan's island was located was covered by roars and a ruthless as well as a harsh aura!

"I'm the Immortal Beiling, and I have come to retrieve the second God of Berserkers' left arm. All you Berserkers, kneel down and prostrate yourselves before me. You will be allowed to live if you accept being Soulsought, and if any of you resist... I will kill without exception!" His voice rang in the air like thunder, and as it traveled forth, all of those in the ninth summit could hear his words buzzing in their ears!

Almost at the same time Beiling spoke up, a great divine sense spread out abruptly from his body. That divine sense did not spread out in a large area, but once the ship beneath his body absorbed it, that divine sense spread out abruptly with the ship as its center.

Once the divine sense was transformed by the ship, it managed to spread out to an incredibly wide area. Almost in an instant, it covered the entire island.

Immediately, a picture appeared within the air above the ship and right before Beiling, and it was a shrunken map depicting the entire island where Freezing Sky Clan was located!

It did not matter whether it was the land itself or the icy sea right in the middle, everything was shown clearly on the picture.

There were a hundred something flashing spots within that illusionary map, and each of those flashing spots represented a Berserker, and on this map, the number of these white flashing spots was the most on the ninth summit!

There were also some who were scattered here and there. As Beiling lifted his right hand and swung forward, dozens of Dead Sea Giants underneath immediately spread out and charged forward, as if they knew exactly where the white flashing spots at the edges were located.

Beiling swept his gaze past the ninth summit on his map, and his expression remained as cold and detached as ever. There was even a hint of impatience on his face. To him, this place... was just a part of the uncultured and Barren land of the Berserkers.

Translator's Notes:

1. Sikong : Hey, remember the guy who tried to kill Su Ming when he went to search for Bai Ling in her tribe? Isn't his name Si Kong? This time, we have Sikong (思空) and Si Kong (司空). Sikong means thinking and emptiness, and Si Kong is Si (surname) + emptiness.

2. Chenchong : Gee, do you remember the charisma incarnate called Chen Chong (宸衝) from Wind Stream Tribe? Chenchong (陳衝) is his counterpart, and Chenchong means surname + vigor, while Chen Chong means house/mansion/star + vigor.

3. Bisu : The counterpart is Bi Su, the jerk from Black Mountain Tribe. Bisu (毕素) means surname/finish + white, and Bi Su (毕肅) means surname/finish + serious.

4. Ye Wang: His counterpart is Ye Wang, the genius from Sky Mist Tribe, tied with Su Ming during the stair climbing contest. And you know something? Their names are written exactly the same. I wonder what that means~ 葉望, for both Ye Wang from Wind Stream Tribe and Ye Wang from Justice Heaven Dao, means Leaf/Surname + watch

5. Chenxin: Her counterpart is the girl engaged to Bei Ling when they were all in Dark Mountain Tribe. Chenxin is (陳欣), meaning Surname + Joy, and Chen Xin (塵欣) is another surname + joy.

Wow, the amount of wordplay here, I wonder what that means OwO. Please remember that you are supposed to pronounce their names in the exact same manner. ALL THEIR NAMES, including Beiling/Bei Ling's.

6. Sky Mist and Justice Heaven Dao: In this sense, it means this

group of people uphold a certain brand of Dao, Sky Mist and Justice Heaven is just a name they call their own group. They are by no means Dao.

7. Five Immortals: Is a legend in Guangzhou. In the past, Guangzhou had a series of famine, and everything was barren. This shocked five Immortals from South Sea/South China Sea. These five Immortals rode five-colored goats and descended on Guangzhou to provide grain for the hardworking folk and blessed them.

Chapter 573: Beiling

This was a part of their test. In fact, it could even be said that this was just the first step to their test. Even if this place had basked in incredible glory in the past, but now... it was just the uncultured and Barren land of the Berserkers, filled with a bunch of uncivilized people.

They could only become the crushed stepping stones of the Immortal prodigies in the process of their growth. The Immortals needed to crush these people under their feet so that they could build their own indestructible tower!

It did not matter whether it was the scattered Berserkers in this place or those who had gathered at the mountain on the surface of the sea, Beiling paid no attention to any of them. The only thing that was worthy of his attention was... whether this place was the spot where the second God of Berserkers' left hand was sealed.

As the dozen something Dead Sea Giants spread out, the Berserkers who had left the ninth summit would come to face an incredible danger. Even if they managed to survive the attack, they would be unable to escape Beiling's divine sense. In the end, they would end up getting killed after catching the slightest bit of his attention.

The nine Aquatic Dragons in the sky flew incredibly quickly, the Dead Sea Giants on the ground strode on the ground as they roared, the hundred thousand feet ship sliced through the sky, and as they charged forth, a vast expanse of sea appeared before them!

This sea was not the Dead Sea, but was formed after the ice melted, and right at the center of this sea... was the ninth summit!

The Aquatic Dragons moved through the clouds, and thunder roared in the sky as lightning crackled. The ground trembled under the feet of the Dead Sea Giants. Waves had even begun surging into the sky from the icy sea as they closed in.

A powerful, overbearing presence spread out from the ship in the sky, and wherever that presence went, the world would lose its color!

At that moment, most of the Berserkers on the ninth summit were seized by terror and anguish filled their hearts. They had just gone through the disaster within Heaven Gate and had finally settled themselves after much difficulty, but now... they had to go through yet another life threatening crisis!

They would occasionally cast their gazes towards that person sitting at the top of the mountain. Right then, this person was their only hope.

But Su Ming was immersed in gaining his epiphany and was completely unaware of the things happening outside. In his mind, the words 'What is Life' were echoing repeatedly.

Gradually, he seemed to have understood the meaning behind them slightly, but he still did not have a clear notion about it. When he tried to dig deeper into it, he would find that he seemed to have gained nothing.

As the overbearing presence from the world closed in on the ninth summit and as the seawater roared, the old man in white, the Lord of Heaven Gate, smiled bitterly and stood up. He was the person with the highest level of cultivation in this place, and when he looked at the ninth summit, he knew... that he had no way out.

This was, after all, a part of Freezing Sky Clan. If he left, then it would mean that he would truly lose his home.

"I won't leave. Even if I die, I will die in Freezing Sky Clan. You lot... if you want to leave, then go..."

Bai Su stood up quietly and looked at the sea and the sky in the distance. She did not speak, but the hint of calmness in her eyes showed exactly what she was thinking in her heart.

The people who chose to stay in the ninth summit fell silent.

None of them spoke.

A depressing atmosphere instantly fell on the mountain. Even Hu Zi was glaring at the sky with clenched fists. He was the least fitting person to leave this place. Not only was this place his home, the fact that Su Ming was meditating in this place meant that he would absolutely not allow anyone to harm him even the tiniest bit, unless they walked over his corpse.

Hu Zi clenched his fists. Without bothering with the people around him, he quickly walked towards Su Ming and stood before him. His sturdy body covered the sunlight from the clouds shining on Su Ming like a hill, turning into a dark shadow that enveloped him within.

It was right at that moment that the clouds in the sky started tumbling about intensely. The Aquatic Dragons were the first to arrive. They started circling in the sky above the ninth summit, revealing their huge heads as they roared towards the direction beneath them.

The roars from the Aquatic Dragon shook the sky and the earth, causing the surface of the sea to shake and even greater waves to rise into the sky. The Dead Sea Giants also arrived at that moment, and their harsh breathing along with their low roars shook the people's hearts and souls.

"Is Freezing Sky Clan before us?!"

A cold voice traveled forth from the incoming ship behind the Dead Sea Giants. Beiling, who was standing at the bow of the ship, took a step into midair. In an instant, he stood in the sky and lowered his head to look at the people below coldly.

He did not see Su Ming, because Hu Zi's body had already covered him completely. The third senior brother was glaring at the sky.

The Lord of Heaven Gate, the old man in white, swung his arm

and rose into the air with an extremely solemn expression. As the Aquatic Dragons in the sky howled and the Dead Sea Giants from the sea roared, he looked at Beiling, who was standing several thousands of feet away, and lowered his straight back, bowing towards him with his fist wrapped in his palm.

"This is indeed Freezing Sky Clan. Sir, I wonder..."

Before he managed to finish speaking, Beiling's cold and detached gaze gathered on him. The Immortals' prodigy cut his words off.

"Leave this mountain and stand to the left. Once I've finished performing Soulseek on you and find that you are without any problems, I will not cause trouble for you." There was a tone to Beiling's voice that did not allow refusal, and it sounded like if they did not agree to it, they would have to face death.

Once Beiling said everything, he lifted his right hand and positioned two of his fingers into the shape of a sword. Immediately, sword aura shot out from his fingertips. A sword glint appeared from his fingers, and it instantly grew to a piercing degree. At that moment, Beiling swung his right hand down on the sea in a slashing motion.

The instant he cut down, loud rumbling sounds came from the sea. A strong gust of wind charged forth and swept through all directions. The surface of the sea trembled, and a gigantic crack tore through the surface. That crack was a hundred something feet wide and thousands of feet long. It was as if a small part of the sea had been cut off, and the crack was so deep that they could even see the bottom of the sea!

All the people saw this scene, and a chill instantly emerged from the depths of their hearts. The might of that one slash was definitely not something a normal person could withstand!

"I will not repeat my words!" Beiling swept his gaze across the ninth summit, speaking slowly.

The entire ninth summit instantly fell silent. Several breaths later, three long arcs shot into the air, leaving the ninth summit to stand on Beiling's left side.

Once someone took the lead, even if the remaining people felt humiliated, the courage to fight back would not rise within them when they were in the face of absolute power. All of them turned into long arcs and left the ninth summit to fly towards Beiling's left. Incredibly complicated expressions could be seen on their faces as they stood in silence.

The Lord of Heaven Gate looked at the crowd leaving the ninth summit silently. At that moment, there were only three people left on the mountain. One of them was Su Ming, another was Hu Zi, who stood before Su Ming to hide him away, and the last one was Bai Su.

"The ninth summit is part of Freezing Sky Clan, and it is the only part remaining of Freezing Sky Clan now... I'm the Lord of Heaven Gate, and I will not allow you to perform a Soulseek as you please!"

The old man sucked in a deep breath and a brilliant light shone in his eyes. As he lifted his right hand, the power in his body instantly erupted forth to turn into a whirlwind that surrounded him.

He had his own dignity, and he had already been humiliated when Si Ma Xin planted his Berserker Thread in him. However, Si Ma Xin was still a member of Freezing Sky Clan, and because of that, he could endure the humiliation!

Yet now, this person before him was incredibly unfamiliar, and if he continued enduring through this, then he would have failed Freezing Sky Clan and his status as Lord of Heaven Gate!

'If we were still the Freezing Sky Clan of the past... We would never have let others humiliate us so with the number of powerful warriors we had...' The old man felt pain in his heart. He might value his life, but at the moment, compared to his dignity, his life... was nothing!

Almost the moment his power erupted, he lifted his right hand. Immediately, rumbling sounds echoed behind him, and a gigantic statue of the God of Berserkers appeared.

"You overestimate yourself."

As Beiling spoke flatly, the nine Aquatic Dragons in the sky roared and charged together towards the old man. Each of these creatures possessed the power equivalent to those who had reached the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. Their bodies were also far stronger than that of a Berserker. As they rushed forth, they instantly surrounded the old man in white.

Loud rumbling sounds shook the sky. The old man was trapped among the Aquatic Dragons and it was incredibly difficult for him to be able to break free. He could only grit his teeth and execute his divine abilities to fight against the nine creatures!

Or more accurately, they were not just nine Aquatic Dragons... but ten!

At some unknown point of time, another one had appeared, swimming around the other nine while roaring. However, its eyes were moving around quickly, as if it was searching for a chance to leave.

Beiling did not pay any attention to this additional Aquatic Dragon. Instead, he took a step towards the ninth summit. His pride had caused him to be incredibly tyrannical and overbearing when he did things. Besides, if he wanted to make all the Berserkers here submit to him, he definitely had to do this.

"You will need to make the souls of this uncivilized race tremble and make even their bones shiver. This is the only way to make them submit to you."

Once they submitted to him, he still had to search through all of their memories and see if he could find any clues. After that, he would still have to think of a way to search for the second God of

Berserkers' left hand.

He was used to this sort of submissive display towards him. This might be the first time he came to the land of the Berserkers, but he had already experienced many battles and performed many subjugations as he traveled through the stars that belonged to the Immortals. He could already be said to be incredibly familiar with this sort of thing.

Chenxin looked at Beiling from the ship. In her memories, he was not like this in the past. In fact, he had only begun to be arrogant and cold over the past few years, losing every single shred of emotion within him.

She sighed inwardly, and when her gaze fell on the old man in white trapped by the Aquatic Dragons as rumbling sounds traveled through the air, she was momentarily taken aback. She took a few closer looks, then frowned.

She noticed that there were ten Aquatic Dragons, not nine.

Chenxin did not open her mouth to say anything, but instead chose to pay close attention to the ten creatures. A light of deduction appeared in her eyes, as if she was trying to find out which was the extra tenth dragon!

Beiling took a step forward and stood on the ninth summit, then his cold and detached gaze fell on Bai Su.

"I don't kill women." When Beiling looked at her, his expression remained as aloof as ever, before he turned around to walk towards Hu Zi.

"There's someone behind you. The fact that you're protecting that person shows your loyalty. For being such a loyal person, I will grant you a dignified death."

When Beiling said that, his speed abruptly increased. In the blink of an eye, he had arrived before Hu Zi, and he lifted two of his fingers of his right hand. The sword aura that had cut apart the sea

just moments ago emerged once again, and he cut towards the stoic man.

Hu Zi let out a low roar and clenched his right hand into a fist. Ripples immediately came from his body. As they fluctuated, they surrounded the entire area, turning into an existence that was akin to the surface of water. Then, he lifted his right hand and hurled his fist towards Beiling.

"Get lost!"

Chapter 574: Waking Up!

A light rumble traveled forth. As the surface of the water before Hu Zi flashed violently and eventually crumbled, his fist struck the air a foot before Beiling, and his fist felt as if he had just landed on cotton, not managing to cause any effect.

Instead, a sharp sword aura spread through his entire body, causing Hu Zi's body to tremble, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood. He took a few steps back. Su Ming was right behind him as he moved back, but Hu Zi would rather be injured even more than move away from the spot where Su Ming was.

"You are a loyal one indeed, but your power is simply too weak..." Beiling averted his gaze from Hu Zi and looked towards Su Ming sitting on the mountain rock cross-legged. A barely noticeable glint appeared in his eyes.

"No wonder I didn't notice him much earlier, so he has sealed himself off!" Beiling lifted his right hand and positioned his palm straight before moving towards Su Ming. He would have his hand land on Su Ming's head the moment he closed in.

He wanted to search through this person's memories, but right when his hand was about to fall on Su Ming's head, Bai Su turned into a long arc and closed in on him.

Hu Zi also roared as he struggled to his feet and lunged at him once again while flinging all caution to the wind.

Beiling let out a cold harrumph. The sound was like thunder, and when it traveled forward, it turned into a loud bang in Hu Zi's ears, causing his footsteps to freeze, and he coughed up blood once again, but he did not move back. Instead, he rushed in between Beiling and Su Ming. Standing before his junior brother once again to use his body to protect him!

He let out a roar straight from his soul, his eyes entirely

bloodshot.

Bai Su shuddered. As the rumbling sounds echoed in the air, blood trickled down the corners of her lips. Her vision blurred out, and when she could look clearly, she saw an endless desert stretching out before her.

To the others, Beiling's harrumph had caused a dazed expression to instantly appear on Bai Su's face. She stood there, unmoving. But Hu Zi had clearly not sunk into that illusion. Instead, with bloodshot eyes, he charged towards Beiling once again in a mad dash.

"If you hurt my junior brother, I will not stop hounding you till I die!" Hu Zi roared furiously, and without caring for the injuries on his body, he lifted his fist and charged forward.

Beiling frowned and looked at the man blocking his path. He had originally admired his loyalty, but once he heard his words, he was visibly moved.

"I see, so he is your junior brother. This is righteousness... Oh well, if you can still stand before me after withstanding three of my sword strikes, then I will forgive your disrespect."

As Beiling spoke, he lifted his right hand again, and with two of his fingers in the position of a sword, he swung his hand towards the roaring Hu Zi charging towards him. In the process of his hand swinging down, a piercing sword glare abruptly rose into the air and rushed out in the shape of an arc!

Hu Zi roared and lifted his right hand to strike that sword glare. An illusory wave of distortions also spread out from his body, causing the air around him to become indistinct as well, and during that moment, a Berserker Mark appeared on his face!

That Berserker Mark was a mountain, and that mountain... was the ninth summit!

"The ninth summit is my home, and the person behind me is my

junior brother. When I'm around, it doesn't matter whether it is the sky or the earth, it doesn't matter whether it is any person or any living creature, none of you are allowed to hurt even a hair on my junior brother's head!" As Hu Zi roared, he hurled his right fist forward, and his punch crashed into Beiling's sword glare.

Loud booming sounds shook the skies at that instant. Beiling did not move. In fact, his robes did not even flutter, but Hu Zi took three steps back. He would have taken a fourth step, but he could not, because right behind him was his junior brother!

He forced himself to stop and coughed up a mouthful of blood. The flesh on his right hand was torn and bloodied, and there was even a deep sword gash at his chest. Blood was gushing out of it.

There was a dull and lifeless look on his face, but there was a ball of fire burning in his heart. At that moment, he looked as if he would burn everything within him, all for the sake of protecting his junior brother... Su Ming!

Even if he died, he would still be without regrets!

"Again!"

Hu Zi wiped away the blood at the corners of his lips, but since his right hand was already a bloodied mess, when he wiped his lips, even more blood was smeared over there. He shivered. He could already feel death creeping up towards him, but he... still did not withdraw even the tiniest bit!

"We will all eventually die, and if I die for my junior brother, it's worth it!"

Hu Zi clenched his left hand and struck his chest. More red appeared in his eyes. A dream-like presence abruptly spread out from his body and fused with his Berserker Mark. It actually gave Beiling the false impression that he was looking at a huge mountain.

He looked at Hu Zi and declared slowly, "You are the second

person I've met that deserves my respect. But I'd like to see just how long you can last." Beiling lifted his right hand, but he no longer had two fingers in the position of a sword. This time, he had three fingers!

He looked as if he was forming a seal, and once he made it, he pointed towards the incoming Hu Zi. In that instant, an illusory longsword appeared before Beiling. Once it manifested, it let out a piercing sword whistle, as it charged straight towards Hu Zi!

The man and sword crashed into each other during that instant. Hu Zi let out a muffled groan, and the illusory version of the ninth summit before him collapsed while twisting in the air. The dream-like presence spreading out from his body also scattered away.

His left hand shattered with a bang. When he coughed up blood, his body began swaying and his face turned pale, but he forced his falling body to stop. Blood filled his mouth, his eyes were red, and his breathing gradually weakened.

The sword continued floating in midair, but it had shattered and was no longer in the form of a sword.

"You still have to endure one more strike. I will tell you this. I've only used two tenths of my strength previously. Now... I will use an eighth of my strength to show my respect towards you. Tell me your name. You have the right for me to ask you that question." Beiling lifted his right hand, and this time he had his entire palm positioned in the form of a sword!

A sword glare spread out from Beiling's right hand. That sword was seven feet long and did not look like an illusion, but instead looked incredibly real.

"I'm your grandpa!"

Hu Zi gave a weak, vicious grin. With his torn and bloodied right hand, he seized at the air in the direction of his bosom, and a pot of wine appeared in his hand. It had been a long time since he drank,

but now, as death loomed over his head, he brought that pot of wine to his lips and took a big swig from it.

Beiling frowned and swung his right hand towards Hu Zi. Immediately, the illusory long sword in his hand spun into the air, and with an astonishing, sharp presence, it tore through the air, forming a crack in space, and charged straight towards his opponent.

Hu Zi's expression was calm. He stood his ground, protecting Su Ming behind him, and he closed his eyes. However, there was a ball of fire burning within him at that moment.

He was burning his own life so that he could use it to withstand this slash and protect his junior brother!

"Youngest junior brother, farewell..."

The sword came charging towards him with a howl, while invisible flames engulfed Hu Zi's body. Right at that moment, a hand pressed against his back.

When that palm touched him, an abundant amount of life force surged into Hu Zi's body like a flowing stream, extinguishing the flames burning in him and replenishing the life force he'd lost, even recovering the injuries he'd sustained slightly.

All of this happened within an instant. Just as Hu Zi was taken aback by this, the long sword closed in, and during that moment, Su Ming, who had been sitting behind Hu Zi while meditating, stood up with a dark look on his face. He took a step forward, and at the same moment he exchanged places with Hu Zi, he lifted his right hand and pointed towards the incoming longsword.

All of this might seem to have happen over a long period of time, but in truth, only an instant had passed since the moment Su Ming woke up to the moment he pointed forward. That finger touched the long sword, and an indescribably loud bang exploded into the air.

Because of it, Beiling withdrew for the first time ever, and this time, he even took a dozen something steps backwards. With each step, a deep footprint would be left behind on the ground, and it even made the entire mountain tremble. When he took his final step, he coughed up a huge mouthful of blood with a pale face. He lifted his head swiftly, with shock evident on his face.

Su Ming was not forced to take even a step backwards. He stood right where he was, and behind him was Hu Zi, his senior brother, the senior brother who had used his life to protect and defend him just moments ago!

This senior brother of his might like laughing and grinning foolishly, might think of himself as an incredibly intelligent person, might be so straightforward in his actions that he would at times cause others to not know how to deal with him, but he was his senior brother, the man who had used everything within him to protect his junior brother!

This was Hu Zi!

Su Ming's third senior brother!

"Senior brother, I'm here."

Su Ming did not look at Beiling. He looked instead at Hu Zi, and as he spoke gently, he pressed his left hand on his chest, and immediately, a vast amount of life force surged into his body once again.

Hu Zi grinned foolishly and looked back at him. That honest expression made Su Ming's heart clench in pain, because the injuries on Hu Zi's chest were incredibly grievous at the moment. His hands were also torn into bloody ribbons. His pale face, his honest, straightforward smile, and his mountain-like build were things that Su Ming would never forget in his life.

"Junior brother, am I going to die...? If I'm going to die, then let me die... I'm not afraid... Remember, you have to look for

Master..." It was becoming hard for Hu Zi to breathe, and his voice was disjointed.

"You won't die!" Su Ming stated stubbornly!

At that moment, Beiling, who was forced back a dozen something steps, stared at Su Ming. An incredibly grim look appeared on his face. He swiftly lifted his right hand, and a large amount of sword shadows appeared around him, and they looked as if they numbered to nearly a hundred. As he pointed forward with his right hand, those sword shadows whistled in the air, tore through space, and rushed towards Su Ming.

"You won't die. If anyone dares to take your life, I will search for them throughout heaven and earth, and I will destroy their clans, wipe their sects, and eradicate their families!" Su Ming declared through gritted teeth, and when he lifted his left hand from Hu Zi's chest, a blue glow appeared in his eyes. He formed a strange seal with his hand, and that seal looked like the word 'Life'.

"You won't die, because I will seize Life for you!"

Su Ming swiftly pressed his left hand on the center of Hu Zi's brows, and at the same time, he lifted his right hand and pushed in the direction towards the near a hundred sword shadows charging towards him.

With that one push, a power of time reversal swiftly erupted from his right hand.

Chapter 575: Beiling, Without any Space In-Between

The instant this power that reversed time burst forth, the hundred sword shadows that were charging towards Su Ming from behind him froze and abruptly started tumbling backwards. Beiling's pupils shrank. Almost the instant those swords fell back and his body started retreating against his will, he bit the tip of his tongue and coughed up a mouthful of blood. Right at the moment this blood appeared, it turned into a blood-red chain that surrounded the area, turning the place into a vortex made of chains.

The vortex crashed into the invisible power causing time to reverse and created a violent bang. The chain crumbled in an instant, the hundred sword shadows completely vanished, and Beiling took two steps backwards, but in the midst of time reversing, he forced himself to move forward!

At the instant he did so, Su Ming lifted his left hand from the center of Hu Zi's brows and turned around. Then, for the first time, he looked at Beiling face to face. Behind him, Hu Zi had closed his eyes and fallen asleep. His chest rose and fell, still alive, a mark similar to the word 'Life' at the center of his brows.

That mark sparkled at the same rhythm as Hu Zi's breathing.

Su Ming looked at Beiling, with a complicated emotion hidden within his eyes. In truth, right at the moment he woke up, he had already seen this figure that once existed only in his memories.

They were exactly the same... If he had to say that there was a difference between them, then the Bei Ling in his memories was a young teenager, and the person standing before him right then had the marks of time on his body. He might not look ancient, but there was an extreme arrogance and coldness about him.

If Su Ming had been his previous self from many years ago, then he would definitely be incredibly excited and worked up the moment he saw Beiling, but now, after going through the striking resemblance between Bai Su and Bai Ling, then experiencing the matter between Si Ma Xin and the corpse on the altar located on the continent in that galaxy, and once he learned of many other secrets, he was no longer excited. There were only mixed feelings within him.

Beiling did not know him.

Su Ming expected this since a long time ago. He looked at Beiling, and the man looked at him. At the moment their gazes met each other, Beiling felt his heart tremble. He had a sudden feeling that even though the person before him was an unfamiliar sight, but his gaze gave him an incredibly familiar feeling, and that sense of familiarity caused him to be momentarily stunned.

"Bei Ling, it's been a long time," said Su Ming calmly.

A glint appeared in Beiling's eyes. He stared at him.

"You know me?"

"Is your name spelled B-E-I, space, L-I-N-G?" Su Ming asked slowly. There was no way out of this, he had to take responsibility for what this person did.

"There's no space in-between!" Beiling said coldly. The ship in the distance closed in slowly, and the woman standing at the bow of the ship stared at Su Ming with a dumbfounded look in her eyes. Gradually, disbelief appeared on her face, and her breathing quickened.

"You too, Chen Xin, it's been a long time." Su Ming moved his gaze away from Beiling and looked towards the woman as he spoke softly.

"You... You are..." Chenxin widened her eyes and looked at Su Ming. Beiling saw the disbelief in her eyes, and it caused him to

look closely into his opponent's eyes.

"It doesn't matter who I am. Bei Ling, let's fight!"

A sharp glare shone in Su Ming's eyes, covering the complicated look in his eyes. When he looked towards Beiling, he lifted his right hand and swung it to the side.

"This time, I will not fight for myself. I will fight... because you injured my senior brother!"

Beiling fell silent. A chilling glare appeared swiftly in his eyes, and with a solemn expression, he lifted his right hand and seized something behind his head. He looked as if he had seized at air, but in truth, he had grabbed onto something that no one else could see.

Then, as if a sword was slowly being pulled out from behind his back, the chilling glare in his eyes shone, and he lifted his right foot to take a step towards Su Ming.

At the instant he took that step, an anxious look appeared on Chenxin's face. She immediately flew out from the ship, and her voice rang in the air.

"Beiling, he's..."

"Quiet!"

Beiling did not turn his head back, and with a low growl, he cut off Chenxin's words. Then, with an extreme speed, he closed the gap between him and Su Ming until there was less than a hundred feet left between them. A red glare suddenly appeared in the air above his right hand, and a red longsword turned into a burning long arc as he let go of it before charging towards Su Ming like a shooting star.

At the same time, Beiling began forming seals with his hands and pointed towards the sky. Immediately, the clouds in the sky tumbled about and the Aquatic Dragons that had trapped the old man in white let out a roar together, leaving the old man to charge towards Beiling before turning into a robe with embroidered

pythons [2] above his head!

That python robe danced in the air as if there was someone invisible wearing it, and it swung its sleeve at Su Ming.

But that was not enough to show just how powerful Beiling was. He pressed his left hand to the ground, and the seawater beneath them immediately started churning, turning into a huge face. That face was exactly the same as Beiling's and was made entirely of seawater. At that moment, it opened its mouth wide and rose swiftly from the depths of the sea to rush towards Su Ming.

Su Ming looked at the sword charging towards him. Behind him was Hu Zi, and right behind that divine ability before him was his companion from Dark Mountain, the companion existing in his memories. Su Ming would not forget his memories about Dark Mountain, and neither would he forget Hu Zi's camaraderie.

"I don't owe you anything..." he mumbled. In the face of the sword coming straight towards him, he closed his eyes.

At the instant he closed his eyes, the red sword glare closed in on him and stabbed his chest, right where his heart was. That sword was brimming with killing intent, and it was a sword that moved to kill Su Ming!

A bang rang in the air and spread through the entire area. Su Ming took a step back. A small portion of the sword in the long arc had pierced into his chest but could no longer plunge itself deeper into him, as if his body possessed incomparable durability, and this sword alone could not hope to pierce through him!

"With this sword... the debt of you teaching me the bow and arrow is over..."

Su Ming opened his eyes and lifted his right hand to press against the sword in his chest. Once he held it, he squeezed it tightly, and golden light swiftly shone on his entire body. That golden light came from every inch of his flesh and blood, originating from

every single piece of his bone. There was a snapping sound once Su Ming squeezed down on the red sword, and it started shattering inch by inch before turning into a large amount of broken fragments that scattered into the sea.

Almost the instant Su Ming crushed the sword, the invisible person wearing the python robe closed in on him, and as the robe waved its sleeve, the illusions of the nine Aquatic Dragons manifested to open their mouths wide towards Su Ming. At the moment they snapped their jaws shut, they wrapped their bodies around him, and as they pulled their bodies tighter around him, a great force aiming to tear him limb from limb appeared!

Su Ming did not move. Yet no matter how much the Aquatic Dragons roared, they could only make his face turn slightly pale. His body still remained standing with his back straight on the ground. He was not torn apart.

"With this strike... our friendship since we were children is over..." Su Ming lowered his head and whispered softly. At the instant these words fell from his lips, the golden light spreading out of his body swiftly exploded.

When he lifted his right hand, wherever the golden light went, shrill screams of pain would come from the nine Aquatic Dragons. Banging sounds reverberated in the air, and the dragons shattered simultaneously. As their broken bodies fell down, they turned into pieces of cloth with embroidered pythons.

Su Ming's words fell into Beiling's ears, but not a single change of emotion could be detected on his face. Instead, his expression turned even more aloof. At that moment, the third divine ability he had executed, the huge face formed of seawater, closed in, and with a loud rumble it completely enveloped Su Ming and the entire ninth summit within.

Anyone looking from the distance would no longer see the ninth summit. They would only see a gigantic head. That head was tens

of thousands of feet tall as it stood erect on the surface of the sea. Within it was the ninth summit!

"With this seawater, you drowned our memories in Dark Mountain. Bei Ling, from now on, you are Beiling... I, Su Ming, have never owed you anything. I have never owed you anything in the past, and now, I still do not owe you anything... You've injured my senior brother. Now, I will make you pay!"

The instant Su Ming's voice traveled out from the pillar of seawater, a loud rumble that shook the sky and earth swiftly rose into the air, and violent ripples came from within. As those ripples spread out and the rumbling sounds roared in the air, the pillar swiftly collapsed. The seawater formed a ring and started shooting outwards in all directions, like a wave of impact.

At that same moment, a blurry figure shot out and closed in on Beiling. It pointed towards him, a presence that belonged to Life Cultivation swiftly surrounding Su Ming's fingertip.

This presence of Life Cultivation was a power that could shake souls, and crush Life Matrices. The reason behind Life Cultivation's great power was precisely because it could allow the cultivator to rattle another's Life Matrix, to alter his own fate, to turn the universe upside down, and even to overturn the divine force that created all lives!

Su Ming had possessed a hint of presence belonging to Life Cultivation earlier, but that presence had been dull and lifeless due to his confusion, chaotic due to his uncertainty. Even so, that presence had been incredibly astonishing.

Yet now, even though he still had yet to obtain his full answer, Su Ming had a sort of understanding in his heart. He might be unable to use words to describe that understanding, but he could still sense its presence.

That was a comprehension towards the word - Life!

It was precisely because of this that the presence of Life Cultivation coming from Su Ming's body could make Beiling become visibly moved, and shock to appear on his cold face. He could clearly sense it. His soul started shaking because of that finger!

"This finger is your punishment for stepping on the ninth summit!"

Beiling did not have time to hesitate. In haste, he quickly retreated, and as he lifted his right hand, all the pores in his body opened up, and wisps of sword aura burst out to swiftly stand against Su Ming's incoming finger.

A loud bang echoed in the air. Beiling coughed up a mouthful of blood and staggered several hundreds of feet back. A sharp wave of pain filled every single nook and cranny of his body, and the large amount of sword aura that had spread out from his body crumbled and shattered nonstop.

A tiny wound appeared on the pad of Su Ming's finger. Fresh blood flowed, but he did not stop. With large strides, he walked towards Beiling.

As Su Ming closed in, he swung his arm and clenched his right hand into a fist before hurling it straight towards Beiling through the air. When he delivered that punch, the golden light on his entire body seemed to have gathered on his fist, and from the distance, Su Ming's right fist looked like a golden sun. Illuminating the entire area, it rushed towards his opponent.

Beiling did not have time to wipe the blood from his mouth. His pride would never allow him to accept this sort of defeat... especially losing against Su Ming. This made him lift his right hand to swiftly press against the top of his skull. His entire body started trembling, and right before Su Ming's eyes, a sword manifested itself in Beiling's body. That sword was within him and only about the size of his palm. At the moment Beiling struck the

top of his skull, the sword flew out.

Translator's Notes:

1. Beiling, without any space in between: Just a reminder, Bei Ling → North Icicle, and Beiling → North Hill. Both pronounced as bei3 ling2.

Here is the original version of the title and the exchange between Su Ming and Beiling, for those who would like to know. The original only really makes sense and works if you can read the Chinese version.

Su Ming: Does the Bei in your name mean north, and the Ling in your name mean icicle?

Beiling: That Ling means hill!

2. Robe with embroidered pythons/python robe: Is actually supposed to be called Mang Robe. They are worn by Qing Dynasty officials. Some sources say they are also worn by Ming Dynasty officials, and some say otherwise. The patterns are little different. Mang Robe was scrapped because I feel like it's just an abuse of pinyin in this case.

Chapter 576: The Answer is, it is Fake...

At the instant the sword flew out, the sword aura that raged through the entire world swiftly reverberated in the air. As Beiling pointed forward, a black and white glow shot out from the sword and charged towards Su Ming with a howl.

"This punch is your punishment for hurting my senior brother!"

Su Ming's fist crashed into that small sword. A rumbling sound shot through the air, a wave of impact spread out. Beiling coughed up blood once again and took a few steps backwards. As his face turned pale, he saw Su Ming standing in his spot. He did not even budge a single inch. Instead, he unfurled his fist and casually grabbed the black and white small sword.

"Beiling, your strongest forte isn't the sword, but the arrow! You don't use swords like this..."

Su Ming shook the small sword in his grip a little, and his divine sense abruptly rose up to fuse with his powerful will before he sent it charging into the small sword. A shrill sword whistle shot out from the sword, as if it wanted to struggle against him and was calling for its master.

However, that sword whistle did not last for more than ten breaths before it died away, and as Su Ming gave that sword a light wave, it grew to be three feet long. As he held the sword in his hand, his comprehension towards swords, which Hong Luo had gained as part of his inheritance as a member of the Immortals' royalty and which Su Ming had inherited from him, emerged in his head.

This was a way of wielding the sword. However, Hong Luo himself did not use swords, and that was why he did not practice this skill. Su Ming had also tested it out with the small virescent sword before, but the sword had been unable to handle this different manner of control.

At that moment, as he held Beiling's sword in hand, Su Ming took a step forward and closed in on his opponent in an instant. He swung his sword towards him!

Beiling continued retreating. At that moment, his eyes were sparkling as he lifted his right hand to form a few seals before he moved his left hand to seize the afterimages left behind by those seals. A low growl fell from his lips.

"Explosion from the Crushed Seal!"

As those words were spoken and Beiling relaxed his left hand, a long string of loud rumbling sounds immediately came from in front of him. They sounded like muffled thunder claps. Turning into a wave of impact, they rushed towards Su Ming.

He remained calm. At the instant that impact came towards him, he lifted his left hand and flicked the sword. It started trembling violently, and a piercing hum sounded in the air. The sharp hum turned into a wave of sound that crashed into the rumbling sounds. The space between them instantly collapsed and shattered, turning into a void that could absorb anything.

At the same time, Su Ming bit the tip of his left hand. When blood flowed out, he smeared it on the body of the sword, and a murderous aura swiftly rose from it. Holding the sword in his hand, he swung it towards Beiling in a violent lash-like swing, as there were hundreds of feet between them. A hum sounded in the air, and a red glare was flung out of the sword to swiftly strike Beiling in a whipping motion. When he coughed up blood, Su Ming shook his head and let go of the weapon in his hand.

A fine crack appeared on the sword. There were few swords in the world that could withstand this extreme vibration caused by that one flick before they turned into a wave of sound and that lash that was as flexible as a whip. Even Beiling's sword had begun sporting cracks.

If it had been Su Ming's virescent sword, that full-force flick

would have been enough to make it explode. This Art was also supposed to be cast with the Nine Transfigurations, Ten Transformations, and One Voice Art, according to Hong Luo's inheritance. By then, the effects of this strike would be incredibly terrifying.

Once Su Ming let go of Beiling's sword, he lifted his right foot and moved forward, then stomped the ground before him!

With that one step, the world rumbled. The clouds above them churned, and the illusion of a huge footprint gathered together before charging towards Beiling with an astonishing presence.

A loud bang rang in the air, and Su Ming lifted his foot again. Once he took seven consecutive steps forward, the clouds in the whole sky started tumbling violently. The banging sounds continued nonstop, and Beiling coughed up fresh blood once again. As he fell back, his hair spilled all over his shoulders, betraying his pathetic state. The cold look on his face was no longer around, replaced by disbelief and dumbfounded shock.

Once Su Ming took those seven steps, he appeared before Beiling, then lifted his right hand and slapped the other's right arm. Rumbling sounds echoed in the air, and Beiling's right arm was torn to bloody pieces, splattering his already gravely wounded body.

Su Ming did not stop. He tapped Beiling's left arm, and the man's left arm was shattered, with blood spilling into the air. There was deep gash on Beiling's chest and his arms were a bloody mess. At that moment, his injuries were the exact same as those of Hu Zi.

Su Ming lifted his right hand, and as his opponent staggered backwards, he grabbed Beiling's throat. As he looked at this person silently, the complicated look from before appeared on his face once again.

"Su Ming!"

An anxious voice called out to him. It was Chenxin. She had traveled to this place without care for anything else. When she saw Su Ming seizing Beiling with his hand, tears fell from her eyes.

Beiling also looked at Su Ming, and a broken smile appeared on his face.

"Su... Ming..."

Su Ming looked at Beiling. This was the first time he heard Beiling saying his name once he woke up.

"So you still remember me," he stated softly.

"Su Ming, we bear no ill-will. I didn't know you were here. I... I..." Chenxin cried. As she looked at Su Ming, sharp pain stabbed her heart. The two men before her had left incredibly deep memories within her, and she could not forget either of them.

"We're different from the others. We... There's no way we could possibly forget you..."

Chenxin looked at Su Ming. She originally did not think that she would meet Su Ming so quickly in the Berserkers' world. She had also thought about all sorts of possible scenarios that might occur when she ran into him again, but she had never expected they they would meet again under such circumstances.

"You two... came from the land of the Immortals... Tell me, what was Dark Mountain?" Su Ming asked softly as he looked at Beiling and Chenxin.

"Is Wu La not dead...?"

"Is Bai Ling still around...?"

"Is Lei Chen well...?"

"Where... did elder come from?"

"Ye Wang, Chen Chong, Wu Sen, and all the other people I met in Dark Mountain, are they going to appear in my world one after another...?"

"Is the world where Dark Mountain lies true... or fake...?" he wondered in a mumble.

"Do you... really want to know?" The person who answered Su Ming was not Chenxin, but Beiling. He looked at him with a complicated expression on his face as he spoke hoarsely and with great difficulty.

Su Ming fell silent. Anguish and loneliness appeared on his face, and he slowly let go of his grip around Beiling's neck.

"I already know the answer. Both of you... leave..."

Su Ming turned around and no longer looked at Beiling and Chenxin. He walked towards the ninth summit silently, and behind him Beiling's expression turned even more complicated. Chenxin wept beside him, and as she looked at Su Ming's back, pity appeared in her eyes.

"Su Ming... We are who we are, but we are also not who we are..." Beiling said softly and turned around before moving towards the ship. Chenxin looked at Su Ming and closed her eyes before she left with Beiling. Once these two people landed on the ship, it turned into a long arc and gradually left into the distance.

Only the Dead Sea Giants in the area continued roaring...

"The answer is, it is fake..." Su Ming said softly while standing on the ninth summit. The sea breeze lifted his hair and covered his eyes.

Chapter 577: Seizing Life!

"Is it important... whether it is real or fake...?" Su Ming looked at the sea and sky in the distance as he mumbled softly under his breath.

Is it important...? How could it not be important? Those were his most beautiful memories. That was his Dark Mountain... Those were memories left behind on nostalgia filled books, their yellowed pages lifted by a gentle, quiet breeze...

"No, it's not important." Su Ming closed his eyes. When he reopened them after a long while, he felt a little tired. That tiredness did not come from his body, but from his soul.

It was like all lamps had been blown out in a buried city. When he extended his hand out, he would not be touching darkness, but would be touching the unfamiliar sights he could not see. He would also be looking at the sun that belonged to someone else, the faces that belonged to someone else, and the dozen something years of his childhood that belonged to someone else...

The memories after he left Dark Mountain surfaced in his head. In the end, they turned into a huge ball of tangled threads that no one could see through, figure out, or unravel.

The fatigue that sprouted in Su Ming's heart grew deeper as time passed, and when it filled his entire core, it turned into a hint of lonely desolation.

Wind blew past the surface of the sea. The crystalline sparkles on the waves were the result of light coming from the darkening clouds in the sky. That light came from the setting sun beyond the clouds, and it was a charming sight to look upon. In the midst of it all, Su Ming looked as if he was drifting in a sea of memories, as he wrapped his arms tightly around a wooden raft called loneliness, but no matter what, he could not get out of this sea, and he could not bring himself to let go...

He stood there, and as his hair was lifted by the wind, it looked as if the strands were dancing to a tune called life. The wind that blew through the gaps between his hair brought with it a sound, and it turned into the saddest song of a xun in the passage of time.

When Beiling and Chenxin left, Bai Su woke up from the illusion. The instant her world became clear once again, she saw Su Ming standing and looking at the sea and sky.

It was quiet all around them. The old man in white and all the others who had chosen to stand to the left moments ago were all silent.

The fatigue in Su Ming's heart was like a quiet song. It spread out, causing everyone to be immersed in that silence, and no one was willing to make any sound to break it.

However... no one had any idea... who had managed to hear the coda to this song singing about Dark Mountain...

It had been a long time since Su Ming cried, but at that moment, tears gradually flowed down his eyes, yet he did not know about them. It was as if he had already forgotten about their existence.

Those tears were transparent, but when they trickled down his cheeks, they looked as if they had been dyed by his loneliness, causing them to gain a bitter, astringent taste when they reached his lips.

Perhaps everyone's tears are tasteless when they initially flow out, tasting just like the drops of rain that fell from the clouds. Then, as everyone lives through their lives, their tears gradually change, gaining the color of their cheeks, and they would slowly turn bitter.

At some unknown point of time, Bai Su arrived beside Su Ming. Her face was a little pale when she looked at him. She lifted her hand gently and wet her fingertips with his tears.

"Thank you," Su Ming whispered softly. The warmth of those

fingertips that touched his face made him open his eyes.

The light from the sunset seeping through the clouds was crimson red. It scattered on the surface of the sea, giving it a brilliant glow while giving the water a muddy look so that they could no longer peer into the sea... This scene was incredibly beautiful. The slender Su Ming, the beautiful Bai Su, the wind lifting their hairs together, and also... the heads of the giants that popped up to the surface of the sea all around them.

However, the roars from the Dead Sea Giants ruined this beautiful scene and broke the silent atmosphere. Their low growls and howls had not disappeared due to Beiling's departure.

Almost the instant the Dead Sea Giants started roaring, Su Ming lifted his hand and seized the air in the direction of the sky gently, but instead of the sky, the sea was the one that moved. The seawater started rotating with loud booming sounds, turning into an incomparably huge whirlpool. As it spun with loud booming sounds, the Dead Sea Giants within struggled, but in the end, even their roars were drowned out by the sound of waves.

Gradually, the people's gazes became filled with great respect as they looked at Su Ming. There was also a hint of fear within their eyes. Because the whirlpool in the sea was spinning faster with each passing moment, and eventually, under that extreme speed, the wind that was stirred up and the water that was swept into the whirlpool, all turned into blades that could sever bones and cut through flesh and blood!

The shrill screams of pain and the giants' struggles as they tried to escape were all useless under the whirlpool's spinning. They could only turn into a pool of fresh, red blood, and also pieces of flesh that were ripped off from their bones.

Eventually... not a single intact Dead Sea Giant could be found on the surface of the sea. When all of them were reduced to crushed bones that filled the red ocean, Su Ming slowly furled his right

hand together.

At the instant he clenched his fist, drops of blood floated up from the rotating sea. They gathered together to merge into a gigantic ball before Su Ming.

Once it formed, the seawater returned to its original color. The souls of the near hundred Dead Sea Giants flashed in the ball of blood that floated before Su Ming. Occasionally, they would let out shrill cries that could only be sensed with the mind.

The ball of blood looked as if it was boiling. As it continued gathering together, it began contracting and slowly shrinking. Eventually, it turned into an object that looked like a fingernail shining with a strangely enchanting shade of red as it floated towards Su Ming.

He lifted his head swiftly. The loneliness in his eyes and the forlornness on his face were hidden in the depths of his heart. What was shown was his usual composure. He lifted his right hand swiftly, and when he swiped his index finger past that condensed blood, it looked as if it got glued to it. It was as if his fingertip had turned into a pen, and he started making stroke after stroke in midair...

Su Ming did not know how many strokes he drew in the end, but eventually, a complex runic symbol floated before him. It shone with a bloody glow and exuded an abundant amount of life force. That was the accumulation of all the lives of the Dead Sea Giants.

Seizing Life. The word 'seize' alone could already mean everything!

Su Ming did not know how to tamper with lives, but while he had not completely understood the concept because he had woken up halfway through fumbling about as he continued trying to gain an epiphany through that black wooden block, he still had managed to touch the surface of a passage he had not known in the past.

Life!

Everyone had different lives! That was the matrix guiding their lives. It was the most brilliant light within a living being. Not everyone could see it, but if it was extinguished, then that life would be forfeit. If that light was changed, then the fate of that life would show a transformation of a degree that could turn the world upside down!

This was part of the Principles of Life!

In Su Ming's head, Hu Zi's smiling face appeared, along with his simple and honest expression, and also the figure that had stood like a mountain in defence to the end.

'I might have a faint inkling of what Life is, but I still don't know what Life truly means... I cannot tamper with the Principles of Life, and I can't revive the dead... But since my blood and hair can give life to Si Ma Xin's puppet, and since my life is such a mysterious existence in Yin Death Region, then with my Life, I can use other life forces and blood as a lead to let my senior brother... recover!'

Su Ming mumbled in his heart. The runic symbol he drew had been the only thing that had appeared in his head during the entire process of trying to gain an epiphany from that black wooden block, and that symbol had appeared right at the instant before he woke up!

It had appeared when Su Ming gained his epiphany, and when it appeared, he had a vague sense of familiarity towards it. This familiarity made him feel as if the runic symbol was he himself!

This was the mark that was formed from his Principles of Life. Su Ming could sense it was not complete, but even so, it still contained his Life.

Once he drew that runic symbol, the clouds in the sky looked as if they had frozen up and no longer moved. The sea was also

mysteriously void of waves. It was as if they had just gained life, and now, they did not dare to show themselves.

An incredibly powerful presence of Life Cultivation spread out from Su Ming's body at that instant. It spread out through the entire area, and right when it surged into the clouds, the thick coverage in the sky faded a little. Gradually, it thinned out greatly, causing the light from the setting sun to shine down even stronger on the spot where Su Ming sat, compared to the other areas around him.

Bai Su stared at him with a dumbfounded expression as his hair gradually gained an ancient color...

It was grayish white, a boundless expanse of snow.

Su Ming continued drawing line after line, and when he drew his final line, he bit the tip of his tongue to cough up a mouthful of blood. It spilled on the blood-red runic symbol, causing it to instantly possess a spirited air. When Su Ming lifted his right hand, he dragged it along the symbol, which was shining with a piercing light, and took a step towards where Hu Zi lay on the ground.

With a step, Su Ming arrived before him. He tapped swiftly on the center of Hu Zi's brows, with the blood red runic symbol and his own vitality on his right index finger.

At the instant he did so, a large number of hair on Su Ming's head swiftly turned white, right from their roots!

Hu Zi shuddered, and the runic symbol was left on the center of his brows. As it shone, it looked as if it had Branded itself on the man's body and soul.

A bloody red shade shone at the center of Hu Zi's brows, then started spreading. When it reached his chest, the hideous gash there was wiped away. The red hue then continued flowing through him, and when it spread to his entire body, the bloody

mess that was Hu Zi's arms was repaired to its original state.

Snores tumbled out of Hu Zi's mouth, sounding like thunder claps that shook the sky and earth...

Hu Zi's life had not been cut short. He had simply suffered a grave injury that was difficult to cure and so he had lost all his life force. This sort of restoration was much simpler compared to stealing life from the heavens itself, but it was definitely not something a normal person could do. Only those who walked down the path of Life Cultivation could completely restore the lives of people with such injuries!

Su Ming did not have the ability to change Hu Zi's Principles of Life, but he could use his own Principles of Life to provide nourishment for his third senior brother so that he could wake up!

Yet no matter what, Su Ming had not truly stepped into the path of Life Cultivation. He was only lingering about at the door to this path, hence he had to pay an incredible price to cure Hu Zi.

However, even if he had to pay an even greater price than this, Su Ming would not have hesitated for even a single moment, because... this was Hu Zi. This was his third senior brother!

Once Su Ming heard Hu Zi's snores, a faint smile appeared on his pale face. At that moment, as the clouds in the sky continued thinning away, a ray of golden-red light shone down through a gap. That light fell on Su Ming's body and illuminated his hair.

It was a mixture of black and white now, and also had an ancientness to it that made it look as if it was gray though it was actually not. The light made it look as if Su Ming was a lone flame which had no home to return to. Or perhaps, it was just unable to find its way there...

Chapter 578: Smoke

Su Ming left.

When Hu Zi was safe, still deep asleep though, he chose to leave. Along with him, he brought the bald crane that had quietly turned back into itself from the Aquatic Dragon.

Departure is also a form of longing, which is not strictly limited to being between men and women. There are many times when longing is born due to the friendship between brothers.

The ninth summit stood tall above the surface of the sea. At the top of the mountain, a presence that belonged to Life Cultivation filled a gigantic stone monument. It was something Su Ming left decided to leave behind so it would be an eternal presence that would protect the ninth summit.

He was the one who erected that stone monument, and he was also the one who carved the words on it. There were not many, merely a few lines.

"Kill those who have harmed even a single plant of ninth summit!"

"Kill those who have harmed even a single follower of ninth summit!"

"Kill the entire tribe of the person who harmed even a single disciple of the ninth summit!"

These three lines exuded a great killing intent, as well as a powerful and intimidating air that filled the entire sky and earth in the area. Perhaps this alone would not be enough to intimidate the truly powerful warriors, but the hint of Su Ming's presence belonging to Life Cultivation contained in those three lines of words were enough to terrify even those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!

It was enough to shock even the Immortals!

Those words meant that there was someone in the ninth summit who had managed to arrive at the door leading to the path of Life cultivation. It meant that this person was one of the incredible people who had managed to truly breakthrough the limits in the Berserkers' cultivation method after the God of Berserkers had died!

More importantly, those words meant that whoever did things mentioned in them would have to face a terrifying enemy who will exact a burning vengeance that would not wane for as long as he lived!

This was a blatant threat, and exactly what Su Ming was feeling. Moreover, he had not just left behind his aura and words on that mountain rock. There was also a drop his blood on it!

It could lend life to Si Ma Xin. It could let Hu Zi recover. It contained his will, and once it erupted, it could bring out the power of one strike from Su Ming at his full power!

Because Su Ming's Principles of Life were gathered in that drop of blood!

That drop of blood was imprinted on the stone monument, but the control over it was in Hu Zi's hands. With it around, Su Ming would be able to notice if the ninth summit ran into a disaster that was too difficult for them to face.

On the day he left, Bai Su stood at the top of the mountain and watched quietly as his figure gradually disappeared from her sight. She liked Su Ming. She had not known about it in the past, but her feelings had only become more deeply engraved in her bones after they parted ways.

However... everything had changed. The mirages created by the reflections on the lake were no longer of the moon or the blossoming flowers...

As a member of the Bai family, Bai Su had inherited the

Principles of Life that belonged to the river in the sky. She might not have practiced that strange Art in the black wooden block, but she had heard many things about it, which was why she knew that all members in the Bai family were bound to be alone for life. This was already set in stone.

Perhaps it was possible to change their fate, and perhaps... it was not possible.

If they tried persisting against their fate, the names that were etched into the Bai family records would die, and their corpses would turn into bloody proofs of the Bai family's Life of being part of the river of the sky. The water in the river comes from the sky, and in its loneliness, it would eventually return to the sky as well.

Those with this Life are bound to be like the flowing water in the river.

Especially for those... with the Life of the stone falling into the river. They would only have a short period of happiness, and would only reflect the colors of the water under the sun for an equally brief moment before they were gone the next instant.

Su Ming's departure caused the ninth summit to sink into silence. The protective screen of light around the island appeared once again and continued protecting the those within it.

Su Ming had no idea who was the one who created this screen of light. He had asked the old man in white before, but he did not know the answer either. He only knew that on the day the disaster arrived and the instant Heaven Gate rose into the sky, disappearing, this screen of light had appeared suddenly right at the moment all the people thought that their deaths were imminent.

No one knew why it had appeared. Neither had anyone seen... who it was who laid it down.

In the midst of the tranquility, the people who had been

humiliated by Beiling's oppression returned to the ninth summit and found place there. Su Ming did not chase them away, but instead gave them a home.

He was also a person without a home, so why should he make things hard for people bearing the same plight...?

Su Ming left. He walked out of the screen of light and cast his eyes towards the east. That was where Eastern Wastelands was located.

As he stood above the Dead Sea, not a single soul could be detected around him. Only the waves from the sea and the moaning winds were his companions, and the loneliness buried in the depths of his heart increased.

He flew forward quietly, heading into the distance, towards Eastern Wastelands.

The Dead Sea beneath him covered all land. There were several places Su Ming was familiar with that were now buried deep in the depths of the sea, just like this spot... Han Mountain City was buried under the water here, as well as the Chains of Han Mountain.

A day later, Su Ming stopped calmly in midair. He had not met anyone on his way to this place. It was as if the entire world had died and he was the only one left on this planet.

Only the wind and the waves were his companions.

Su Ming looked at the Dead Sea beneath him. In his memories, Han Mountain City laid in this area, but he knew that Han Mountain could not be found presently in the depths of the sea.

The destruction of the continent was like a mirror being shattered. The distance between the broken pieces of land also differed. The location in his memories was only a recollection, the real place could be anywhere, just not here.

If he wanted to search for the place now, then he would have to

dive deep into the bottom of the sea and search for it slowly in all directions.

All along the way, the bald crane had noticed the dispirited air looming around Su Ming. It did not bother him. Instead, as they flew, its eyes would wander around, occasionally looking towards the sea and everything around it, attracted by everything that shined.

Three days passed by before they knew it. Su Ming did not travel too quickly. As he walked in midair, the scenes in his memories slowly, but surely, started fading, replaced by what he saw now. In time, there were hardly anything left of the past.

At one point, he saw a small island on the Dead Sea.

They were already incredibly far away from Freezing Sky Clan. Judging by their current location, they should be close to the border separating the Berserkers and Shamans in South Morning all those years ago.

That island was a lonely existence on the Dead Sea. No screens of light offered any sort of protection, neither were there any other defenses. If no one looked closely during the dark night, they would not be able to notice it.

That island was simply too small...

Su Ming had seen some of these islands along the way, and none of them contained any signs of life. Dead silence filled them.

Even if there were any creatures, they had only been alive in the past, and were now just skeletons scattered around the grounds.

Su Ming averted his gaze from the island and took a large step forward, turning into a long arc. The bald crane followed behind him, and at the instant the man and crane were about to fly past the island, Su Ming's body came to an abrupt halt. He whipped his head around, and when he looked downwards again, he was momentarily stunned.

A dim light from a fire sparkled like a star in the sky in the midst of the darkness on the island, and it was not just one ball of light. There were about a dozen of them.

Joyful laughter could be heard traveling faintly into the air at that moment, and those sounds spread through the area, mixing with the crashing of the waves.

Su Ming could remember clearly that there had been no light when he looked towards the island just now. He did not think that any Berserker tribe would be able to survive in this sort of island over the past few years on the Dead Sea without any sort of protection.

This... should not be possible!

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He cast his divine sense outward and covered the island, but what he saw within his divine sense was emptiness. There was not a single soul there.

But everything his eyes saw seemed so real.

In silence, Su Ming charged towards the island. The bald crane fluttered by the side and cast a sideways glance towards the place before following him while mumbling under its breath.

After a moment, Su Ming landed on the ground. The sea breeze filled the air, bringing with it the stench of the sea. Besides the dim light, everything else was shrouded in a layer of darkness. With a calm expression, Su Ming strode towards the place with the fire.

The island was tiny. Before long, he distinctly saw the light burning in the distance. Clear sounds of laughter rang by his ears, along with the sounds of children playing.

Su Ming continued walking, until he saw... a tribe before him.

He shuddered. This was a small tribe, and there was a simple fence built around it. Bonfires were burning brilliantly within it, and there were male and female Berserkers dancing and singing.

Children were playing tag by the bonfires, and their bell-like laughter flew clearly in the air.

Nursery rhymes could even be heard tumbling out of the mouths of these children as they continued chasing each other, and their young voices filled the entire tribe. They blended together with the joyful looks of the adults occasionally turning their heads to look at their children, causing the nursery rhymes to give Su Ming an indefinable feeling in his chest as they fell into his ears.

"A flower in blossom for a thousand years, watches the world change alone as time passes. She watches with a smile for a thousand years, to find that her beloved is already beside her... [1]"

As those naive voices sounded... the moaning sounds of a xun also came from a beast skin tent in the tribe. The xun's tune was filled with sadness, but harmonized perfectly with these singing, causing Su Ming to stop walking and just stand outside the tribe quietly. He listened, only listened.

He was familiar with this tribe. How could he not be?!

He came to this place twice in the past. The first time, he had come with his Master, Tian Xie Zi, and the second time, he came alone. This... was his third time!

Su Ming had originally forgotten this place. A small tribe like this would not be able to survive through the disaster, yet now, on this island, in this dark night, in this place where his divine sense found nothing but his eyes saw light burning... Su Ming returned.

"A flower in blossom for a thousand years. She watches with a smile for a thousand years..." he mumbled. This was the tribe where the old xun maker lived!

Su Ming moved quietly into the tribe. The children playing tag did not seem to see him. As they laughed, they ran towards him, and... phased right through his body as they continued playing.

The people gathered around the bonfire also did not seem to see

Su Ming. It was as if they did not exist in the same world as he did...

At times, prosperity did not mean living in luxury, but a bustle of activity. In the middle of this bustling atmosphere, Su Ming's loneliness was an emptiness that could not be hidden by the light and smoke around him, no matter how hard they tried.

Su Ming moved through the crowd. As he looked at the happy, smiling faces, and listened to the adorable voices around him, he arrived quietly outside the tent from which the sad song of the xun was coming. After a moment of silence, he lifted the tent flap.

Translator's Notes:

1. A flower in blossom for a thousand years, watches the world change alone as time passes. She watches with a smile for a thousand years, to find that her beloved is already beside her: Is an excerpt from a poem, and here is the meaning.

Line 1: A woman waits for her beloved,

Line 2: But he does not appear.

Line 3: O, how naive is she!

Line 4: She has been waiting for so long, only to find he was right beside her all along.

There is another meaning to this excerpt, but this is the meaning I subscribe to, the other one is just too sad. Look, I'm a sap, okay?

(Translation of the meaning was done entirely by me, that's why the structure was done entirely by me, that's why you see a very much failed attempt at a poem)

Chapter 579: Big Brother La Su...

When Su Ming lifted the flap of the tent, a gentle light from a lamp spread out from within. It looked like light beams shining on his body.

The sound of the xun became clearer once the flap of the tent was lifted.

An old man sat inside. He held a bone xun in his hands and had it placed against his lips. His eyes were closed while playing a sorrowful tune. As the notes filled the air, Su Ming felt as if he had been separated from the world.

He walked into the tent quietly and sat before the old man. He closed his eyes and listened to the song. His heart soared with the melody, flying to some unknown place... but, perhaps, it was actually just wandering around.

Time trickled by, but Su Ming's eyes remained closed. His soul continued wandering about, as if it could not find a place to stay.

The bald crane's feathers were all standing on its body, as it remained outside the small tribe. It continued looking around with wide eyes. Terror was evident on its face. In its eyes, this entire area was empty, and besides Su Ming, no other person could be found.

Su Ming had sat down in the distance on this vast mass of empty land and had even closed his eyes, occupied by his thoughts.

If it was just that, the bald crane would not have been terrified. What caused it fear was the strange power within the island. It was invisible, and made the crane unable to move even a single inch.

The entire area should be empty, but it could occasionally hear the sounds of children playing and laughter ringing by its ears. It was as if there was a bunch of children it could not see playing tag around...

At times, a cold chill would also travel through the bald crane's heart, as if the playing children had just phased through where it stood.

Its beak snapped open and closed a few times, but it could not move its body. It looked at Su Ming, looked at its surroundings, and a wave of fear towards the island stemmed right from the bottom of its heart.

Su Ming did not know how much time had passed. The sky was still dark, as if it would never know daylight. The song of the xun gradually weakened, and when it eventually faded away completely, an old voice reached his ears.

"You still came..."

Su Ming opened his eyes and saw the old man putting down the xun in his hand. There was a kind smile on his face, and his eyes looked like those of a normal person, but Su Ming knew... that he was blind.

"You knew I would come, senior?" Su Ming asked softly. This was the third time he had come to this place, and he had gained a different experience each of the previous two times.

"It's because of your confusion that you are constantly wandering about. That is why... you come here." The old man looked over. The smile on his lips was incredibly kindly when he said words that Su Ming could not understand.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he suddenly asked, "What do you mean by 'wandering'?"

"If you do not have a place in your heart you call home, you will wander no matter where you are..."

Su Ming's heart trembled. The words reverberated in his soul, causing him to be stunned for a long, long time, as he sat there. He did indeed not have a place he could call home in his heart. Dark Mountain was fake, and besides Hu Zi, the ninth summit was

deserted. He... had always been wandering in his life.

He did not know where his home was, did not know the laws of causality affecting all these things, and neither did he know where the start of this entire cycle lay...

"Who are you?" After some time, a brilliant sparkle shone in Su Ming's eyes.

"When you know who you are, you will know who I am." The old man shook his head and caressed the bone xun in his hand. His fingers scraped the surface of the xun, creating scratching sounds.

That sound echoed in the tent before spreading outside.

"You saw what is outside, my child. Tell me, what did you see?" The old man turned his eyes towards Su Ming, but they looked blankly at the tent.

"This place doesn't exist, the island is empty. All the members of the tribe outside should be dead. There's a large amount of spectres occupying this land, and you should be one of them, senior," Su Ming said calmly.

"What you see might not be the truth, and what you believe doesn't exist... might not necessarily not exist." The old man closed his eyes while speaking.

Confusion appeared in Su Ming's eyes. That confusion ran deep, filling up his entire heart and surrounding his soul, refusing to leave.

"They exist. You saw them... but you refused to believe... Outsiders cannot see them, and they will be afraid. It is as if thousands upon thousands of people are asleep, but you are the only one who has opened your eyes. You are fortunate, but also unfortunate, because you don't believe in what you see, and because the moment you believe, the world will no longer accept you...

"Because... you will have woken from your slumber," the old man

said gently. There seemed to be a deeper meaning to his words, and it caused Su Ming to be uncertain about his words.

"Thousands upon thousands are awake, but you are still asleep... Is it because you don't want to wake up, or is it because... you believe yourself to be awake? What does it mean to be asleep, and what does it mean to be awake? All of this... is just the world you see, and no one else... can see it," the old man said slowly. There was an ancient air to his voice, and if anyone heard it, they would feel as if they had just heard time itself.

"It is like fate, you can choose to submit to it or to fight against it. It is like life, where moments of joy and sadness exist together. It is like you and I. What I see, you cannot see, and what you see, I... cannot see.

"Do you understand, my child?" The old man opened his eyes and turned his blank eyes towards Su Ming as if he was looking at him as he smiled kindly.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he lifted his head and looked at the old man. A hint of understanding dawned in his eyes as he said slowly, "If I'm not bothered by my past, then why should I be bothered by my future? If I don't cling to the idea of who I am, then why should I think about who is me...? The high winds may be strong, but they cannot extinguish the flames in my heart. Sooner or later... they will set the world ablaze!"

When the old man heard Su Ming's words, delight appeared in his smile, and a hint of praise even bloomed on his face.

"Sooner or later, this world will be set ablaze! This... is Life. It is not your Life, not anyone else's Life, but the world's Life!

"Even the word Life itself goes through the same fate. Why cling to it...? In truth, you still don't understand..." The old man smiled.

Su Ming fell silent.

"When you learn who you are, you are no longer you... When you

no longer know who you are, you... will be you." The old man lifted his right hand, and the bone xun in his hand immediately flew up to float next to Su Ming.

"Take it. It will be... the guide pointing you back home."

The old man's voice echoed in the air while Su Ming looked at the bone xun floating before him. More accurately speaking, the instrument was a beast's spine, and the surface of it was incredibly smooth. The signs of time could be found on it as well.

"It will help you... fend a disaster you are bound to face in your life! This disaster... is about to arrive soon. If you can live through it, then another line will be added into your Life [2], and from then on, it will be difficult for anyone else to control your fate." The old man looked at Su Ming with a smile, then closed his eyes.

"We've met each other thrice now, but it is as if our meetings were in three separate cycles of our lives. The moment you walk out of this tent, I will give you... a three day long serendipity to activate the basis for you to build your Berserker Soul."

The old man's voice was hoarse, as it echoed in the air. Su Ming's gaze fell on the bone xun and he silently took hold of it. When he looked at the old man, a slight hint of confusion appeared on his face. After a long time, when the old man no longer spoke, Su Ming wrapped his fist in his palm towards the old man and bowed deeply.

He might not know his name or his origins, but he could sense the wisdom and the ancient air about the old man. After quietly bowing towards him, Su Ming looked as if he had straightened his thoughts a little. He turned around to walk out of the tent. When he lifted the tent flap and was just about to lift his foot to walk out, a shudder suddenly ran through his body, and he looked as if time had stopped for him. He even forgot to place his lifted right foot down.

His body trembled. His soul shuddered from what he saw, and

disbelief appeared in his eyes. His heart also begun racing in his chest at that moment.

Because the moment he lifted the tent flap, he did not see the island, nor the black sky, and neither did he see the thick clouds that had covered the moons, much less the waves tumbling about in the sea around.

He did not hear the roars of the waves either, and neither did he see the light around him. He did not smell the stench from the sea breeze or the bitter sting of loneliness in the air.

The disbelief in Su Ming's eyes made him unable to believe in what he saw, heard, and smelled. He turned around swiftly, wanting to see the old man in the tent, but he only saw emptiness. There was no tent behind him...

"A three day long serendipity..." The old man's words rang again in Su Ming's head. In silence, he closed his eyes, and tears flowed down...

He saw clear blue sky, and under that blue sky was a mountain with five summits that looked like five fingers, the Dark Mountain from his memories!

He smelled the presence of home, heard...

"Big brother La Su, I found you. So you were hiding here! You lost, now it's our turn to hide and yours to search." A young voice filled with joy reached Su Ming's ears.

.....

Among the fog in the clouds.

Eastern Wastelands might share the same sky as South Morning, but the weather in the two lands was completely different. The sky above Eastern Wastelands was filled with moving clouds and wind, which made it look like the fog had fused together with the sky!

Not all places were filled with rolling clouds, though. There were

quite a number of them where light would shine on the ground during the day, and from the distance, these scenes were filled with astonishing beauty.

The dark clouds and powerful light formed the sky above Eastern Wastelands!

The Dead Sea filled the area around the Eastern Wastelands. The waves roared and surged into the air as if they contained the power to destroy the world, but they could not even shake Eastern Wastelands. They could only continue howling and roaring by the edge, unable to cause too much change to the gigantic continent.

Ever since the land of the Berserkers was torn apart all those years ago, the Eastern Wastelands had become the biggest continent, and also an incredibly powerful existence!

At the center of Eastern Wastelands was a mountain that towered into the clouds, while in another spot, close to the edge of the continent, located near South Morning, was another important ground. At that moment, the world rumbled, and at the same time, two powerful rays of light descended from the endless sky with a presence that was able to cause an endless amount of people to be stunned with shock, and to freeze the circulation of the power in their bodies!

One of the two powerful rays of light descended on the mountain at the center of Eastern Wastelands. At its base were ten thousand people prostrating themselves on the ground in worship. There was a big hall at the top of the mountain. As rumbling sounds shook the mountain, the powerful ray of light, which was about several thousands of feet wide and connected the earth and sky, shrouded the hall.

Translator's Notes:

1. La Su: The term used to call those who didn't manage to become Berserkers. Also what the little girl from Su Ming's tribe called him.

2. Life Matrix is created by Eight Characters/Eight Words forming a pattern which depicts your fate. When they say another line is added, it means that another line is added to this pattern, and it will make your entire Life Matrix become unpredictable.

Chapter 580: Di Tian Descended!

The other ray of powerful light landed on a flat plain at the edge close to South Morning. At the instant it touched the ground, it caused the land to shake, and a ring-shaped wave of force made all the Eastern Wastelanders in the region, along with all the islanders near the continent, to feel as if tens upon thousands of mountains had pressed down on their bodies. They coughed up blood. Some of them even exploded, unable to withstand this mighty pressure that suddenly appeared!

This... was the sign of a powerful warrior descending!

The appearance of the rays of light shook the entire Eastern Wastelands and attracted a large amount of attention. It also caught the gazes of all the powerful warriors.

It was especially so for a certain presence lying in the east of Eastern Wastelands. At that moment, a layer of fog that surged into the sky appeared out of nowhere. It swept through the land and spread out with a bang. The fog instantly covered a circular area of a hundred thousand li, and as it covered the world, it turned into a huge face that had its eyes fixed on the two pillars of light.

"Di Tian!" The human in the fog let out a shocking roar which traveled in all directions

At the moment he spoke, the pillar of light at the hall in the mountain, located at the center of Eastern Wastelands and worshiped by ten thousand people, shone even more brilliantly. As it filled the air, a person descended. His face could not be seen. The worshipers could only see the person disappearing within the hall in a flash.

After a moment, the door to the hall swung open abruptly, and a person slowly walked out!

It was a middle-aged man, and he had a stern, awe-inspiring appearance. His black hair spilled over his shoulders, and he wore... a striking Emperor's robe, but he did not wear any crown. His eyes were long and narrow, revealing a murderous aura that could make all those who saw it feel terrified.

He walked out slowly, and the moment he arrived outside the hall, he swung his arms, then lifted his head to look at the sky in the distance... and took a deep breath.

"The long awaited Yin Death's air..."

The moment these words left his mouth, the ten thousand people worshiping at the foot of the mountain put on incredibly respectful expressions as they spoke together, and their voices traveled in all directions in waves!

"We are the disciples of Great Leaf Immortal Sect. Greetings, Progenitor Di Tian! We welcome your clone to the Berserkers' Eastern Wastelands!"

The booming voices were deafening to the ears. The middle-aged man completely ignored the people showing their respect. He breathed in the air, and slowly, the murderous aura in his eyes grew stronger. A thin layer of fog also spread out from his body. As it surrounded him, it surged into the sky, causing all the clouds above to disintegrate. It created a white pillar of fog that covered a circular area of a hundred thousand li and became an incredibly striking existence above Eastern Wastelands!

The man was Di Tian!

He was another of Di Tian's clones that had once again landed in the land of the Berserkers after the numerous years since he sent the previous one!

Things did not end there. The instant Di Tian's clone descended on the mountain at the center of Eastern Wastelands and a large amount of people coughed up blood and even died due to the shock

they experienced, there was another pillar of light. A shadow descended it in a flash in the plains near the continent's edge.

Almost the instant the shadow touched the ground, coming into contact with the ground, the entire plains shattered with a bang. Huge cracks tore through the land, and layers of earth tumbled about before they started sweeping outwards in all directions.

Shocking booms became a constant, turning into echoes that repeated themselves again and again. After some time, when they gradually started fading away, the plains were gone, and what appeared in their place was a gigantic pit!

It was as if a shooting star had fallen from the sky and crashed onto the ground. The pit covered an area of several tens of thousands of feet. Once the powerful light gradually disappeared, a shadow slowly floated out of the pit!

It was a middle-aged man wearing a crown and an Emperor's robe. There was a cold and detached expression on his handsome face, along with an ancient air. The Emperor's robe gave him a mighty, awe-inspiring air!

The moment he floated upwards, he looked towards South Morning calmly, and a chilling glare that could freeze heaven itself appeared in his eyes.

"Destiny, you can't escape!" he stated in hoarse voice. He lifted his right hand and seized the air in the direction of the sky with all five fingers. Immediately, an invisible layer of ripples surrounding him swept outwards in all directions.

The ripples continued spreading outwards. A hundred thousand li, a million li, ten million li... and they continued spreading until they covered a small half of Eastern Wastelands. No one could notice the spots covered by the ripples, and it would not bring about any effect to the living creatures in those regions. However... the ripples had covered most of the land that had branched out of South Morning and was close to Eastern

Wastelands.

Unless someone took a big circle around the Dead Sea and landed on Eastern Wastelands from another direction, then this middle-aged man in the Emperor's robe would definitely be alerted to their presence.

Moreover, even if there was someone who truly managed to move around these ripples and land on Eastern Wastelands, the middle-aged man would definitely be prepared for them with the large variety of methods he had at his disposal.

This person had the exact same appearance as the person who landed in the hall on the mountain at the center of Eastern Wastelands!

He was also Di Tian's clone!

This time, Di Tian had not just sent one clone to the land of the Berserkers... but two!

Di Tian's thoughts could be understood from the spots chosen to descend. The one who landed on the mountain at the center of the land would be used to defend Great Leaf Immortal Sect's branch in this land, and also... to fight against the evil black fog in the east of Eastern Wastelands!

As for the clone who had landed at the edge, close to South Morning, he was clearly there... for one person, and that was Su Ming!

This crown-bearing clone looked in the direction of South Morning and moved towards the outer parts of the pit. When he rose to the edge, there were four Eastern Wastelands Berserkers standing thousands of feet away from him. At that moment, their faces were pale as they looked towards him in shock. There were three exploded corpses lying by their side. There were originally seven of them, but three had been unable to withstand the pressure and died. The other four had coughed up blood and their

entire cultivation base had broken down and collapsed, but they did not die.

Di Tian's face was chilly as he looked at South Morning, but there was a frown on his face. During the moment he arrived, he had sent his divine sense sweeping across the land... but he had been unable to discover Destiny's presence or the fluctuations of his Qi.

He could not find him!

After a moment of pensive silence, Di Tian let out a cold harrumph and decided to sit down. At the moment he did so, the four people several thousands of feet away coughed out blood. Their heads exploded, and they fell to the ground dead.

The seven corpses were all missing heads. Only their bodies remained. Their blood dyed the entire area, causing the place to be filled with a deathly silence. Di Tian did not pay any attention to any of this. He only lifted his right hand to form a seal before he flung his hand outwards. Immediately, the seven corpses shuddered... and they started crawling to their feet.

Once they climbed up, they ripped open their clothes to reveal their chests. An indistinct face of a ghost appeared on each one, and they all looked like they were screaming. The next moment, the seven corpses stormed towards seven different directions.

Everyone who came later due to their curiosity towards the pillar of light all found their heads exploding once they saw Di Tian, and when the face of the ghost appeared on their corpses, they would leave.

All of them left in different directions.

'I'll continue searching with my divine sense. I'd like to see how long you can hide from me!' Di Tian closed his eyes and remained still.

This... was the disaster the old xun maker had told Su Ming about!

The disaster had already arrived, yet during that moment, Su Ming was still on the tiny island in the Dead Sea. He stood there quietly, as if he had lost his soul. A layer of fog gradually appeared around him, covering his body. It even covered the bald crane, and eventually, once it enveloped the entire island, it...

...looked as if it had disappeared from the Dead Sea!

Su Ming stared at the little girl standing before him, hugging a doll in her arms while looking at him with adorable, wide eyes. There was joy on the girl's face, and it clearly showed just how happy she was at the moment.

"Tong Tong..." Su Ming stared at the girl before him blankly, and his body shivered. He did not just see this girl, but also saw... the incredibly familiar tribe around him that was etched deeply in his memories!

Dark Mountain Tribe!

The grass, the trees, the houses, everything, and even the familiar air... This was clearly the Dark Mountain from his memories, the place he thought he could no longer return to... That fictitious place!

Yet even though he knew it was fake, even though he had seen Beiling and Chenxin and went through all the changes, at that moment, he could not deceive himself. So even though what he saw could not deceive him, it was still... the place he longed for dearly... his home.

Dark Mountain.

He saw Bei Ling standing in the distance, practicing with his bow and arrow. He also saw the tall, towering figure of Dark Mountain's Head of the Guards, who was teaching his son how to fire the strongest arrow.

He saw Chen Xin sitting by the side, looking at Bei Ling with a gentle gaze in her eyes. There was a bowl filled with water in her

hands, and she looked as if she was about to walk up and hand that bowl over to Bei Ling, who was sweating buckets.

He saw Wu La, who had died in his arms as she mumbled Mo Su's name until she breathed her last. This stubborn girl was surrounded by a bunch of children, and she was telling them stories. The lively changes in her expressions and her bombastic words caused them to let out tinkling laughter, and within that laughter was an air of happiness that came from the depths of their hearts.

Su Ming also saw Lei Chen. His best friend and brother in all but blood had a dejected look on his lowered head at the moment, as he was being scolded nonstop by a middle-aged woman.

Su Ming stared at all of this blankly. He had already forgotten everything. His mind was empty. Tong Tong's words seemed to have gone off into the distance, and he could no longer hear them clearly.

Then, he saw two men walking out of a big wooden house. One of them was Dark Mountain's tribe leader, Chen Long. He had a frown between his brows, and looked as if he was troubled by something. The man following behind him was one that had carved himself deeply in Su Ming's memories... Shan Hen!

The hunter was just as Su Ming remembered him. He was gloomy and as averse to speaking as ever. When he cast his gaze to his surroundings, his emotions could not be seen on his face, and he was just like a beast that had hid away its presence.

Chapter 581: In Your Dreams, Can You Remember that You Are just a Guest?

But once Su Ming walked past the children surrounding Wu La, the gloomy presence about Shan Hen vanished. His expression did not change, but he did bring out a beautifully carved beast bone from his bosom and gave it to the children, earning delighted cheers as his reward.

Su Ming saw Shan Hen smile. That smile might be incredibly faint and only lasted for an instant, but he saw it. Just for a brief moment, a happy smile appeared on Shan Hen's lips.

As the chief of the hunters and leader of Dark Mountain Tribe's hunting team, he had to constantly be cold and aloof. He had to make others fear him. The murderous aura and bloodlust on him had to be the thickest, only then could he intimidate outsiders and the miscreants in the tribe, and only then could he... protect his home!

The world before Su Ming gradually became clearly. This clarity was something he could sense in his heart. It was not that his vision had become clear, because the things before had been clear since the start. Slowly, the voices by his ears no longer remained indistinct as well. Su Ming stood there and lowered his head. He looked at his own body. It was the body of a teenager.

"Big brother La Su!" As Su Ming looked at his own body, Tong Tong's rather excited voice rang in his ears. When he lifted his head to look at her, he saw her pouting, and there was a rather glum look on her face.

"You're cheating! I already found you, but you're pretending not to hear me! Hmph, I'm not playing with you anymore." The little lassie was clearly fuming. At that moment, she pouted and ignored Su Ming, hugging her doll and running far away. Pipi quickly followed behind her, hopping as it followed its master into the

distance.

'A three day long serendipity... Are you telling me that I can... stay in my home for three days?' Su Ming closed his eyes, but immediately opened them after several breaths. He did not want to waste his time with closed eyes. He wanted to use every single moment he had to remember everything and carve them all deep into his memories.

It did not matter whether they were real or false...

'This is my home.' Su Ming took large strides and walked briskly forward. He wanted to see his elder. This feeling spread out endlessly in his heart until it filled his entire being.

He moved past Lei Chen, who had his head lowered as his mother scolded him. When he saw Su Ming walking past him, he made a face at him, as if he was resigned to his fate.

Yet this expression was seen by his mother, somehow, and she became even angrier. She grabbed Lei Chen by the ear and began another round of scolding.

Su Ming walked past Wu La and the children. His arrival caused the kids to be filled with joy. When they called out to him, Tong Tong, who had just arrived, puffed up her cheeks and started mumbling under her breath with a displeased look on her face.

"Big brother La Su cheated. He promised me, but he refused to play."

There was a hint of disdain on Wu La's face, and she did not bother herself with Su Ming. He did not bother himself with that. He smiled at the children, and as anxiety burned in his heart, he moved past them until he arrived outside a house - his elder's house.

He stood at the door and lifted his right hand, but... could not bring himself to open it. He was afraid. He was afraid that all of this was just a dream, and all of it was fake. He was afraid that if he

pushed open the door, he would only see emptiness, and there would be nothing inside.

His shivered. He... was afraid.

"My young Su Ming, is that you? Why are you standing outside? Come in." In the midst of his fear and anxiety from losing his home, a familiar voice reached his ears from the house, and it instantly caused the corners of Su Ming's eyes to turn red.

That voice was as gentle and kind as the one in his memories. It was as loving as he remembered, just like how a parent would speak to his or her child. At the instant Su Ming heard that voice, he could no longer contain himself. He pushed open the door and saw... the old man sitting in the house with his legs crossed as he looked at Su Ming with a smile... his elder, Mo Sang!

The wrinkles on the elder's face was something Su Ming would never forget. The white in his hair was also something that could never be erased from his memories. The gentle voice, the familiar presence, all of these things caused Su Ming's tears to flow from his eyes the moment he saw his elder.

At that moment, he was no longer the murderer who could kill without blinking an eye, he was not the Lord of the Great Frozen Plains who had brought about Heaven Gate's collapse, not the person whom the Fated Kin worshiped, and not the Destiny who had been away for years, learning how to be cold as well as hide his emotions... He was simply a wanderer who had finally returned home after leaving for many years, and was now looking at his family.

"Elder!" At that moment, Su Ming's body was that of a teenager. Tears fell from his eyes uncontrollably, and he swiftly ran to his elder's side, wrapping his arms around Mo Sang.

"Elder, I miss you... I... I miss our tribe, I miss everything here, elder..."

The anguish he had suffered for years, the longing he had carried for years, the tears that he had not been able to shed for years, and the deduction he made that his home was a mere fiction were no longer things Su Ming cared about, neither did he want to think about them. He only had one thought in his mind at that moment, and that was to hug his elder. He did not want to let go. This was the one place that was filled with the most warmth in his life. This was... his family, his home.

Even if it was fake, even if they did not exist, Su Ming did not want to think about it. He told himself that all of it was real. This warmth was also real. Everything here was real.

Mo Sang was momentarily stunned. He looked at Su Ming crying as he hugged him, and a questioning look appeared on his face, but he said nothing. Instead, he patted Su Ming's back, and the smile on his face became even more loving.

"My little La Su, why are you crying? That's not like you. Come, tell me, who bullied you? I'll go teach them a lesson!"

Su Ming had thousands upon thousands of words he wanted to say at that moment, but he could not give voice to any of his thoughts. Could he tell the elder about what had happened over the years? He did not want to destroy this warmth. This gentle warmth would only last for three days, and it was very dear to him.

A deep wave of fatigue rose swiftly in Su Ming's heart, but he did not want to sleep, because he could not find it in himself to part with this. After a long while, he wiped away his tears and let go of the elder slowly. He looked at this old man who was a little younger than in his memories with a dumbfounded expression, then spoke softly.

"Elder, it's nothing. I just had a dream."

"What dream could it be that it made my little La Su so scared that he even cried while hugging me like he did a few years ago?"

The elder smiled kindly and stroked Su Ming's head.

"I dreamed that a few years later, our tribe will fight against Black Mountain Tribe. I dreamed of our tribe's migration and my departure... I even dreamed of myself wandering outside, alone..." Su Ming mumbled under his breath, telling the elder about his experiences, the content in his words very condensed. However, every single word spoke of his entire life.

As Su Ming spoke, the smile on the elder's face gradually changed to one of seriousness. Slowly, he began to look at Su Ming with a dumbfounded expression, and after a long, long while, when Su Ming finished recounting his 'dream', the elder frowned.

"Is it true... or false...?" The elder let his eyelids fall slightly, and after some time, when he opened his eyes, he looked at Su Ming.

"It was just a dream. You're awake now, so don't bother about all that happened in the dream. I can tell you this, I am real!"

Su Ming nodded his head quietly as he looked at his elder. He had an endless amount of things he wanted to tell him.

When the sky outside gradually grew dark and a hint of tiredness appeared on the elder's face, Su Ming stood up quietly and wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing to the elder. With an unwillingness to part and a reluctance to leave, he walked out of the house.

The sun was setting in the west. Gentle rays of sunlight scattered on the ground, causing shadows from the houses in Dark Mountain Tribe to appear on the ground. Chimney smoke rose into the air due to the members of the tribe preparing dinner. The wisps of smoke curled in the sky, fusing with the clouds in the sunset, causing them to become an incredibly beautiful sight when the people looked towards them.

The warmth that Su Ming had never experienced ever since he left Dark Mountain rose in his heart at that moment. This warmth

was different from the one in ninth summit. That place showed him kindness, gave him friendship, showered him with a teacher's love for his disciple, but in this place... was the scent of his hometown.

As he looked at his tribe members occupying themselves through the evening, looked at the gates to the tribe being thrown open to welcome their warriors who had returned from their hunt, looked at all the things around him, he suddenly could no longer differentiate what was real.

He could no longer tell whether the him just a day ago was just a dream, or whether what he was seeing was a dream.

Su Ming stood on the spot with a blank expression, until a hand slapped him powerfully between his shoulders. His pupils instinctively shrank. He lifted his left hand and grabbed the hand on his shoulder. The instant he turned around, a freezing glare rose swiftly in his eyes, and he pointed towards the person behind him with his right index finger.

This was an almost instinctive action. It was developed through the years Su Ming had wandered outside, but right at the moment he executed this attack, he immediately pulled that finger back and turned his right hand into a fist before lightly punching the other person's shoulder.

"Lei Chen!" This punch was a greeting between brothers, a meeting born from the longing.

The person who had just slapped Su Ming was naturally Lei Chen. He laughed boisterously and let the punch land on his body. A smug expression appeared on his face.

"Even if you hit me a few more times, that puny fist of yours won't do anything to me. What are you doing here? What are you daydreaming about? My mom asked me to call you over for dinner."

Su Ming looked at Lei Chen, and a smile appeared on his face. He walked up and hugged his friend tightly. This was a different hug from the one he gave his elder, this was a symbol of friendship between brothers!

"What's wrong? You're really strange today..." Lei Chen was momentarily stunned, but simply allowed Su Ming to hug him. After a moment, when Su Ming looked at him again, Lei Chen saw something ageless in his eyes, as if they had not met each other for years.

He scratched his head and looked at Su Ming with a questioning look. He even lifted his hand to touch his friend's forehead.

"There's something off about you. Are you sick?" As Lei Chen mumbled, he lifted his hand, and just as he was about to touch the center of Su Ming's brows, he suddenly froze and cast a few scrutinizing looks.

"There's something really off about you! You're not moving away!"

"You're the one who's sick!" Su Ming let out a wry laugh and blurted out those words.

"Yeah, that's the normal Su Ming I know." Lei Chen grinned and patted his friend's shoulder before giving a few thumps on his chest. "Su Ming, I'm a Berserker now. Don't worry. Everything I told you before is true, I'll beat down whoever dares to bully you!

"Once I become the tribe leader... Heh heh, at that time I'll protect you, and then, the both of us will drink and eat meat every single day. I'll have Bei Ling go out hunting for us every day, and then I'll have Chen Xin... Er, oh well, I'll just have her accompany you." Lei Chen walked before him with a smile and brought Su Ming back to the path leading to his house.

Chapter 582: Heaven and Earth!

The sun gradually disappeared, setting in the west. The golden ray of dusk also vanished slowly. At the sky turned pitch black, the stars drew out the outline of the starry sky in Su Ming's memories. The brilliant moon also made those who looked at it unable to help themselves but yearn for their homes as they continued looking above.

But how could a person in his hometown yearn for his home? Su Ming did not know. He only knew that on the first night he returned to Dark Mountain, he still missed this place as he looked at the moon.

He saw the elder. He saw Lei Chen. He saw all the people in his memories, and Su Ming's heart gradually calmed down. All the grass and trees in this place were so incredibly familiar to him. Everything here had etched themselves into his heart, and he could never forget them in his life.

Bei Ling was still as cold as ever to him. Chen Xin still held a degree of care towards him, shown by how he could still not find a single speck of dust in his house.

Perhaps it was love, but it might also have nothing to do with love. Chen Xin might have liked him before, yet perhaps she liked Bei Ling even more.

In his memories, Wu La, the girl who was not incredibly beautiful, had fallen into his arms as she mumbled Mo Su's name under her breath before she died. When she did so, her beauty had surpassed everything else, and it was deeply ingrained in Su Ming's heart, causing him to be unable to forget her.

When he saw Wu La's disdain once again, he could only feel warmth in his heart, and nothing else.

Lei Chen's hearty laughter and the oath he swore let Su Ming feel

a heartfelt warmth between brothers. All of these things made him absolutely refuse to believe that these were fake.

The elder's kindness and his warm embrace made Su Ming willing to believe that he had just had a dream the previous night, a dream that had nothing to do with love, but brought with it blood, a dream spanning a lengthy passage of time. A cruel dream.

Perhaps now, he had woken up from his dream.

Su Ming sat outside his house and lifted his head to look at the moon in the sky. The dinner he had in Lei Chen's house had reminded him of many, many things...

There were a few lamps lit in the tribe at night. It was quiet all around him. There was... no wind this night.

Mournful notes from the xun drifted through the night. This was a song played by a member of Su Ming's tribe. It was a song he could not never forget.

"Perhaps it is not just three days. Perhaps by tomorrow, I will find that everything that happened to me was just a dream. Perhaps... I can continue staying in Dark Mountain," Su Ming mumbled. Lei Chen was not with him. During the night, he had been scolded by his mother and was forced to stay home. He even had to pretend that he was asleep.

Su Ming looked at the moon in the sky quietly and listened to the song of the xun, just like... a person who did not know he was a mere guest in his own dream.

He was suddenly struck by a strong urge to go and see Bai Ling, who might not even know him at this point!

When he thought about her, a sharp stab of pain struck his heart. That broken promise which had lasted for eternity after he left. When he turned his head back, he could only hear a sigh; they could no longer see each other.

Su Ming stood up and walked towards the gate of the tribe, but

the moment he reached it and was just about to walk through, his footsteps came to a halt, because a person had just stepped out of the darkness before him.

"Who are you?!" a ghastly voice asked. It came from the person who gradually walked out of the shadows to stand under the moonlight. He was, naturally, Shan Hen!

A dark, cold look appeared in his eyes when he looked at Su Ming. When he spoke, a ripple of power appeared faintly on his right hand, making it look as if it was about to gather together into a blade.

"You're not Su Ming. You can lie to the others, but you can't lie to me. The gaze Su Ming uses when he looks at me is different from yours." Shan Hen glared at Su Ming as he spoke with a dark voice.

Su Ming looked at him quietly. This was the senior in his tribe whom he had killed with his own hands in his memories.

"I am Su Ming," Su Ming said softly and walked forward. Shan Hen's expression changed and he lifted his right hand swiftly, but the moment he did so, Su Ming had already walked past him with light footsteps. Shan Hen's entire body trembled. He could not even put down his right hand. During that instant, the moment Su Ming walked past him with a speed so fast his eyes could not catch, he felt a wave of ripples so great that he almost suffocated.

Those ripples were incredibly faint and only spread out to five feet. He was the only one who could sense them, but to him, the strength of that Qi was so strong that it surpassed all Berserkers he had ever met, and even those in the Awakening Realm!

He had a strong feeling that with just a single thought, this person could destroy him, could even wipe out the entire tribe and the entire land!

In his shock, Shan Hen became drenched in sweat. After a long while, he turned his head around slowly, but he could no longer

see the teenager.

Su Ming walked on the path to the mountain. His footsteps were unhurried as he moved in the middle of night. With a single step at a time, he walked towards Bai Ling's tribe.

He came to a stop at some point of time. Hesitating for a moment, he looked at Dark Mountain standing tall during the night, and suddenly lifted his right hand before placing it by his mouth. He blew a clear whistle.

Its sound echoed in the air and gradually disappeared into the darkness. Su Ming walked quietly. An hour later, a fire-red shadow suddenly shot out from the forest in the distance.

Along with that figure was a series of happy screeches ringing in the air. The fire-red shadow... was Xiao Hong!

It charged forth and soon appeared before Su Ming with an excited look on its face. Once it jumped and danced merrily around him several times, it sat down squarely on his shoulders and grabbed Su Ming's hair with its paws, playing with it nonstop.

"Xiao Hong..." Su Ming looked at the little monkey on his shoulders and simply allowed it to play with his hair. He lifted his hand and gently patted the little animal with a sentimental and complicated smile on his lips.

"We meet again..."

Xiao Hong let out a few screeches, looking as if it was saying that they had indeed met again, then glared at Su Ming before gesticulating frantically with its hands, showing off its anger, as if it was grumbling to him that he had not come to see him for a very long time.

Eventually, Xiao Hong showed him three fingers. Su Ming knew the meaning - three days. Or perhaps it was three months, or three years, thirty years, or even longer...

Xiao Hong itself was the only one who knew just how long it had

been.

As he stroked the fur on Xiao Hong's body, Su Ming strode forward and turned into a long arc that charged towards Bai Ling's tribe. Before long, the gigantic fence that belonged to Dark Dragon Tribe appeared before him.

There were also erect long spears placed on the fence, the tribe's defenses.

Su Ming looked at Dark Dragon Tribe and walked towards it. His arrival went unnoticed by all. When he eventually stepped into the tribe, he spread his divine sense outwards in search of the figure in his memories that always made his heart clench in pain.

He found Bai Ling's house. She had already fallen asleep on this dark night. Her beautiful face was peaceful, and it was a look that was rather different compared to the wild beauty she possessed when she was awake.

Su Ming stood quietly by her bed and looked at this beautiful girl, the faint smile on the corners of her lips. She seemed to be dreaming about something happy.

Su Ming's heart ached greatly. The scenes in his memories rose before his eyes, in the space between him and Bai Ling. Their meeting during the night of the blood moon, them walking around in circles during the snowy night, their low whispers as they told each other their stories, and in the end, their snow-covered hair...

Those memories continued playing until Su Ming saw the promise he did not keep. All of these things turned into a wave of grief that filled his heart. He looked at Bai Ling blankly, at the girl who had branded the image of herself deeply in his heart. This girl was his first love.

"Ling Er... I'm back..." Su Ming whispered softly. With a gentle look in his eyes, he lifted his hand to softly touch her cheek. His actions were incredibly light, but the instant his hand almost

touched her cheek, her eyes flew open.

Bai Ling looked at Su Ming quietly, but the wildness in her eyes was a light that he would never forget.

Su Ming's hand froze for a moment, but only a moment. Then, without any hesitation, he touched her cheek. Her face was rather cold, but incredibly soft. It made his gaze turn even gentler.

Bai Ling did not move away. Instead, her eyes went wider and she looked at him completely stunned.

When Su Ming eventually lifted his hand, the gentle look in his eyes still remained. He cast a deep look at Bai Ling and stood up, turning his head away. Just as he was about to leave...

"Who... are you...?" Bai Ling's frightened and delicate voice came from behind him.

"Su Ming."

Su Ming walked towards the door of her house. The moment he touched Bai Ling, the chill on her cheeks had made him understand many things in the midst of his anguish.

This was not real. This... was an illusion. This was the serendipity the old xun maker had mentioned. This was an illusory world created based on Su Ming's memories.

This... was a Void Space [1]...

Because in this sweltering season, Bai Ling's face was cold, and that cold came from Su Ming's memories, from the last sensation he remembered of her when they were on the snowing plains. All of this... was fake.

This three day long serendipity was so that Su Ming could understand the existence of fate in the world in his memories...

"You could choose not to believe it, you could think that the Dark Mountain in your memories is fake. As long as you attack and kill all the people you are familiar with here: your elder, Lei Chen, Bei

Ling, Wu La, Chen Xin, Bai Ling, and all the rest of them, you'll be able to know the truth!

"When you attack, you will naturally see the face they will show when you kill them with your own hands. At that time, you will be able to tell whether all of this is real or fake. At that moment, you can also overturn Dark Mountain and forget everything about it. From then on, you will no longer have any ties binding you, and there will no longer be anything that will affect your heart.

"Then, in the future, if anyone tries to use Dark Mountain as a set up to make you do something, it will no longer matter.

"As long as you take action... everything will be turned to dust. Then, you will be as if you were truly awake. You will crush the world you believe is unreal, along with the person who is manipulating your fate behind all of this, as if you have truly woken up.

"If you believe, then you must have the determination to bear with the series of difficulties, the sorrows and farewells you will have to say when Dark Mountain appears before you again..."

It did not matter what he chose, he would still be able to arrive at a brief period of completion. During it, Su Ming would be able to take half of the final step required to move from the Bone Sacrifice Realm into the Berserker Soul Realm.

Because this state of completion could turn into a resolve that would make Su Ming no longer be caught in a state of confusion in which he stepped into the Berserker Soul Realm, and the possibility of his success would increase.

"Why... do I feel like you are so familiar to me...?" Bai Ling's voice reached Su Ming's ears, and behind him, she had already sat up to look at him blankly. "Don't go..." she said softly and walked over from her bed, then leaned gently into his back.

Starlight shone through her house and scattered into her abode

in a dim, nebulous light. It fused together with the moonlight, and Su Ming could not tell which belonged to the stars, and which belonged to the moon. He could not tell what was a dream, and what was reality. He could not tell what made him happy, what made him sad, and what exactly he yearned for. And he could even less differentiate just which of them was crying.

It was as if they had promised each other a fleeting love, but they could not take with them this state of being together once one of them woke up. This sort of attachment... would only travel further and further away... It would have been better... had they not met at all.

Translator's Notes:

1. Void Space: First mentioned in chapter 214, when Tian Xie Zi isolated a dimension to talk to Su Ming before they went to Freezing Sky Clan.

Chapter 583: All Things Come to an End

Su Ming should leave.

Even if he did not leave, he should still treasure the serendipity the old xun maker had given to him, because this three-day-long serendipity could help him fight against the great disaster he was about to face in the near future.

He should destroy the beauty of this fictitious world, kill all of these possibly created characters—including his family, his friends, his love, and everyone else—to obtain a resolve to give up everything so that he could become strong and fight against fate. He would be remolded once he destroyed everything, and would obtain the cold callousness that belongs to the strong!

This was the true meaning behind the three-day-long serendipity. It was also something the silent old xun maker wished Su Ming could do!

He would have to cut away his emotions and his memories. He would have to be unbothered by his past and his future, then remodel himself by replacing all his memories. He would have to turn cold and merciless to complete this incredibly important metamorphosis!

This metamorphosis was the great completion of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. It was a transition for him to become a powerful Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm. This... was his serendipity!

As Su Ming came to understand this, his mind gradually cleared up; he had managed to guess the old xun maker's way of helping him. He also had a vague feeling that if he walked down the path the old xun maker laid out for him and destroyed everything so that he could remodel his life, then it would mean that he would have seized the control over his own fate. The moment he started rebuilding himself, the state of completion he gained in his heart would also affect his soul.

Then, as his soul gained completion... at the moment he built his life, he would be able to create his very own statue of the God of Berserkers!

It also meant that when he walked out of this world, he would no longer be in the Bone Sacrifice Realm. He would rise to become a powerful Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm amid this strange power and this serendipity that might have been brought forth by the old xun maker paying a heavy price!

After that, he would have to face that great disaster in his life!

The old xun maker had laid out a path for him. Su Ming might not know who he was, but he could tell that the old man bore no ill-will towards him...

But this serendipity and gift... was something Su Ming could not accept.

Because the price for it was the complete annihilation of everything in this world. Could he kill Bai Ling, who was hugging him from the back? Could he end his elder's life while he was asleep? Could he murder Chen Xin, just so that he could gain completion...?

Could he kill Lei Chen, kill his parents, and destroy everything that was Dark Mountain Tribe?

"I can't..." Su Ming smiled brokenly. He could feel Bai Ling's warmth coming from behind him. He could not do it.

Time trickled by. Su Ming stood there, and Bai Ling continued staying with her arms wrapped around him. The darkness in the sky gradually went away, replaced by a faint veil of light.

During the whole night, the two people just stood. They did not speak to each other. Bai Ling had her head buried in Su Ming's back, and for some unknown reason, the heartbeat she felt against her cheek made her cry tears of love.

They might be from a longing desire between lovers, but she

could not wipe them away. They stained Su Ming's clothes.

When morning arrived, Su Ming chose to leave. Bai Ling lay down on her bed quietly, looking as if she had fallen asleep, but the tears at the corners of her eyes remained. One fell to her pillow and disappeared.

That single tear contained an endless amount of recollections, an endless amount of longing, and an endless amount of sighs. Perhaps even Bai Ling could not count them anymore.

Su Ming left Dark Dragon Tribe when it was already morning. He moved quietly through the forest and looked at the rays of sunlight turning into light beams that shone on the ground. The leaves from the trees fell as he moved past them. Xiao Hong seemed to have sensed the complicated feelings within Su Ming's heart, as it sat on his shoulders and did not make a sound.

This was the first day.

There were still two days left for Su Ming to make his choice.

He had originally wanted to go to Wind Stream Tribe, but had lost that desire by now. He looked at Dark Mountain basking under the sun, yet he did not have the thought to go and see the Fire Berserkers' ruins. A feeling of fatigue filled his entire being.

He chose to go home.

He went back to Dark Mountain Tribe, back to his own home.

In the morning, Dark Mountain Tribe was like a world where everything had just risen from slumber. His tribe members went about their individual tasks in the midst of chimney smoke rising into the air, and the children looked as if they would never know exhaustion. They looked forward to each new day, to playing with their friends.

Su Ming came back. He looked at the familiar tribe and sat down quietly outside his house. He looked at the blue sky and the white clouds, looked at the sunlight shining down on the ground, and

looked at all the things that existed in his memories about his tribe.

He wanted to engrave everything deeply into his mind once again, to carve this scene into his heart and soul.

"Must I destroy everything here to control my own fate...?" Su Ming whispered to himself softly.

'This sort of destruction might perhaps truly allow me to control my own fate, because a cold and callous heart cannot contain even a single shred of tenderness. If there is no more love, then no matter what else other people do, they would be unable to find a place to stay in my heart.

'But...' Su Ming looked at the children running around in the empty space before him and closed his eyes.

'Are they also fake...?'

The sky gradually darkened. Dusk left, and moonlight shone on the ground. Su Ming continued sitting there, watching everything within his tribe. He did not think, merely looked at the sun rising and setting.

He knew that when the sun rose again, he would welcome the last day he could be here in Dark Mountain.

He had no idea when he would be able to come back. Perhaps never.

Su Ming closed his eyes. The song of the xun echoed in his ears, as it sang in the tribe. The night... went by.

The sky was no longer clear when the next morning arrived. There were dark clouds up ahead, and it started drizzling, but Su Ming did not think about anything on his last day in this place. He smiled and stayed by the elder's side, chatting with him, happily went to help grandpa Nan Song sort out the herbal storage, and even played with the children as if he was one himself. He told them stories, and the occasional bell like laughter tumbling out of

their mouths turned into the most pleasing sound in the tribe.

He play-fought against Lei Chen while laughing, just as he did all those years ago, when he was ignorant about the world outside. In fact, he was just like a teenager that did not need to think. He had his friends, his family, and he was happy, without a single care in the world.

Wu La might still be incredibly disdainful towards Su Ming, but he faced her with a smile and without a single complaint. He helped the girl with her tasks, and that smile on his face caught even Wu La by surprise. Her cold exterior gradually warmed up.

And as if Su Ming did not know the meaning of fatigue, he acted extremely politely and courteously towards Bei Ling on his final day, all while thinking of the help Bei Ling had given him during his childhood and his kindness for teaching him the bow. Even the cold Bei Ling gave him a complicated nod after a moment of silence, and the both of them started firing their arrows side by side, just as they had done many years ago.

As for Chen Xin, she smiled happily as she sat by the side, watching the two men who had walked into her heart. She would occasionally walk up to hand them water, her laughter ringing in the air.

All the people in the tribe could sense something different about Su Ming on this day. During it, he busied himself from morning till dusk, and straight down to midnight.

The smile on his face remained as a constant presence... but as night fell and moonlight scattered on the ground, the reluctance to part behind his smile was left unseen.

When night came, Su Ming's smile turned into one of pain. He looked at the lights in the tribe gradually extinguishing, one by one, looked at the bustle of activity in the tribe falling into silence, and felt sharp stab of pain in his heart.

"Is it time...?" Su Ming mumbled. He knew that when the sun rose again, he... would disappear from this beautiful world.

The pain on his face slowly morphed into a faint smile. He had to smile, he wanted to smile. Even if he was about to leave, these three days had already made him incredibly content.

As he smiled, Su Ming did not look at the moonlight, and neither did he look at the darkness and the tribe around him. Instead, he pushed open the door to his house and walked in before lying down on his small bed. He looked at the familiar sights around him, and with a smile on his face, he slowly closed his eyes.

"Sleep. Perhaps when I wake up, I will still be here..." he whispered softly.

In the end, he did not choose to walk down the path the old xun maker had pointed out for him, even if he would have been able to arrive at the Berserker Soul Realm if he did it, and even if he would be able to obtain the power to fight against the disaster that would soon come.

Even so, he... still chose to walk down his own path.

All that people said was real or false, might not truly be real or false.

The reflection of the moon and flowers in the lake was also the moon and the flowers themselves!

He could create a new life if he destroyed everything, but it did not mean that he could not create a new life if he kept everything here intact and turned them all into the most beautiful moments in the deepest parts of his memories. He could make his heart not turn cold, make his love never fade, and he could still build a new life!

'My fate is my own. I will choose it myself. If I say it is real, then in my heart... it is real.' Su Ming closed his eyes, and gradually, he fell asleep.

'Goodbye... my dear Dark Mountain...

'Goodbye... my dear family...

'My friends... my love, everything in my childhood... you will forever remain in my heart. You will forever be the warmth in the deepest parts of my heart... Farewell...'

This was the sleep he had never been able to find after he left Dark Mountain and even when he was on the ninth summit. This feeling was a scent in his memories...

Since Su Ming fell asleep, he did not hear a sigh echoing faintly in the air. That sigh contained a tone within it that would make people feel unclear as to what it meant, and they would be unable to tell just what it was.

The world was gradually shrouded in fog. It... slowly faded into nothing.

When Su Ming opened his eyes once again, the first thing he heard was the sound of the sea, the first thing he smelled was the stench from the sea, and the first thing he saw... was the lonely island. There was no Dark Mountain, no tribe, and not a single soul around him.

The only living creature that could be found lying there was the bald crane that was opening its eyes blearily.

Su Ming stood there for a long, long time until he closed his eyes again. After a moment, he reopened them slowly.

'The dream has ended.' Su Ming could still see the things that had happened during those three days. A wave of sadness weaved itself into his bearing, and it was one of grief from the soul and pain of longing for home.

It was a bitterness that wind could not blow away. This was the beautiful moment he chose.

Su Ming sighed. He wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed

deeply and respectfully towards the island under his feet. He was bowing towards the old xun maker, thanking him for the three day long serendipity.

Once he bowed, he lifted his head and took a step forward. He seized the bald crane, turned into a long arc, and charged into the sky.

The island slowly vanished behind him. Only a sad song from a xun could be heard echoing in the air, as if it was sending Su Ming off, and it remained until he left into the distance.

Chapter 584: Ambush!

Almost the moment Su Ming flew out of the island, the face of a ghost suddenly appeared on the surface of the Dead Sea. It was a corpse that was hidden under the surface of the sea. It had no head, and the ghost face had formed on its bare chest.

In the Dead Sea at the edge of Eastern Wastelands were more than a dozen of ghost-face corpses like this one. The ghost faces on their bodies shone with a dark light right then, and shrill howls that no one could hear started echoing in the air.

Immediately after, the clone that was sitting and meditating at the edge of Eastern Wastelands opened his eyes swiftly, and a cold chill flashed past his eyes.

A cold, callous smile appeared on his lips.

"You finally appeared, my son." He stood up slowly. But just as he was about to take a step forward into the sky, he suddenly frowned, and after a pensive moment of silence, he sat down again.

'Someone completely hid Destiny's presence away from me earlier, and I was unable to detect him. If it was done by someone, then this person's power is definitely nothing to be scoffed at. South Morning...' Di Tian's eyes shone and a cold sneer appeared on his lips.

At that moment, Su Ming was flying calmly in the sky. However, his sorrow was a presence in his soul that simply could not be hidden away. It surrounded his entire body, causing all others to be unable to get close to him, or else they would be lost in his world and have their whole being affected by his sadness.

'A great disaster... The only thing that can be considered a great disaster and is aimed solely at me in Yin Death Region is... Di Tian!' Su Ming's pupils shrank, but killing intent shone within them.

'Judging at the time, it is also about time Di Tian sent his clone

down here. There's a high possibility that this great disaster comes from him.'

Killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes, and a burning fighting spirit rose in his heart. To him, Di Tian might be a great disaster, but similarly, Su Ming harbored a resolve that he would absolutely kill him!

If Di Tian did not die, then it would be difficult for Su Ming to control his own actions. Having an enemy like this was a driving force for Su Ming himself. Only when he killed Di Tian's clone would he be able to control his own fate in the land of the Berserkers.

'The real Di Tian might be incredibly strong, but over the years, he only sent his clones to this place. Maybe it's because... he can't come here on his own!

'But this is just a guess. If who I fight this time is also his clone, then it means that my guess is correct! If it's really his clone, then I might have a chance against him!'

Su Ming dipped his head down and looked at his right index finger. Wrapped around it was a tiny part of the hair from the first God of Berserkers!

'I killed Di Tian's first clone all those years ago, and today... I will kill his second!

'I had been unable to tell just how powerful Di Tian was in the past, and neither had I been able to gauge Hong Luo's level of cultivation. I only knew that they had surpassed the Berserkers' Berserker Soul Realm.

'But now that I think about it, Hong Luo's level of cultivation is clearly equivalent to those who are walking down the path of Life Cultivation. By the looks of it, he didn't seem to know about the missing element in his Life, so he shouldn't have reached Life Privation!

'He had only arrived at the level of Life Matrix. Perhaps when he was at the pinnacle of his strength, he was stronger, but when he was me, he was indeed only at that level!

'As for Di Tian's clone, his level of cultivation had clearly surpassed the Life Matrix Realm, since he could kill Hong Luo, but he shouldn't have reached Life Palace just yet. Life Palace... to understand all the changes in the world, to know the regrets of the universe, to learn of the power of Law. If he had reached Life Palace, then he shouldn't have been injured when he killed Hong Luo!

'I'm certain that his clone was at the Life Privation Realm!

'Life Matrix, Life Privation, Life Palace, World of Life... These are the four great realms in Life Cultivation. Right now, from the understanding I've gained, I have managed to reach the borders of Life Matrix, but I haven't reached the Berserker Soul Realm in terms of my level of cultivation, that's why I only have the presence of Life Cultivation but can't truly step onto its path.

'But... it's not as if I have nothing to use when I fight against his clone!'

Su Ming flew incredibly quickly, and as he charged across the sea, his eyes sparkled with a pensive light.

'All of these are just my guesses. If Di Tian himself came here this time, then I won't be able to run away from this disaster, and if his clone this time is much stronger than the one he sent in the past, then this battle... is also pretty much sealed in his favor.

'Great disaster...' In silence, Su Ming went past the fuzzy borders of South Morning and arrived at the vast Dead Sea right outside them. As he continued rushing across the sea, a ruthless glare gradually appeared in his eyes.

He charged down towards the surface of the sea. Right before him was a small island. It was not big, but not incredibly small

either. Judging by its area, it was about the same size as the island that belonged to his Fated Kin.

The island was the same as all the other islands Su Ming had met on the way - there was not a sign of life that could be found on it. It was empty, and not a single hint of green could be located. It looked just like a bump in the sea.

Su Ming charged down and landed on the island. With a glint in his eyes, he spread his divine sense and covered the entire island. Once he did so, he went to the center and sat down.

'Since the disaster is bound to come, then I might as well choose my own battlefield. I will wait here... for the disaster to arrive!'

A chilling glare shone brilliantly in Su Ming's eyes. He lifted his right hand and seized the air before pushing his palm flat against the ground. With it, the ground started shaking, and immediately after, a brilliant shade of red appeared at the spot where Su Ming's palm had met the ground.

Once the red meadow appeared, it started spreading outwards rapidly, and in the blink of an eye, it had already spread to an area of several hundreds of feet. Su Ming bit the tip of his tongue and coughed up a mouthful of blood that landed on the grass. Immediately, the red grass started sashaying around in a strange fashion and grew rapidly. In the blink of an eye, the meadow covered the entire island and even spread out to cover the surface of the sea.

This was the first time Su Ming had used his full strength to activate that red meadow by making it absorb a sufficient amount of blood and life. As it spread into the sea, that absorption of life reached its full capacity.

The entire island had turned completely red.

When Su Ming lifted his right hand, a black flagpole appeared on his palm. It had been a long time since he used this thing. This...

was one of the treasures he had obtained from Han Mountain City, and it was one of the divine abilities that belonged to Han Mountain's ancestor.

Su Ming did not know the details, but he could still bring out some of its power, and could... make it explode!

This was the first counterattack he prepared for his enemy!

Su Ming placed the flag pole by the side, then patted his storage bag. Immediately, a large stone monument flew out - it was the legacy left behind by the first God of Berserkers.

No one among the Berserkers could obtain any sort of inheritance from it any longer, but its existence itself brought about a terrifying force that could frighten all the Immortals. If Di Tian truly came here, then the moment he saw this stone monument, he would definitely be surprised and horrified!

This was the second strike Su Ming prepared for Di Tian!

When he erected this stone monument on the island, a flicker of light flashed in his eyes. He lifted his right hand and slapped his storage bag, and immediately, a transparent mountain rock flew out. Within it was naturally the small black humanoid that had lost one of its fingers.

The creature had its eyes closed, as if it was sleeping.

"I have an offer, will you take it?" Su Ming looked at the small black humanoid and asked flatly.

The creature did not move, but after several breaths, its eyes flew open and it stared at Su Ming, with its eyes shining with a strange light.

"What offer?" Its voice was rather piercing to the ears.

"With your full strength, help me kill a person. It doesn't matter whether I live or die in the end, I will return you your freedom!"

The small black humanoid was silent for a moment before it

suddenly spoke.

"Why should I believe you?"

"My seal is on your body. It depends entirely on you whether you want to take this offer. I will only offer this once, and I will never make it again!" Su Ming stated calmly.

The small black humanoid struggled for a moment, and a hint of madness appeared briefly in its eyes before it gave a nod.

Su Ming swiftly lifted his right hand and slapped the transparent mountain rock, and the seal on the mountain rock immediately vanished. Right then, Su Ming cast his divine sense on the small black humanoid, and after a swift scan, the creature flew out of the mountain rock.

The instant it was out, it lifted its head and let out a piercing roar towards the sky before it looked swiftly towards Su Ming, who remained as composed as ever while looking at the small black humanoid coldly.

The creature was silent for a moment, then wrapped its fist in its palm towards Su Ming.

"I'll trust in your words, and I don't want to be your enemy either. Our goals are both the same, we both want to leave this place!" After it spoke, it disappeared into the air with a single step, vanishing from Su Ming's eyes.

Even if Su Ming swept his divine sense through the area, had he not left his will in the creature acting as a seal, it would be difficult for him to find it.

This was the third gift Su Ming prepared for Di Tian.

"Di Tian..."

Su Ming lifted his right hand and flung his arm. Immediately, a piece of debris from one of Great Yu Dynasty's palaces appeared before him. He had obtained this item in the frozen world, and

when he brought it out, he pressed his right hand on it, and the meadow around him instantly covered it up.

Su Ming's divine sense was connected to the debris. When he first fought against old Mo Luo on Scour Sieve Island, a thought had appeared in his head regarding the Art he used to bring out Great Yu's illusion. Afterwards, he had done some experiments and, keeping in mind that he had gone to the real Great Yu Dynasty before, if he cast this illusion, its might would definitely be great.

This was the fourth present he prepared.

Once Su Ming finished doing all these things, he fell into a brief period of pensive silence before he brought out the virescent sword. He looked at it, and a hint of reluctance appeared in his eyes, but it soon disappeared, to be replaced by a solemn expression. With his right hand holding the sword, he lifted his left hand and gently brushed his finger across the blade. As he did so, a strange glare appeared in his eyes and a string of complicated sounding words tumbled out of his mouth. He even had his Nascent Divinity dispersed to fuse into the sword slowly as he swept his finger across the blade.

The small virescent sword trembled and let out a piercing whistle. After a moment, a blinding glare came from its blade, and a tragic air of sadness spread out from within sword. That presence was filled with a reluctance to part with Su Ming, along with affection...

This was the fifth present Su Ming prepared for Di Tian.

With the special method he obtained from Hong Luo, he would offer up this sword and have the power of its soul erupt forth so that it could withstand his might when he flicked the blade!

Chapter 585: Di Tian's Clone!

Su Ming used the virescent sword in his hand and stabbed it into the meadow. Once it sank into the ground, he closed his eyes slightly, and as bell chimes echoed within him, Han Mountain Bell manifested itself outside his body. Once it flew out, the picture of the Nine-Headed Dragon on it gained a vivid edge, and it sounded as if its roars filled the world.

"Nine-Headed Dragon..." Su Ming whispered softly.

"Candle Dragon..." The instant he said these two words, the small Candle Dragon at his collar immediately flew out, and with a leap, crawled into the meadow, disappearing. At the same time, the bell in the sky grew larger, and as it grew endlessly, it replaced the sky above Su Ming before rushing into the thick, dark clouds above and hiding itself away from sight.

This was the sixth gift Su Ming prepared for that disaster!

'And the seventh...' Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He looked at the mark of the crimson dragon on his arm. The crimson dragon had opened its eyes at the moment and was also looking at Su Ming. There was resolution in its gaze.

Without even needing Su Ming to speak, the crimson dragon on his arm manifested itself, then lifted its head and roared before it charged into the sky with its gigantic body. It disappeared swiftly into the clouds and vanished from sight.

But it was still there. Su Ming could tell that with just a single thought from him, the crimson dragon would have its strongest power erupt from its body to destroy the entire world.

This was his seventh gift!

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. When he lifted his hands, the power of lightning erupted from the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance within him. This power surrounded his body, and as

he watched the endless amount of lightning sparks swimming on his skin, he closed his eyes and struck his chest with his right hand.

As lightning crackled all over his body, Su Ming opened his mouth and spat out an item!

This item was black and was a cauldron-shaped object with nine holes in it. This thing had always been in Su Ming's body, and it was the item that was formed when he absorbed the lightning from the world as he Awakened in Han Mountain City!

There had never been much changes within this item, as it resided in his body, up till the moment he absorbed the Lightning Berserker's inheritance. Su Ming had sensed something different within it, as if there thousands upon thousands of threads connecting this item to the Lightning Berserker.

In fact, even if the black stone fragment had played the largest role in him being able to obtain the Lightning Berserker's inheritance, without this cauldron-shaped thing, the stone fragment would not have been able to find a guide to bring out lightning.

The instant Su Ming spat out the nine-holed cauldron-shaped thing that was his Origin Vessel, the lightning around him charged into the item and disappeared without a trace, causing one of the nine holes to be filled to the brim with lightning!

Su Ming narrowed his eyes. With a swing of his arm, the item charged into the clouds in the sky. At the instant it buried itself there, thunder rumbled, and an infinite amount of lightning started swimming in all directions in the sky, then gathered within the nine-holed cauldron!

That was not the end. Su Ming started forming various seals with his hands and had his Nascent Divinity cover his entire body. He was, at that moment, casting the Immortals' Nine Transformations from the Nine Transformations, Ten Transfigurations, One Voice

Art!

The first Transformation, the second Transformation, the third Transformation... Every single time Su Ming changed the seal with his hand, he would send that Transformation into the seal. With each Transformation, the lightning in the sky would increase by a countless amount, which resulted in the second hole within the nine-holed cauldron to be filled, and the third hole was also gradually filling up with lightning.

Su Ming's limit arrived at the seventh Transformation due to his level of cultivation. At that moment, four holes within the nine-holed cauldron in the clouds had already been filled with lightning.

This was the eighth gift he prepared for the person who would bring him his disaster!

'One more...'

Su Ming looked at his left hand. Under his gaze, it gradually turned black, and soon, that dark shade filled his entire palm. However, before long, that black shade gradually started fading away, and only... the palm lines on his left hand remained black. Compared to his normal skin color, those black lines were quite a terrifying sight.

"The Curse..."

When Su Ming mumbled under his breath, his gaze fell on his right hand. There was a black glare shining on his right hand at the moment, but it soon disappeared, as if it had hidden itself in his right hand.

"This is the ninth gift... Di Tian, let's hope you're really the one who will be bringing me this disaster... I will wait for you here... with these nine gifts!"

Su Ming closed his eyes and calmed his breathing. He started waiting in silence.

He had already laid out the entire board for the battlefield, and would now absolutely not leave this place. If this disaster was truly Di Tian, he would definitely come.

Su Ming waited for three days. During them, he did not move a single inch and kept his eyes closed as he meditated, and by doing so, his condition continued improving, until he reached his strongest state.

He knew that the disaster this time would be incredibly difficult, but he could not back down from this fight, and neither did he have any space to withdraw. He could only fight!

He had to fight!

He had to slaughter his way through, to clear a path for himself to control his own fate. He had to kill until everything changed!

Fight!

Red capillaries gradually appeared beneath Su Ming's shut eyes. A battle spirit and killing intent that surged into the sky rose in his body, and like a storm, it started sweeping through the entire area.

He wanted to fight. He wanted to fight against Di Tian, fight against his fate, fight against his confusion, and fight against his whole life!

When the fifth day arrived and Su Ming's battle spirit reached its peak, a wave of distortions appeared in the sky in the distance, and a person walked out from within.

That person was dressed in an Emperor's robe and wore a crown. With an aloof look on his face, he cast a cold glance at Su Ming sitting on the island beneath him. Naturally, that person was Di Tian!

After waiting for several days, he had noticed that Su Ming was no longer heading toward Eastern Wastelands. After a moment of hesitation, he chose to not wait any longer and come to Su Ming himself. To him, changing Destiny's path would not be too hard...

even though he had run into a period lacking control during all his years of observing Su Ming.

But he believed that this period of emptiness, where he did not see him, was not enough for his plans to fall!

Di Tian did not even say a single word when he saw Su Ming. He simply took a step towards the island where he was. At that moment, his aloof appearance and his emotionless expression gave a loud voice to his tyrannical behavior!

Along with the Emperor's robe, the awe-inspiring presence caused Di Tian to look as if he was the sovereign in this world, as if every single piece of land under the sky was his domain, and with an overbearing presence that screamed of him being the only sovereign that could exist in this world, his foot landed. The world roared, and the Dead Sea beneath him started churning and tumbling backwards, as if it could not withstand the pressure of his arrival!

At that moment, the imposing presence of Di Tian was the exact same as the clone's who had fought against Hong Luo all those years ago!

'It's not his real seal...'

At the instant Di Tian took that one step and the world started roaring, Su Ming's eyes flew open. With a single move, his body flew up, and the Undertaker of Evil's Armor covered his body. Once it did so, the Spear appeared in his hand.

All of these things happened in a flash. In the blink of an eye, Su Ming had already equipped the Undertaker of Evil's Armor.

Di Tian completely ignored the armor's appearance. Once he took the first step, he lifted his right hand and swung his arm towards Su Ming through the air. An astonishing wave of fog started churning, and as if it wanted to cover the entire world within, it rushed forward towards Su Ming!

Su Ming let out a cold harrumph. At the instant his body rose into the sky, he took a step forward. When his foot landed, the air roared. This was not a normal step, it was... Su Ming's God of Berserkers' Seven Steps!

The first step!

With it, the layers of clouds above Di Tian's head thinned out, and a huge footprint appeared. With a piercing howl, it charged towards Di Tian.

Once Su Ming took that step, he immediately took another. He did not stop moving his feet and walked another six steps forward. Once he was finished, six footprints that were each bigger than the last appeared and replaced the entire sky above Di Tian's head. With loud rumbles, they sank down and crashed into the vast fog that had appeared when Di Tian swung his arm.

At the instant a shocking roar reverberated through the air, Su Ming took his seventh step, and with it, the biggest footprint abruptly descended, causing the rumbling sounds, which had already been shocking enough, to become much louder!

When Su Ming finished executing the God of Berserkers' Seven Steps, his speed reached an unimaginable extent. When the piercing roars continued shaking the world and space itself was still being torn apart, he had already charged through the air with the Undertaker of Evil's Spear in hand. Like a long arc that shot through space, he appeared before Di Tian and sent his spear straight towards the center of the clone's brows!

This was Su Ming!

He took the initiative to attack, no longer merely resisting like he did all those years ago. This spear symbolized his fight against fate. This spear represented the resolve in his heart. This spear... contained his hate towards Di Tian!

The significance behind his change from being forced to fight

back and attacking on his own was great, and the change itself was as huge as the world being overturned!

A loud bang that buried all other sounds spread out swiftly, but Di Tian's gaze was as calm as ever. Not a single hint of change could be seen in his composed expression. In fact, he did not even take half a step backwards. He merely lifted his right hand and tapped the tip of Su Ming's spear.

A bang reverberated in the air, and Su Ming coughed up a mouthful of blood and staggered backwards before turning into an arc that fell on the island. He... failed with this strike!

The strength of Di Tian's clone was so great that he only needed one finger to injure Su Ming... but there was a price to it. A thin gash appeared on the pad of Di Tian's finger.

"Looks like you've improved by quite a large margin over the years, considering that you were able to injure my clone... but you still need to walk down your predestined path so that I won't be disappointed."

As Di Tian spoke, he closed in on the island. However, right at the instant Su Ming fell on the ground, a strange, faint smile appeared on the corners of his lips.

There were three reasons behind Su Ming launching his attack. One of them was due to his resolve and the change in his attitude. The other was to test just how much his body could handle. The final reason... was to lure Di Tian to this island!

Now, his adversary was here!

"Di Tian!" Su Ming roared. He lifted his right hand and swiftly pressed it on the seemingly ordinary looking stone monument, the monument that the first God of Berserkers had left behind containing his inheritance that would only last until the third God of Berserkers!

At the instant Su Ming's palm fell, a hum came from the

monument, and a presence belonging to the first God of Berserkers manifested within the world, causing Di Tian's expression to change for the very first time as he walked over!

"This is... Lie Shan Xiu's presence!"

Chapter 586: Devastating!

Lie Shan Xiu's presence should not possess a powerful might, because it was originally not very strong. It was rather faint, in truth. After all, it was an inheritance that lasted only till the third God of Berserkers. There was not much left.

However, if the monument's power to instill fear was used against the Immortals who had trembled under Lie Shan Xiu's might all those years ago, then the effect of this presence would reach a terrifying degree.

This was not a suppression on one's cultivation base, neither was it going to cause Di Tian any physical damage. Instead, it was something that would affect his heart, a mighty pressure that came from the soul itself!

This mighty pressure would be stronger the greater was the Immortal who had trembled in fear due to Lie Shan Xiu's might. They would be like terrified birds who were injured by an arrow once and from then on would fall when they heard the sound of the bow again. Right then, Di Tian behaved in the exact same way!

Before he had made his name known, he had watched the first God of Berserkers raining slaughter on the Immortals. That mighty power and that terrifying massacre was his eternal nightmare.

At the instant he sensed Lie Shan Xiu's presence, Di Tian's heart trembled, a sight rarely seen on him. That shock caused his mind and expression to go blank for a brief instant.

That brief state of blankness was to Su Ming the chance he had been waiting for after all the preparations he'd made, it was also the reason behind why he prepared all the gifts for Di Tian!

At the instant the clone went into a daze, Su Ming pressed both his arms on the ground, and the red meadow immediately surged

into the sky, and an area of more than thousands of feet could be seen surging up in to the sky. Red fog seeped out from the meadow, and the instant it filled the air, Su Ming grabbed the flagpole and stabbed it into the ground.

When he did so, the red fog that had spread out immediately gathered together, to turn into a gigantic shadow, and with a huge roar, it charged towards Di Tian. At the same time, with a yank from Su Ming's right hand, all the grass from the meadow flew up and enveloped Di Tian.

"Explode!" Su Ming let out a low roar, and the instant the meadow enveloped the dazed Di Tian, the flagpole let out a loud bang and exploded. The impact formed from it charged straight towards the clone.

Almost the instant the red meadow collapsed, the shadow in the red fog grabbed Di Tian's body, and right when it looked as if it was about to devour him, a look of struggle appeared on Di Tian's face. Clearly, he was about to wake up from the sudden shock the first God of Berserkers' presence had brought on him.

There was no way Su Ming would waste this chance he had seized after so much difficulty. He formed a seal with both hands and swiftly pointed forward!

"Illusion of Great Yu!"

As he pointed forward, his Nascent Divinity swiftly spread out and fused into the debris from one of Great Yu's palaces in the collapsed meadow. The debris swiftly let out a powerful dark light, and as it shone, the dark light instantly enveloped Di Tian within. The absent-minded look appeared once again, the signs of Di Tian waking up disappearing.

This happened because he had sank into the illusion of Great Yu. It was the Great Yu Dynasty that Su Ming had brought up from his own thoughts after seeing the country itself with his own eyes. The level of authenticity in it was unparalleled!

Right at the instant Di Tian became dazed once again, Su Ming let out a low roar. Right then, a flash of black suddenly appeared, and that black light was naturally the killing move Su Ming had prepared - the small black humanoid!

This creature was of unknown origins and had a mysterious background. Its strength could also not be deduced, but at the moment it appeared, it instantly entered Di Tian's body.

Su Ming seized the ground through the air with his right hand, and his body shot up. At the same moment he flew up, a virescent sword quickly charged towards him, and once Su Ming held it in his hand, he swiftly closed in on Di Tian!

The murderous aura from the sword in his hand rose into the sky and fused with the sword's aura itself. As it swept through the air, Su Ming cracked the sword like a whip on Di Tian's body, but right at the moment the sword's strike was about to reach him, a freezing glare appeared in Di Tian's dazed eyes and they became filled with clarity. There... was not a hint of blankness in him!

"The illusion of Great Yu Dynasty... I had personally joined in the fight to destroy the Great Yu Dynasty all those years ago and had even brought you away from it. This illusion... is too weak!" As Di Tian spoke calmly, he formed a seal with his right hand and pressed towards the incoming sword aura.

"I am the heavens. All manner of living exists beneath the sky. Under my rule, all the living are given different souls. If I am unwilling, I can retrieve those souls... Heavenly Deprivation of Souls." At the moment these cool words that did not hold a hint of emotion tumbled out of Di Tian's lips, he pointed at the sword aura with his right index finger.

At the instant his finger touched the sword, Su Ming heard a shrill scream of pain coming from the small virescent sword in his hand. The sword also became dimmer in an instant, as if its soul was rapidly disappearing from within.

That one finger shot through the sword aura and charged straight towards Su Ming!

In the time of crisis, he swiftly lifted the sword in his hand and bit his left index finger. At the same moment he started fighting against Di Tian's finger, he swiped his left index finger across the blade.

By the time he drew that line of blood, Di Tian's finger had already touched the sword. A clear sound rang in the air, and a large amount of cracks appeared on the sword. A strange power came from it, and with a force that seemed as if it could separate a person's soul from its body, that power swept towards Su Ming.

Without any hesitation, Su Ming flicked the sword, and a sharp sword whistle reverberated through the air. A wave of sound from the sword also swept towards Di Tian.

The sword started shattering, inch by inch, and broke down in Su Ming's hands, but all the sword pieces swept towards Di Tian and crashed into his incoming finger.

Loud, booming bangs echoed in the air. Su Ming coughed up blood and his body fell backwards. Di Tian's face grew slightly colder and darker.

"You do have a few tricks up your sleeve, but do you have any left now?!"

Di Tian spoke coldly and took a step towards the pale and rapidly retreating Su Ming, but at the moment he took his second step, Su Ming's body came to an abrupt halt and a dark light shone in his eyes.

Di Tian frowned. Then, a roar shot out from the clouds in the sky. It was a dragon's roar, the crimson dragon's roar. A crimson dragon of ten thousand feet peered out from the clouds in the sky at that moment and glared at Di Tian. It did not know him, but it could sense that presence of the person who had killed its previous

owner stained his body!

Roaring, the crimson dragon charged towards Di Tian, but with a calm face, the clone lifted his right hand and swung it forward.

"The dragon's soul formed by Hong Luo's Earthen Aura divine ability... dust to dust, earth to earth. There will be no second sovereign in the world!" He spoke calmly, but the moment his words were voiced, a shudder ran through his body, and a look of disbelief appeared in his face.

The divine ability he had just cast had not been brought outwards, but had instead... appeared within him. It was like self-mutilation, as if someone had just cast the exact same Art right in his face. It was used right back on him, and during that instant, Di Tian's body became slightly faded out!

The crimson dragon let out a low roar, and seizing that chance, it closed in on Di Tian, with its mouth wide open. As it roared, its body swept through the land. A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He knew exactly what had happened to Di Tian, because during moments before, he had sensed a hint of the small black humanoid's presence. He did not have time to think about how the small black humanoid had managed to do this though, because he could not waste this chance!

Closing in, Su Ming lifted his right hand. At the instant he raised his right index finger and closed in on Di Tian, his finger touched the center of the clone's brows. However, right when his finger touched him, a powerful rebound crashed straight into his body. Blood trickled out of the corner of Su Ming's lips, and his body fell backwards.

The crimson dragon went through the same series of events. As the power crashed into it and it was sent flying backwards, the waves of power that came from the Earthen Aura Dragon Vein had not even managed to injure a single hair on Di Tian's body. Instead, the crimson dragon had suffered a powerful rebound, but

it went charging right back at him again, and was sent hurtling back once more. After a few times, its body shrank greatly and it even showed signs of withering away.

Di Tian's face grew as dark as thunderclouds. He simply allowed Su Ming and the crimson dragon to attack, not bothering with them. Instead, he lifted his right hand and struck his chest. With it, a shrill scream of pain came from within his body. Then, right from his back, a small black humanoid started being forced out, its body crumbling. Just as it was about to be completely kicked out—

"Nine-Headed Dragon!" Su Ming shouted, and immediately, an endless amount of bell chimes came from the clouds in the sky. When another chime sounded, as the clouds in the sky tumbled in the air, a bell that was several thousands of feet in size descended rapidly and covered Di Tian within it.

At the same time, the Nine-Headed Dragon's illusion manifested in the sky. The awakened heads roared and spat out an innumerable amount of vengeful souls right at Han Mountain Bell. The vengeful spirits filled the sky and earth, surrounded Han Mountain Bell, and even shot through the bell to charge towards Di Tian!

At that moment, Di Tian lifted his head and roared. Immediately, the small black humanoid broke down and was completely forced out of his body, but during that instant, a red glare that even Di Tian himself did not notice charged straight towards him.

The red glare was too fast and had already reached a distance of less than three feet from Di Tian. The clone waved his arm, and the red glare distorted slightly before it started using its body to resist the power from Di Tian's swing.

But... with a bang, that red glare broke down and turned into a bloody mess. It... was the small snake!

Yet even though its body had broken down, its head still remained. It bit down on Di Tian's hand, causing his left hand to

instantly turn black!

Di Tian's face filled with rage. He had never been in such a pathetic state before, and it was especially humiliating since his level of cultivation surpassed Su Ming's by quite a large margin. But right then, due to his many moves, Di Tian had been injured!

"Men's revolution can be replaced by the heavens. This is what it means for the heavens to take over men!"

Di Tian's voice echoed in the air, and the power within him erupted. This caused the small snake that had managed to injure him to shatter. The awakened heads from the Nine-Headed Dragon rushed into Han Mountain Bell right as the small snake was about to die and opened their mouths wide to devour Di Tian.

A loud, violent bang reverberated in the world for a long, long time and did not disappear. Instead, that sound became even greater. For the first time, a large amount of damage appeared on Han Mountain Bell, and it shattered. Its broken pieces could be gathered together once again, but clearly, they no longer contained the spiritual aura the bell once possessed.

The Nine-Headed Dragon let out a shrill cry of pain and exploded, turning into wisps of fog that surged out in all directions.

Chapter 587: The Ninth Gift!

Han Mountain Bell was sent back!

The Nine-Headed Dragon disintegrated!

The small Candle Dragon only had its head remaining and not much life force left. At that moment, it was tossed far away!

Anger appeared on Di Tian's face. This sort of dishevelled state was something that was incredibly rarely seen on his person.

"You're just an imitation of the Great Eastern Wasteland Desert Bell, how dare you try and seal me?!"

Di Tian's hair was a mess. His left hand had originally been black, but was rapidly regaining its actual skin color. Black liquid fell from the two wounds from the small snake, and by the looks of it, before long, he would be completely recovered.

Right at the moment Di Tian took a huge step forward, and in his anger was fully intent to end what he believed was a farce, a chilling glare appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Immediately, as the clouds in the sky tumbled, a shocking, thunderous roar traveled forth.

At the instant it sounded, a gigantic bolt of lightning crashed on Di Tian with an unbelievable speed and loud, rumbling sounds.

Di Tian's pupils shrank, and he instantly vanished. Right then, a deafening thunder clap rose into the air, and the place where Di Tian had been standing shattered completely!

Su Ming seized the air with his right hand, but at that moment, a great sense of danger rose swiftly within him. Without a single bit of hesitation, the Welcoming of Deities immediately appeared in his hand and he swallowed it.

At that moment, Di Tian walked out from the space behind him and lifted his right hand. Then, with a superior might that could

not be withstood, he pushed his palm straight towards the top of Su Ming's skull!

The space around Su Ming was completely sealed off by this attack, causing it to be absolutely impossible for him to dodge the fatal blow!

Once he was struck, he would lose all his memories. When he woke up again... perhaps he would still be him, but he... would also no longer be himself!

The hand came towards him, and Su Ming's fate seemed to be sealed. However, there was no absolute certainty in the world, and accidents could happen in every situation, including those that seemed certain! Almost at the instant Di Tian thought his palm would hit Su Ming without a single obstacle, it was less than three inches away from the top of his skull, after all, suddenly, a ray of golden light swiftly spread out from Su Ming's body!

There were five layers to this golden light, and when it spread out, the first layer that touched Di Tian's hand shattered, but within the circle that was closer to Su Ming, another layer appeared.

As the light screens shattered, more would appear, and they continuously spread out. Within that short instant, the layers had shattered several tens of thousands of times, but they never disintegrated. The seal always stayed!

This golden screen of light that would eternally exist with those five layers reappearing in an endless cycle was naturally the Five Direction Seal that held down the second God of Berserkers' left hand!

If this seal could hold down the God of Berserkers' left hand, then there was no way that Di Tian's clone would be able to break its might within a short period of time!

Su Ming's Qi continuously rose within the screen of light. At that

moment, the Qi that was spreading out from his body after he swallowed the Welcoming of Deities was that belonging to the second God of Berserkers. Di Tian was incredibly familiar with it, and his expression changed.

But right at the moment his expression changed, the nine-holed cauldron appeared once again from the clouds in the sky. As of then, only three of the four original filled holes were brimming with lightning. Once it appeared, a red flash of lightning came crackling down from the sky and charged towards Di Tian.

"I didn't expect that you would have Divine Will's Lightning. As I thought, Destiny, I can really give you no chance! But this Divine Will's Lightning and that Five Direction Seal should be your last tricks!

"I'd like to see just how you will fight against me when I break your Five Direction Seal. So, the second God of Berserkers' inheritance, hmm...?"

With his intellect, Di Tian could tell with just a glance that this Five Direction Seal was not under Su Ming's control. This thing had appeared to protect him just because the second God of Berserkers' Qi had risen within Su Ming's body at that moment.

He might be referring to it as a protection, but it was in truth sealing Su Ming within!

The person inside could not get out, but the people outside could not get in either!

Yet to Di Tian, the Five Direction Seal's existence was protecting Su Ming at that moment, that was why even though he knew that this thing was actually a seal, he still chose to try and break it open!

With his power, perhaps he would be unable to do so within a short amount of time, but when he lifted his head and cast a glance at the lightning in the sky, a cold sneer appeared on his lips. He

lifted his right hand, pointed towards the lightning, then lifted his left hand and pushed it towards the screen of light that belonged to the Five Direction Seal.

With a loud bang, the red lightning struck Di Tian. He jolted forward and lightning filled his entire body in an instant. It swam through him and left through his left hand, crashing onto the Five Direction Seal.

Soon after, another bolt of lightning crashed down. Di Tian let out a low growl and clenched his left hand into a fist. At the moment the lightning sparks gathered on his body, he rammed his fist against the Five Direction Seal.

It had begun cracking due to the lightning earlier, and as it continuously crumbled and shattered, when that punch landed, its speed as it repaired itself started showing signs that it could not keep up with the rate of destruction. There were no longer five layers of light that appeared outside. Only three remained.

Su Ming could not dodge. He might be in the Five Direction Seal, but the area around him was frozen up, resulting in him being unable to retreat, unable to resist, unable to struggle, but he did not plan to do so. Instead, with calm eyes, he stared at Di Tian's actions.

The black stone fragment on his neck was flashing. Within this temporary period of safety, Su Ming had time to change his plans.

At that moment, the final bolt of lightning came crashing down. Right when it came in contact with Di Tian, a glint appeared in the clone's eyes. He lifted his right hand, about to touch the screen of light and have this Divine Will's Lightning add to the power of his cultivation base before channeling it to Su Ming so that he would get a taste of his own medicine, while Di Tian himself remained uninjured, an event that was completely out of his expectations happened!

A cold sneer appeared at the corners of Su Ming's lips, and during

the instant Di Tian wanted to have him suffer the might of the Divine Lightning, a dark ray of light surrounded his body and he disappeared without a trace!

Once he disappeared, the Five Direction Seal dissipated, and because of that, the place where Di Tian was about to send the power from the Divine Lightning was gone!

Di Tian's pupils shrank. Lightning erupted abruptly within his body and filled him entirely, causing blood to flow out from his mouth for the first time ever since the battle had started!

Because of the lightning, his body also became numb, and during that instant, his cultivation base froze for a moment. If it had been any other moment, this would not have mattered, but right then, almost the moment Di Tian's plan failed, Su Ming reappeared in midair!

He had stepped into the dimension in the stone fragment and had taken out the Welcoming of Deities when he was in it, that was why the Five Direction Seal did not stop him when he reappeared. With a single move, he charged towards Di Tian.

"Di Tian, this is the ninth gift I've prepared for you!"

Su Ming's face was freezing cold. Killing intent shone in his eyes, and he pressed his left hand, with the black lines, straight at the center of Di Tian's brows.

A loud boom that shook the skies reverberated in the air. As Di Tian roared in anger, Su Ming coughed up blood, but just when it seemed like he was about to be sent flying off by the rebound, he lifted his right hand, and a black bone spike took shape!

This was the God of Berserkers' spike! It was the one and only God of Berserkers' spike Si Ma Xin had hold on to!

The instant Su Ming was sent back, he warped and without caring about the injuries on his body, he sent that God of Berserkers' spike straight into Di Tian's chest!

Chapter 588: Difficult!

The God of Berserkers' spike was entirely black. A chilling air spread out from its body, and a chilling drop of water was also forced out from within it. It exuded a wave of bitterness and madness that surged into the skies. That bitterness came from the second God of Berserkers, his unwillingness to die, and the madness came from the pain when he was torn apart.

That bone spike contained the second God of Berserkers' bitterness and madness, and its might was astonishing. At that moment, Su Ming drove that spike into Di Tian's chest while throwing all caution to the wind.

The spike pierced through the Emperor's robe on Di Tian's body, and plunging three inches into him, entered his flesh and blood!

During that instant, the God of Berserkers' bitterness and madness surged into Di Tian's body with a bang, causing him to shudder. At the same time a muffled groan escaped his lips, and his face turned pale.

This could not be seen with the naked eye, but with the divine sense, Su Ming could sense a shadow appearing next to Di Tian's body. The appearance of it was indistinct, but at that moment, it surrounded the clone's entire body. It had its arms wrapped around Di Tian, as if it had seized his soul and wanted to yank it straight out of his body.

That shadow was formed from the second God of Berserkers' bitterness. It did not have any will, but clearly had a hate towards Di Tian that was engraved straight into the core of its being. As it surrounded him, it let out roars that could only be heard by divine senses.

The God of Berserkers' spike melted swiftly, seeping rapidly into the wound on Di Tian's chest, but right when it was about to fully do so, a strong ray of golden light swiftly flashed from Di Tian's

body.

Due to it, Su Ming saw a jade pendant hanging right above Di Tian's chest. That jade was entirely gold, and it was naturally the thing that was letting out that strong ray of golden light. It spread out, and a wave of power that caused Su Ming to tremble exploded abruptly.

Under the golden light, the melted God of Berserkers' spike tumbled backwards, forced out. The second's bitterness filled spirit that was wrapped around Di Tian was also forced back as that golden light spread out.

As it shone on Su Ming, a bang went off in his head. He involuntarily took a few steps back, then bit down hard on the tip of his tongue and made himself immediately regain his senses. At the same time, he seized the air, and the spiked club manifested itself. He grabbed it, lifted, and then sent down crashing right down on Di Tian.

At that moment, his eyes were filled with red, and he looked incredibly pathetic, but there was a presence that screamed of an unwillingness to submit about him. When he lifted the spiked club, he sent it straight down on Di Tian with a sharp whistling sound that pierced the ears.

With a loud bang, the spiked club struck Di Tian... but it had been seized by the clone when he lifted his left hand!

Su Ming did not hesitate. Almost the moment Di Tian grabbed the spiked club, a low growl tumbled out of Su Ming's lips.

"Explode!"

Su Ming endured the pain in his heart for having to do so and activated the divine sense he had left in the spiked club, causing it to explode with a loud bang, and the impact that was formed swept towards Di Tian.

Su Ming could not move forward as that impact swept towards

his opponent. He was forced to take a few steps back. When he did so, Di Tian also sank into a disheveled state. He had endured the full impact of that spiked club's explosion, but even though the golden light was spreading through the area, none of it shone directly on him. At that moment, he was still standing in midair, but there was a deep gash on his chest, and it could be seen that his face was pale.

"You're asking for it!" Di Tian roared. With golden light shining all over him, he took a step towards Su Ming. At the instant his foot landed, Su Ming's heart let out a thump and almost collapsed. If he had not offered his entire body up as a sacrifice during the Bone Sacrifice Realm, that one step would have caused his heart to explode.

Yet even so, Su Ming still staggered. While he took a few steps backwards once again, Di Tian had already closed in on him. The clone did not cast any divine abilities, but instead lifted his right hand and went on to seize Su Ming's throat.

He was so quick that his hand closed in on him in an instant. But right when he was about to take hold of the neck, Su Ming's right hand swiftly shot up to fight against him. Due to that one block, Su Ming's right hand was grabbed by Di Tian and all his bones in that hand crushed. Then, Di Tian swung him into the air and tossed him towards the island underneath.

Su Ming's body was sent charging down like a shooting star, and he crashed onto the ground with a bang. The island started trembling violently, and its edges completely shattered, then were swallowed by the sea.

"Did you honestly think that I wouldn't kill you?!"

Di Tian cast a glance at his own chest. The sharp stab of pain was still there, and during that instant just now, Su Ming had actually managed to make the shadow of death loom over his head. If his real self had not given him a treasure to protect his body before he

descended, even if he had not died from that God of Berserkers' spike, he would have definitely been gravely wounded.

Su Ming's level of cultivation might not pose much of a threat to him, but the attacks he executed and the items he had brought had caused Di Tian to be shocked.

The instant Su Ming's body touched the ground, he lifted his right hand and pushed it towards the ground. As a rumbling sound echoed in the air, blood trickled out of his mouth, and he resisted against the force of Di Tian's throw with much difficulty. His entire right hand was twisted out of shape, and a sharp pain shot through his entire being, making cold sweat break out on his forehead. As he dispersed the power of Di Tian's throw, he coughed up a huge mouthful of blood once again, and his face gained an even paler shade, making him look just like a dead person.

The great difference between their power caused it to be absolutely impossible for Su Ming to win against Di Tian's clone. As he retreated, Di Tian closed in on him once again with a dark expression. His eyes were cold, merciless.

However, there was no despair on Su Ming's face. Instead, an even greater fighting spirit surged up within him, and his eyes looked as if a ball of fire had kindled within them. Almost at the same moment Di Tian closed in, Su Ming lifted his right hand and swung it forward. With this move, the time around his right hand reversed, and it started reverting to its original state from the distorted mess it was at the moment.

He was not healing himself, merely forcing the dislocated and fractured parts of his bones back to where they belonged with the power of Bone Sacrifice. That sort of pain was even stronger than the pain he suffered when he was injured.

"If you want my life, then you will have to pay a price you cannot endure!" While enduring the intense pain, Su Ming swung his

lifted right hand at the sky.

"Sun Genesis!"

With that one swing, wind immediately started blowing among the clouds in the sky. As it howled, it filled the entire area before forming a gigantic whirlwind that charged straight towards Di Tian.

"Lunar Burial!"

Su Ming pushed his left hand down on the ground, and once it looked as if he had seized the ground, he yanked his hand upwards. With it, the second whirlwind stirred up out of nowhere and swept up everything around it, causing the seawater around the island to be pushed back and a violent gust of wind to come charging forward.

Right at the center between the whirlwind from the land and the whirlwind from the sky was Di Tian. As the two whirlwinds howled in the air, they swiftly crashed into each other.

At the instant they did so, Di Tian let out a cold harrumph.

"With my orders, I will make the sky not possess a second sun and the earth to not move in another direction, this is what it means to have no second sovereign! All dust and earth, all wind and clouds, all space and air, listen to my orders! Scatter!"

As Di Tian spoke, he formed a seal with his right hand and pointed forward. Immediately, a loud sound came from the sky.

That sound was deafening to the ears, and it sounded as if the sky was roaring, as if all lives in the world were howling, and there was only one word within this sound - "Scatter"!

That word sounded like the entire heaven's will, like an emperor's orders that would not allow anyone to question his will. It sounded like all the lives in the world roaring at the same time, and at the moment that sound appeared, the whirlwinds from the sky and earth crashed into each other, but before any form of

sound could come from their crash, the two gusts of wind turned into nothingness and vanished right before Su Ming's eyes.

The island where Su Ming was standing also vanished, turning into emptiness. The entire sky also disappeared at that instant, as if it had ceased to exist.

Su Ming did not even have a chance to cast the third style of Wind Separation. When the first two styles turned into broken pieces and died away, Di Tian closed in on him from this emptiness, and a hand pressed down on the top of Su Ming's skull. A hoarse, stern voice reverberated in this completely empty world.

"All that has been changed will now be wiped away..."

Su Ming simply did not have a chance to resist. His body seemed to be frozen in midair, and even if he did possess more divine abilities, he could not resist. The hand had already pressed down on the top of his skull.

"All the mistakes in your path will now be rectified..."

With a loud bang, a massive amount of power surged into Su Ming's head, to seal up and sweep away everything, to go about bringing order to this so called chaos!

"All of your memories in this life will... scatter..."

The memories gradually became mixed up, as if this power was throwing everything into chaos. It left Su Ming's will in chaos, causing his mind to go blank once again, after layers of seals were placed on him.

"I will now grant you... hmm?!"

Before Di Tian could finish speaking, a cry of surprise suddenly came from him. The thing that caused this was nothing else but the scenes from the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World, which he saw while wiping away Su Ming's memories!

The Undying and Imperishable World, the resistance brought

forth by his will, the desire to continue living, the roars that continued reminding him to never forget who he was, and the repeated 'I am Su Ming' carved millions of times onto the Candle Dragon's gigantic stone statue. This caused a great resistance to burst forth from Su Ming's body, as Di Tian continued trying to wipe his memories away.

This resistance was Su Ming's will, the unwillingness to submit and forget his own mind during those reincarnations and struggles, and was also... his roar of rage towards fate!

'I am Su Ming, no one can wipe away my memories! No one can make me sink into that blankness once again! No one can... snatch away everything that belongs to me!'

A loud bang went off in Su Ming's head, and during that instant, he regained consciousness. The world before his eyes shattered, and the empty sky turned into clouds, the disappeared island appeared under his feet once more, the sounds of the waves reverberated in his ears again, and everything except the whirlwinds returned to normal!

Chapter 589: Powerful!

If it was not for the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World, Su Ming would have, at this point, sunk down, and he would be able to do nothing about it. Perhaps... when he woke up, he would be facing an unfamiliar Dark Mountain, and it might not even be known as Dark Mountain anymore, but there would still be some place waiting for him to rouse from his sleep.

Then, he would continue growing. Perhaps he would also experience destruction, and go through many other things. Perhaps he would also discover a pair of eyes watching him in the dark.

Perhaps he would be able to arrive to the point where he was now again, but perhaps... he would have to walk on the path others dictated for him and become Destiny again.

However... Hong Luo's appearance was like a perfectly laid out plan. A sudden accident happened, and it caught everyone by surprise. No one had been able to predict it beforehand. That was why Di Tian's first clone had spared no pains in appearing, and all of it was for the sake of returning things to their original course.

He succeeded, because Hong Luo died, but he also failed, because... Su Ming rose from his slumber!

The awakened Su Ming completely broke off from Di Tian's control. From then on, all the things he experienced were due to his own luck, and not because of anyone else's plans.

It was especially so for the Undying and Imperishable World. The actions which Di Tian's servant had thought were clever, in fact... made the will of this person, who fought and struggled and crawled his way out of those cycles of reincarnations, to be incredibly rare!

When Su Ming regained his consciousness, the shock in Di Tian's

heart caused him to look at Su Ming with an incredibly grave expression on his face. This young man had given him far too many surprises during their meeting this time.

First, he had been able to injure him, and then had managed to regain his consciousness after he had sunk into oblivion. All of these things caused that grave expression on Di Tian's face, and at the same time, one thought in his mind grew stronger.

'No matter what, I will have to make him change today, or else, if he has more time, then unless my real self comes... Only a few years have went by, and he's already changed so much.

'Destiny... as expected of Destiny, a member of the Abyss Builders!' A freezing glare shone in Di Tian's eyes, and he lifted his right hand swiftly to point at Su Ming, who had begun swiftly retreating once he regained his senses.

"The wanderer who has returned to his path, the fog shall be your eye, and the heavens shall be your guide. This shall be... Heaven Maze!"

Di Tian's voice was filled with a strange rhythm. Right when he swept his finger through the air, a ball of green manifested around him.

Green threads swiftly shot out and covered the entire area in the blink of an eye. It looked like a giant ball of threads, and they enveloped the entire area, filling up the world.

It seemed as if they were traveling incredibly slowly, but were in truth spreading outwards at an extremely fast pace towards Su Ming, looking as if they wanted to wrap him up in multiple layers.

Su Ming could no longer see Di Tian before him. The entire area around him was filled with the incoming green threads, and he could not run from them, could not hide from them!

Su Ming's face was pale, and his right hand was still throbbing with intense pain. His breathing was ragged, but there was not a

hint of despair in his eyes.

The sparkling light within them was like starlight, and they were burning brilliantly, showing off his fighting spirit. It was a demeanor that cried out that he even if he died, he would die standing, would laugh and have absolutely no regrets!

"I can die, but even if I die, I will make you pay! If I die, I will make you Immortals bleed seas of blood that will reach the sky! If I die, I will make this heaven be deprived of all thoughts forever!"

Su Ming laughed loudly. The green threads quickly spread out, and right at the instant they were less than a hundred feet away from him, he lifted his right hand, opened his mouth and spat something out. A fan immediately appeared in his hand.

It looked as if it was formed from an endless amount of feathers, and light was spilling out from it. With a swing, the fan immediately grew larger, and holding it, Su Ming swung his hand in the direction in front of him!

That fan was indeed the one he had snatched from Si Ma Xin, and it was a treasure that was created personally by the second God of Berserkers. It was... also an item that belonged to Su Ming!

"The three Barren Arts of Heaven, Earth, and Man, Heaven Barrenness!"

With that one swing of the fan, a deafening roar came from the sky covered by the rolling clouds. The sky shattered, inch by inch, and it turned pitch black. That swing of the fan looked as if it had caused the sky to tumble backwards, layer by layer. The shattered spots looked as if they had been swept up, causing the entire sky to look as if it had been completely lifted. The broken pieces fused with the power of the sky, and as they were swept up by the fan, they all charged towards the green threads.

Loud rumbling echoed in the air. The power of Heaven Barrenness had lifted the sky as if it was just a curtain, dragging up

the green threads as it did. In the midst of the rumbling, the green threads that had spread out all around Su Ming trembled simultaneously.

"The three great Barren Arts of Heaven, Earth, and Man, Earth Barrenness!"

Su Ming swung the fan in his hand once again, and vibrations shook through the fan. As it trembled, the island under his body let out a loud bang, then... as the seawater roared and churned, it was swept up from the sea as Su Ming swung that fan upwards!

The island had shrank, but it was still an island and a small mass of land. Rumbling sounds surged into the sky, and with a buzzing sound, the island flew up right from the surface of the sea, bringing with it an endless amount of seawater that poured down just like a curtain of rain!

Moments after, the ground on the island shattered, turning into an uncountable amount of crushed stone pieces that crashed into the green threads once again. The strongest bang came from under the sky and above the earth.

It brought forth a presence that could destroy everything, and with Su Ming at its center, it swept through all directions!

Su Ming's face turned a lot of paler, but he did not stop moving his hands. Instead... he swung the fan again, and this time, he brought out the final style in the divine ability contained within this weapon, the style that even Si Ma Xin had not been able to cast.

"The three great Barren Arts of Heaven, Earth, and Man, Man Barrenness!"

At the moment this Art was cast, the shattered world roared. The endless amount of crushed stone shot through the green threads and charged towards Su Ming. In the blink of an eye, it covered his entire body and gathered into a gigantic head with Su Ming at its

center!

The face it showed was the exact same as his. The shattered sky also fused into the gigantic earthen head's eyes, causing them to shine with a brilliant light.

At the instant the head was formed, Su Ming opened his mouth and breathed out a puff of air towards the sullen Di Tian standing not too far away from him. That puff of air turned into black wind that swept towards the clone, and it could break the sky, destroy the earth, and extinguish the flames of life.

"The second God of Berserkers' divine ability..."

Di Tian looked darkly at Su Ming. As he watched the black gust of wind Su Ming had breathed out turning into a layer of black fog as it closed in on him, Di Tian let out a cold harrumph.

"A pity. If the second had been the one to cast this, then this body of mine that is merely a clone would have been unable to fight against it... but if you are the one to cast it, then it will simply be too weak!" As Di Tian spoke, he lifted his left hand and cut down towards the black fog coming towards him.

With that single slash, the black fog started trembling swiftly. Its middle portion instantly caved in, opening up a crack due to the invisible slash. At the same time this happened, Di Tian took a step towards that fog, and he was so fast that he moved through in an instant, appearing right before the gigantic earthen head that Su Ming had brought out. He lifted his right hand and pushed his palm against the center of its brows.

"Cloud Sweep," Di Tian said flatly. At the instant his hand touched the gigantic head, his entire body sank into it. Without a single pause, once he went through, he moved towards the deeper parts of the head.

A loud bang traveled out from the head at that moment, and countless cracks marred its surface. Eventually, it was torn to

pieces and exploded.

Yet the moment it exploded, the fingers of Di Tian's right hand touched the five-layered golden screen of light. It flashed viciously, but even as it continuously shattered and broke, it managed to force Di Tian back.

Numerous crushed stones fell from the sky. Golden light filled the air, with Su Ming standing within it, and the presence that belonged to the second God of Berserkers could be clearly felt from him!

During that most critical period, Su Ming did not hesitate to fuse with the Welcoming of Deities once again, causing his presence and body to change. He... looked just like the second God of Berserkers!

"This again!"

As Di Tian retreated, his facial expression turned incredibly dark. Su Ming's Five Direction Seal was an incredible headache to him. It was precisely because of this that Su Ming had managed to drive the God of Berserkers' spike into his body. In fact, even up to now, that wound had yet to heal, and was even continuously worsening, up to the point where it was already affecting his ability to bring out his power.

"Do you really think I can't break this Art? If it was the seal that was placed all those years ago by Sir Dao Chen [1], I wouldn't be able to break it, but now... the soul in this item has long since dissipated, it won't be difficult for me to open it!

"Heaven protects and establishes thee, that in everything thou dost prosper. May thy blessings come to thee tall alike the high hills and alike the mountain masses, eternal alike the topmost ridges, alike the greatest bulks, and alike the stream ever coming on, that there may none of thee that shalt not increase... Thou art alike the moon in the sky eternal, never waning, alike the sun rising in the east, never falling, alike the southern hills enjoying

longevity, never ruined or destroyed. Thou art alike the luxuriant fir and cypress; may good fortune and longevity be with thee. [2]!

"The nine alike as spoken in heaven's protections will be what I shall bestow upon you!"

Di Tian formed seals with both his hands, and as he said those words, each time he said the word 'alike', he would swiftly change a seal, and only once he finished saying the nine alike did he finish forming all the seals. As he pushed the Art forward, nine gigantic 'alikes' appeared in the air before him!

Alike!

These nine words exuded an ancient air, along with a primitive presence. At the same time they appeared, Di Tian's clone aged by quite a few years. Clearly, this Art of the nine alike as spoken in heaven's protections was something extraordinary!

Or else he would not have used Su Ming's Divine Will's Lightning to try and break the seal earlier instead of casting this Art himself.

As Di Tian pointed forward, the nine words charged towards Su Ming in a flash. Su Ming did not dodge. Instead, with a glint in his eyes, he allowed the nine words to crash onto the screen of light of the Five Direction Seal.

At the instant these nine words pressed down, the screen of light stopped shining. Instead, it swiftly disappeared from around Su Ming's body.

He did not understand the principle behind its disappearance, but he sensed the presence of Life from those nine words!

The instant the screen of light of the Five Direction Seal disappeared, Di Tian walked over. As for Su Ming, he lifted his head swiftly. The blood at the corners of his lips had yet to dry, but he had been waiting for the moment this screen of light would disappear!

This seal might be used for defense, but Su Ming did not want to

defend... he wanted to attack!

That was why he allowed Di Tian to stifle the screen of light. When it disappeared and Di Tian came over, Su Ming lifted his head, opened his mouth, and with his body that had now turned into the second God of Berserkers, he let out a roar!

The God of Berserkers' Roar!

Translator's Notes:

1. Dao Chen: Is written as 道晨 (Dao4 Chen2), and literally means Dao + Morning/Dawn/birth of a new life (but that's metaphorical), which means Morning Dao. I'm sure you're all familiar with this?

His is the same case as Mo Luo and Scour Sieve Island.

Person's name → Dao Chen, everything else is Morning Dao. It also makes my eyes bleed to see just because that person decided to name things after his own name, and then I'll be calling Mo Luo Island this, Great Dao Chen World that. Then the novel will be littered with pinyin all over the place, and it's a pain to read, even for me.

So we have here the combination of the two, I hope you'll accept it.

2. This whole entire thing is an excerpt from THE THIEN PAO in the Book of Odes/Shi Jing, it has been translated by Jean Elizabeth, who is a Poet Laureate Ward. This is THE ONE AND ONLY translated version of the Book of Odes. It's very, very beautiful, much better than the shitty version up there (the reason behind why she's a Poet Laureate Ward), and while I COULD copy+paste the poem here, the structures in Jean Elizabeth's poem don't quite suit Di Tian's structure of attack. I have to admit though, I kind of... referred to hers, so a lot of her wording and structure influenced my own translation. *Sigh

Here's a link to the original.

<http://www.100jia.net/texte/shijing/shijinglegge/shiho2.htm>

Oh wait, there should be a reference, no in-text citation though.

Elizabeth, J. (2008). Lulu Press. Morrisville, NC, pp. 89 - 90.

Chapter 590: Abyss Sword!

It was not as if Su Ming had never thought about running before, but while the world might be big, where would he be able to run to? For how long would he be able to run? Putting aside the fact that it was already incredibly difficult for him to run away from Di Tian, just this great disaster itself was already something impossible for him to escape.

This was a disaster. He could not run from it, and neither did he want to run from it. It was not as if he was doomed, beyond redemption because of this disaster, and neither was it a form of suppression where he did not have an ounce of strength to fight back, because he could fight back!

In fact, he had even managed to injure Di Tian!

He was even just a hair breadth away from dealing a heavy blow on his opponent. This chance might not happen again, but Su Ming would not retreat!

'Why should I be afraid of death?! Even if I die, my will shall wake up again when I am reincarnated! Even if I die, I will still stand here and fight against fate!'

At the instant the screen of light dissipated, Su Ming's roar turned into a sound wave resisting against fate. It contained his will, his life, and all the unwillingness to submit to fate born throughout his life!

ROAR!

Even someone as powerful as Di Tian was also forced to come to a halt under that sound wave. His robes fluttered, and his hair danced in the air. What shocked him was not the power of that roar, but the presence of unwillingness to submit contained within it!

"Unwilling, hmm...? Once you sink, once you become obedient, I

will make you willing..." Di Tian narrowed his eyes and walked towards Su Ming. He has grown impatient by now, and decided to end this battle with brute force!

With his fastest speed, he would restore the chaos in Su Ming, thus allowing himself to feel at ease and fight with the other clone against his clan's archenemy - The Evil Sect in Eastern Wastelands!

When he moved forward, a black sea of fire appeared under his feet. It burned furiously and covered the entire area. Wherever it went, everything would be burned to ashes. The Dead Sea also started boiling, and a large amount of steam filled the air like fog.

With an incredibly domineering presence, Di Tian stormed towards Su Ming, as the black sea of fire spread out. With each step, his presence would surge like waves, as if there was no power in the world that could make him stop at that moment!

Su Ming lifted his left hand and pushed at the sky. With it, an ancient glow appeared in his eyes. He remembered the second God of Berserkers' warm left hand.

"God of Berserkers... palm lines," Su Ming said softly.

As his words traveled forth and Di Tian closed in on him, as the black sea of fire surged into the sky between the two of them, black trails swiftly appeared. They intersected with each other, looking like black fine threads. As they filled the air, they turned into gigantic palm lines!

They formed the outline of a palm, and that was the God of Berserkers' palm!

As Di Tian approached and as the black sea of fire spread out, the huge hand formed by the palm lines in the sky pressed down on him. It was so quick that it closed in on him in an instant.

From the distance, this was a shocking picture to see. The hand was pressing downwards, and right from within the flames surging into the sky Di Tian was walking out!

He did not even bother looking at the palm lines in the sky. When he walked towards Su Ming, he simply allowed them to close in. However, the sea of fire by his side rose up all around him, charging straight towards the sky to crash into those palm lines.

The clash between the God of Berserkers' palm lines and the sea of fire caused the booming sounds in the world to reach their extreme. This was a fight between two forces of power. At the instant they came into contact with each other, booming sounds shook the entire area, stirring up a wave of impact that swept towards the Dead Sea underneath, sweeping sideways across its surface, and causing a huge whirlpool right under Su Ming and Di Tian.

The whirlpool spun with loud, rumbling sounds, and the submerged ground could even be seen deep underneath!

"Your growth might have exceeded my expectations, but... you are still too weak!"

With each step Di Tian took, the palm lines in the sky collapsed under the sea of fire's impact. Blood trickled out of Su Ming's mouth, and as he retreated, Di Tian vanished. When he reappeared, he was already standing right behind Su Ming. He lifted his right hand and waved his arm. Immediately, Su Ming's body started going towards Di Tian against his will.

"Let's end this battle."

But right at that moment, Di Tian's pupils shrank, and he moved four steps backwards without any hesitation. At the instant he retreated, flames covered every single inch of Su Ming's body. He was burning!

He had just set his blood ablaze, lit fire on his own cultivation base. Just as Si Ma Xin had done before, Su Ming had set his blood ablaze to stimulate the strongest power within the inheritance from the second God of Berserkers. It could be said to be the God of Berserkers' Transformation!

Fusing with the Welcoming of Deities had just allowed him to obtain the inheritance so that he could use the God of Berserkers' divine abilities. If he wanted to bring out their full potential, Su Ming would need time to grow, just like Si Ma Xin. If he wanted to execute those divine abilities forcefully, then he would need... to go through the God of Berserkers Transformation!

To set his blood ablaze and turn into the God of Berserkers!

As Su Ming was engulfed by flames, the color of his hair started interchanging between black and white. His body was wrecked by shivers when, and when he lifted his head, cold callousness, along with madness, could be seen in his eyes. With a single step, he appeared right before Di Tian and hurled his fist towards him.

At the instant he did so, Di Tian frowned, lifted his foot, and kicked Su Ming's leg. With a bang, Su Ming retreated several steps back, but his fist had already landed on Di Tian's body.

However, right at that instant, golden light shone on the clone's body, and he was completely uninjured!

Di Tian narrowed his eyes and walked towards Su Ming. He suddenly had a huge fondness towards Su Ming's current behavior. The more unwilling he was to submit, the more interested he was in making him submit.

This made him feel incredibly good. He did not move quickly at that moment, but with each step he took, a layer of ripples would appear in the air, as if the sky itself had turned into water.

When Su Ming fell backwards, he lifted his right hand and pressed his palm against his chest. The blood he coughed up was sent into the sky with a swing of his arm.

"God of Berserkers' alteration towards the stars, sun, and moon, Disaster of the Stars!"

As Su Ming spoke, an entire group of stars immediately appeared in the torn clouds and the darkened sky. These stars glowed, and

once they covered the entire sky, starlight descended swiftly, as if the stars itself had fallen, causing a wave of murderous aura to swiftly fill up the entire area.

Along with that murderous aura was the seemingly corporeal starlight. As it shone on the ground, a strange picture took shape. Within it were all the rays of starlight twisting and distorting before they all charged towards Di Tian like sharp arrows.

Anyone looking over would find the sight the arrows that were formed from the starlight that filled the entire sky dazzling. The murderous aura would also surge into their bodies and cause their cultivation bases to freeze.

Di Tian's pupils shrank. Almost at the instant the murderous aura and the sharp arrows closed in on him, he opened his mouth and spoke.

"Stars have their own courses, and starlight has places where even it cannot shine. With my orders, I, Di Tian, announce this place where no starlight will shine. This is... what it means to have each word I say turned into law!"

Once he finished, every single word he uttered turned into a runic symbol that flew out of his mouth and disappeared into nothingness. Right then, the murderous aura from the Disaster of the Stars which Su Ming had executed vanished without a trace. The starlight also turned into darkness in an instant, and even the starry sky became indistinct.

It was as if a law had been changed, causing Su Ming's divine ability to be forcefully halted!

"You should be proud that you actually managed to make me use the power of Law. What other divine abilities do you have? Bring them out, let me see... just what you have learned during the days I did not see you." Di Tian walked towards Su Ming slowly and spoke with a calm expression.

Bitterness filled Su Ming's heart. As he watched Di Tian walk over, he gritted his teeth, lifted his right hand, and struck his forehead. With it, the Berserker Bones within his body started letting out cracking sounds, and as his power spread outwards, he lifted his hands to form the picture of the moon!

"God of Berserkers' alteration towards the stars, sun, and moon, Moon Slaughter!" When Su Ming spoke those words, the muddled sky filled with stars was no longer just an illusion. Once all them faded away, a crescent moon appeared in the night.

Almost at the instant it appeared, the exact same shadow of the moon formed by moonlight appeared around Di Tian!

It completely enveloped him within, causing his footsteps to come to a halt. He lifted his head and cast a glance at the moon in the sky.

"Not bad. This Art is at least something worthwhile." As he spoke, cracks appeared on his skin, and they appeared right at the moment the moon in the sky started showing signs of crumbling apart.

Di Tian's eyes flashed. He lifted his right hand and seized the air. A violet ray of light appeared in his palm, and as it shone, a long violet sword manifested itself!

It was nine feet and nine inches long. There was a biting cold presence coming from within its long, narrow body, and there was also the majestic might of an emperor spreading out from within it, as if all swords in its presence would have to bow down and worship it... because it was the emperor of swords!

At the instant that sword appeared, Su Ming felt sharp stab of pain in his heart. He widened his eyes and looked at the sword. He had a sudden strong hunch that this sword was not Di Tian's... but his!

That feeling came out of nowhere, but was extremely powerful,

as if the sword was a part of his life!

Yet at that moment, the sword was in the clone's hands. Di Tian looked at Su Ming and smiled. He lifted his right hand, and with the sword in his grasp, sliced at the moon in the sky casually!

With that one slice, the heavens howled, and time itself suffocated. The moon in the sky exploded with a bang, and even the stars in the sky shattered. The sword had cut down the sky, and a wave of sword aura even came charging down towards Su Ming's head with a sharp whistle!

"Abyss Sword!"

Not even Di Tian's clone had noticed this, but at that moment, within one of the torn clouds in the sky was an incredibly beautiful woman. She was originally snacking on roasted seeds while watching the battle underneath, but at that instant, she widened her eyes and looked at the sword in Di Tian's hand.

Right beside her was a shrunken yellow dragon. It had a look of distress on its face, but was still swallowing every single one of the seed coats the woman threw with extremely agile movements, not missing a single one.

Chapter 591: The Special Person in His Life!

Abyss Sword was just like its name. It was a sword from the Abyss. It cut through the sky and sliced through the air, slashing through the endless fog behind and revealing a brilliant galaxy after it!

That galaxy was where the Immortals were. It was Bright Yang Emptiness. There were an endless amount of planets engaged in cultivation there, and a lot of floating continents. Su Ming... had come to this place before, and that was when he was on the ancient bronze sword!

He had also come to this place once with his will before, when he killed Si Ma Xin.

There was a gigantic vortex in this galaxy that stretched endlessly. At that moment, an astonishing whistle traveled out from the vortex, and soon, as the fog churned viciously, a sword aura shot out. That sword aura... was naturally from the sword with which Di Tian had cut through the sky earlier. It penetrated the sky, shot through the fog, went through every single obstacle in its way, and flew out into the galaxy from the vortex!

At the instant it appeared, it disappeared without a trace...

At the edge of Eastern Wastelands, right above the Dead Sea, in the land of the Berserkers, was Su Ming. At that moment, a sword aura just like the one that went into the galaxy charged towards him with a howl. The speed of it was so quick that it closed in within the blink of an eye!

The moment it did so, Su Ming closed his eyes and had his right palm turn upwards while his left palm turn downwards. He closed his eyes, and a whirlwind appeared around him. As it rotated with loud booming sounds, it hid Su Ming's body. No one outside could see within it, and there Su Ming's body turned into that of a teenager. His hair turned purple and white, and at that moment...

Destiny's presence radiated off him!

A loud bang shot up in the sky at that moment. The sword rammed into the whirlwind, and without a single hint of resistance from the wind, it tore through then fell back, simply letting its aura rip through it to charge towards Su Ming, who was inside.

But the scene that happened right after caused Di Tian to experience a huge shock for the first time since the battle started. That shock was even stronger than when he faced the God of Berserkers' spike!

He widened his eyes in disbelief. Right before his eyes, he saw the sword aura penetrating the whirlwind, causing it to crumble as it charged straight towards Su Ming, but for some unknown reason, the crumbled whirlwind gathered up together once again, and the sword aura that penetrated through the wind... turned back!

It was as if time had reversed on everything that had happened just now!

If that just had been the case, Di Tian would not have been too shocked. What truly shocked him was... a presence that came forth from the recovered whirlwind; it was one that made his heart tremble!

There was no way he would mistake or forget that presence. It almost made him lose control over his mind at that instant!

"Destiny!"

At the same time that one word he would occasionally mention in conversation tumbled out of his lips, a fragile person walked out of the whirlwind where Su Ming was. He swung his right hand behind him, and the whirlwind dissipated.

What appeared before Di Tian was a teenage boy - Destiny, whose half of the head was white, and the other purple!

"This is impossible! You haven't woken up in Berserkers' Realm

Mountain. You're still in the seal. You... You can't possibly bring forth the transformation to become Destiny! This isn't you. This isn't Su Ming. This isn't the Destiny I want!"

Di Tian's face twisted into a ferocious expression, as if he had gone mad, as if a fatal miscalculation had just appeared in the plan he had prepared for a long, long time. It caused him to be unable to accept this sudden matter!

"This isn't your path!"

Di Tian took a step forward, and with lightning speed, he charged towards Su Ming. For the first time, a killing intent that surged into the sky came from within him. He might have attacked before, but he had never possessed the thought to kill. He simply wanted to restore order.

Yet now, his killing intent was incredibly clear!

"This isn't the path you should take. This also isn't the Destiny that I've worked towards for such a long time, and still had hope of obtaining even if I've failed time and again!"

"This isn't you!" Di Tian roared. His body closed in on Su Ming in an instant, and as he lifted his right hand, he went on to point at the kid's throat. He... wanted to kill!

Su Ming, who had turned into Destiny, looked at Di Tian coldly with a calm expression on his face. At the instant that finger closed in, he did not dodge, but before Di Tian's finger managed to touch him, the clone started swiftly moving back, as if time had started flowing back on him, causing his actions to go in reverse.

This change caused Di Tian's pupils to shrink, and for the first time, panic appeared in his eyes!

He was not panicking over the possibility of him not being able to escape from the chains of time, what caused him to go into panic was the disaster that was even more alarming among the Immortals. It was something from many years ago, before the time

of the first God of Berserkers!

That disaster was a terrifying nightmare to the entire True Morning Dao World... and it was precisely because of it that the True Morning Dao World and the Immortals who had yet to recover from it were trampled by the first God of Berserkers.

At the instant Di Tian's actions started flowing backwards, Su Ming took a step forward. He lifted his right hand and pointed at the center of Di Tian's brows. A bang reverberated in the air, and golden light shone around the clone's body.

At the instant the power in the finger was neutralized, a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and the golden light that spread outwards immediately disappeared, causing Di Tian to no longer have the protection from the screen of light. At that moment, Su Ming lifted his foot and kicked the clone.

With a bang, Di Tian was pushed backwards. Su Ming went straight towards him, and in the span of a breath, he caught up to him. With a swing of his left arm, the same moment time started changing again, he tapped the center of Di Tian's brows. Once it happened a few times, the clone coughed up a mouthful of blood, and he swiftly snapped back to his senses.

"I would rather not have this plan, because I cannot let you continue living! I will destroy your consciousness here completely!" Di Tian lifted his right hand and had his fingers face in front of him. At the instant Su Ming closed in, he pushed forward.

"Soar to the White Sky!"

Di Tian spoke slowly. His other clone had cast this other divine ability all those years ago, and right then, he was casting it again. A strong white light shone from his right hand, and the white light stained the entire sky.

Then, he clenched his right hand into a fist and pointed

upwards... and a white sun appeared in the sky!

It looked as if a star was plunging downwards, causing the sea underneath to cave in with a bang. The seawater started spreading outwards, and the entire world turned white!

The light from the sun turned into the strongest light in the world!

A white sky apocalypse!

Di Tian slowly lifted his left hand, and as it got closer to his right hand, which represented the white sun, the process itself represented soaring!

Su Ming, who was Destiny, was standing not too far away at that moment. His face was calm, and within his eyes was absolute indifference, as well as a hint of reluctance to part with his life. It was also... a deep regret towards the home buried deep in his memories, as well as the ninth summit.

'Dark Mountain's secret... If I can remember it in my next life, I will search for it...

'Master, I'll be leaving now. Being unable to find you is a regret I harbor within myself.

'Eldest senior brother, second senior brother... If we are reincarnated, let's be fellow disciples again. I... will have to take my leave first!

'Hu Zi... third senior brother...'

A smile appeared on Su Ming's face. At that moment, a destructive presence spread out from his body. It came from him burning his own life. It was him using everything in his life to activate what little remained of the God of Berserkers' hair on his right index finger, which he lifted!

That strand of hair had managed to kill Di Tian's clone in the past. As of then, there was not much left, and Su Ming knew

whatever was remaining would not be sufficient to kill Di Tian. That was why he had used everything he had to fight against him previously, and all of it was for the sake of injuring the clone, to make him weaker.

But a pity... the difference in their power was simply too great. He could only marginally hurt him, could not even weaken him too greatly.

"Oh well..."

Su Ming lifted his right hand, and it was swiftly lit in flames. At that moment, every single drop of his life was gathered on what little remained of the God of Berserkers' hair wrapped on his right index finger. The hair was immediately set ablaze and the power that belonged to the first God of Berserkers erupted forth from Su Ming's body.

Even though there was only little remaining of the hair, but the power that erupted forth was much stronger than what Su Ming had managed to bring out in the past, because, this time, his life as well as Destiny's power was contained within it!

Destiny's power was the overlapping between the past and the future, the burning of his life produced flames that continuously rose and gathering together on the hair wrapped around the little finger, and there was also the increasingly stronger fluctuation of power from all over his body.

The sky was white. The white sun illuminated everything and hid it all away. As Di Tian roared and his hands approached each other, the strongest power of his divine ability erupted forth from the endless white light!

At that moment, Su Ming decided to stop gathering power on his right index finger. Instead, he pointed towards the white light that had filled up the entire world, right in the direction of Di Tian. Then, the power gathered in his finger swiftly shot out like a shooting star!

It was also at that moment that the woman's petite face turned solemn, as she hid in the clouds. She looked as if she was hesitating about something, but then gritted her teeth.

"Oh, fine, I'll help him just this once!" As she spoke, she lifted her hand. Her face instantly turned pale, and green light appeared on her hand. She pushed downwards.

Di Tian did not notice this, and neither did the woman, but right after Su Ming pointed forward with all his life gathered in the finger, a song from a xun echoed in the air beside him within the white world. He was the only one who could hear it, and at the same time the song started playing in the air, a bone xun flew out of his body.

That xun was given to him by the old xun maker...

"What is Life? My child, this is the path you chose. Do you... understand now?"

This was the last thing Su Ming heard before he lost consciousness.

A bang that shook the sky and earth stirred up a loud roar in the Dead Sea beyond Eastern Wastelands, and that roar rang through the air for a long time...

Chapter 592: Destiny's Heavenly Punishment!

A disaster. A calamity. An... elegant brightness.

Destruction was a world's most beautiful moment during the course of its existence. At the instant the world was destroyed, everything within it would seemingly turn into an everlasting picture. All those who were qualified and could see this instant of beauty would see this one sight of life that would become an eternal memory in their heads, for as long as they lived.

The sea in a circular area of several hundreds of li sank several hundreds of feet at that moment. It was pure and plain destruction caused by an impact of an ability in this place, turning it into a sad emptiness.

At that moment, the entire world was white. The fog, the sunlight, and also the crash of the power in the world were all in that shade. As the seawater sank and that force crashed into the sea, the sea at the edge of the hole could not surge in to fill it up, causing this area to become a pit.

The woman's face was pale in the sky. She leaned against the yellow dragon, and as it charged forth, it brought the woman along and left this endless white space.

'This is as much as I can do... This is Yin Death Region, my power is greatly suppressed here... My Abyss Builder friend, it depends on your fate now whether you can make it out alive.'

The girl closed her eyes and disappeared into the distant sky, leaving this white region. She had practically helped him withstand a large amount of the power from the strike just now, and she was in an incredibly weakened state at the moment. She needed to recover as quickly as possible.

The whiteness still filled the region even after she left. Within

that white shade and the continuous rumbling sounds, Di Tian took a few steps backwards and coughed up a mouthful of blood.

His face was pale, and the crown on his head had already shattered. There were also a lot of tears on his robe, and there was even blood trickling down the corners of his mouth. He was a miserable sight.

During that instant just now, he had clearly felt the force resisting against him suddenly increasing explosively, and there was also another wave of power that fought with Su Ming against his divine ability.

But that was not all. During that instant, Di Tian also felt another wave of power coming down from the sky. It was equivalent to him fighting against three forces of power by himself!

Fortunately for him, the might behind his divine ability was incredibly shocking, which was why he had managed to retreat once it exploded upon crashed into the three forces of power, albeit with much difficulty. He had also paid a large price for it. The golden light on his body was no longer with him, because the jade had shattered into powder.

"Su Ming!"

Killing intent appeared in Di Tian's eyes. Once he took the couple steps back, he swung his arm, and immediately, the white around him swiftly darkened. Then, he charged forward.

He could sense that the person who had sent that power from the sky just now had left. He might not know who it was, but to Di Tian, killing Su Ming right then was the most important thing. That was why he chose not to bother about that person. Instead, he charged towards where he had managed to locate Destiny with his divine sense.

As the white world continued darkening and the area grew clearer, Di Tian found Su Ming, who was in the air thousands of

feet away, with a single glance. He was still in the form of a teenager and had his eyes closed, unconscious, but he did not fall to the ground. Instead, there was a gigantic bone xun under his body. That xun was thirty something feet big, and melodious notes were traveling out from that instrument at that moment. The light of Relocation was also surrounding it. It was shining brighter and brighter with each passing moment. Clearly, it was about to Relocate very soon!

Once Relocation was activated, then Su Ming would once again disappear from Di Tian's sight, which meant that he would have made it through this disaster. In fact, Di Tian could already imagine that if Su Ming managed to leave like this, as if everything had been planned, then there was a high possibility that it would be incredibly difficult for the clone to find him, just like what happened a few days ago.

If Di Tian had not fought against Su Ming, he would not have been too bothered by this. He would still be able to find Su Ming sooner or later in the Berserkers' world.

Yet their fight just moments ago had let Di Tian see just how much Su Ming had improved. This sort of improvement gave him a feeling that if he had more time, it would be even more difficult than now if he wanted to suppress him again!

More importantly, he saw Destiny. This was a scene that caused Di Tian's heart to be in so much shock that he was nearly trembling. No matter what, he had not expected that Destiny would rise from his slumber early. This was not his plan. This had completely gone out of his expectations. When he remembered the great disaster that had fallen on the True Morning Dao World all those years ago, remembered that terrifying legend, and understood that all of those things that happened in the past... might perhaps repeat themselves not too far into the future and would do so because of him, how could he not be afraid of it?! How could he not be terrified?!

When he saw that Su Ming had sunken into a state of unconsciousness and lost all his abilities to fight but was just about to be sent away by some bone xun, a freezing glare immediately appeared in Di Tian's eyes. He swiftly took a step forward, thinking of preventing all of this from happening.

Before he came to find Su Ming this time, he had not expected that he would be so difficult to deal with and would manage to force him into such a pathetic state, as well as make him give up so many things.

'I can't let him have any more chances!'

Di Tian lifted his right hand and swung it towards the sky. With it, the empty sky, the sea beneath, and the entire space around them seemed to have frozen up. Under the rumbling sounds, the entire dimension was locked up, sealing away all power that could Relocate away from this place.

'I'd like to see how you can...'

A cold sneer appeared on Di Tian's lips. When his right foot landed on the air, his body disappeared, and in an instant, he appeared before the bone xun, on which lay Su Ming. Yet right at the moment his body appeared, the clone's pupils shrank, and a look of disbelief appeared on his face.

This expression was incredibly rare on him, and it appeared because despite the area being completely shut down, he saw that not only did the Relocation light did not diminish, the instant he arrived, a piercing light erupted forth from that xun. As it shone, Di Tian could only helplessly watch Su Ming's body turn semi-transparent, as he lay on top of that instrument!

"The power of Law!"

Shock was evident on Di Tian's face. He knew clearly that only the power of Law could execute any form of Relocation and leave this place despite him locking down this area. Only those whose

level of cultivation had reached beyond Life Palace and who had understood the waves of movement contained within the laws of the world would be able to do such a thing!

Because... his real self could do it!

However, his real self could not come to this place. And the power contained within the clone's body could not do this. At the instant he found that he could just watch Su Ming's body disappear, Di Tian let out a furious roar!

He knew that he could not prevent this Relocation that surpassed his power. He even managed to tell from the fluctuations of the power that was taking Su Ming away that it did not belong to the land of the Berserkers. Instead, it felt as if it had descended from another world, thus destroying his plans, causing this disaster towards Su Ming... to disappear, just like this.

But Di Tian could not accept it. As he roared, red appeared in his eyes, and almost at the instant Su Ming was about to leave with the bone xun, Di Tian's voice reverberated in the world.

His voice was like thunder, and even contained his will. As it spread out, it caused the sky in the Berserkers' world to tremble!

"With mine will, I shall activate the Immortals' Vessel and have it descend upon Yin Death Void to execute Destiny's Heavenly Punishment!"

A gigantic vortex appeared in the empty sky. Its appearance caused the clouds further away to fall back at the same time, and anyone who lifted their heads to look at that moment would find that the sky looked as if it was going through a disastrous change!

Far above the sky was a layer of nebulous fog. It spanned endlessly, and Su Ming had moved through it before, in the past, when he was on the ancient bronze sword.

That layer of fog was right behind the vortex in the sky. In fact, the appearance of this vortex was due to the fog as well, and it was

as if the sky in this entire region had turned invisible. Perhaps more accurately, the sky had moved away to reveal a huge hole.

Right behind the endless fog was a dazzling galaxy Su Ming had seen before as well! If anyone stood there and look towards Yin Death Region, they would be able to see the boundless vortex made of fog, and beyond it the nine cultivation planets.

Those nine cultivation planets surrounded the vortex as if they were defending it. At that moment, as Di Tian's voice reverberated in the air above the Dead Sea, it seemed to have triggered some sort of divine ability. Suddenly, a strong ray of light erupted forth from one of the cultivation planets. Its color was purple, and at that moment, it illuminated the entire galaxy for a brief instant.

An indescribably terrifying presence came from within the purple light, and that cultivation planet looked as if it had turned into a gigantic Enchanted Treasure to gather it up, causing the purple light to let out a loud bang that reverberated through the entire galaxy. It charged straight towards the vortex and crashed into it in an instant, making the rotation of the fog to freeze. The purple pillar of light actually managed to shoot right into the fog before it charged past it, with loud banging sounds!

This sort of might and terrifying presence caused many of the people on the cultivation planets and continents in this galaxy to be instantly shocked awake from their meditations. All of them turned to look at the spot where that presence came from.

The cultivation planets beyond Yin Death Region were clearly not just mere decorations. They were... the Immortals' priceless treasures, used to keep a lookout on Yin Death Region! They only had one duty, and that was to kill all those who left Yin Death Region!

However, if Su Ming had been awake and seen this scene, he would definitely be skeptical, because when he left on the ancient bronze sword... he had not seen these cultivation planets.

The purple pillar of light with the destructive presence shot through the vortex of fog at an incredible speed and descended from the sky above Di Tian and Su Ming's battlefield. That powerful light spread out endlessly. When viewed from the galaxy, it had not seemed too big, but as Di Tian looked at it at a close distance as it descended, he saw that its size was several thousands of li big!

He clearly knew that only short-distance Relocation would allow a person to completely disappear. If it was a long-distance Relocation, then while the person might have seemed to disappear, in truth, the signs of his or her existence would still be around. Di Tian himself might be unable to notice Su Ming and destroy him... but once he placed everything on the line and activated the Immortals' Enchanted Vessel, all of this would change.

"Destiny, die!"

Di Tian let out a low roar, but his voice was drowned by the howls from the powerful light descending from the sky. With a bang, that purple light shot down and fell on the Dead Sea. All the water within thousands of li was instantly turned to vapor.

All the living creatures in the sea also died at that instant!

The seawater dissipated, and the world that was a continent under the sea all turned into powder once the pillar of light descended. It was pierced through...

This was the power to destroy worlds!

Chapter 593: Ugly Little Thing

Thousands of li of seawater vanished, and thousands of li of land at the bottom of the sea turned into powder. A gigantic pit appeared within the Dead Sea. As if it possessed intelligence, the seawater around the pit did not dare to get closer to the purple light crashing down, causing this pit to stay as is for a long time.

Di Tian's hair was a mess as he stood in midair, in silence. The bone xun before him had already disappeared, and so had Su Ming.

A moment later, Di Tian lifted his head, his face was twisted by a ferocious expression. An anger so great that it could practically burn the skies appeared on his face, and he let out a roar towards the sky, one so powerful it could shake the sky and earth!

That roar echoed in the air and spread to all directions. It lingered for a long time in the area, refusing to disappear.

Destiny's Heavenly Punishment had destroyed everything in a circular area of thousands of li, but it had not managed to find any trace of Su Ming. Di Tian had been able to sense that the power from Heavenly Punishment had affected Su Ming... but he did not die.

With killing intent and madness raging in him, Di Tian cast his divine sense outward and swept through the sky and earth, covering the furthest possible area within the limits of his divine sense... but he could not find Su Ming!

He had disappeared just like that from Di Tian's sight once again, causing him to be unable to find him...

He had sent his clone to this place, but the results in the end were the same. Destiny's awakening had especially caused Di Tian's heart to tremble. He remained standing in midair until the purple light disappeared and the pit was once again filled with seawater. The entire Dead Sea sank a little.

'I refuse to believe that you can hide eternally. One of these days, I will definitely find you again, and next time I find you, I swear... I will do whatever it takes to make your mind sink into oblivion!' Di Tian closed his eyes, but the dark expression on his face did not go away until he turned around and took a step towards the distant sky!

.....

The sky was blue, the sun was bright, especially now that it was near noon. The sun's rays felt warm when they fell on one's skin, forcing people to sweat. Not much of the heat was brought away by the wind.

A lovely fragrance of osmanthus could not be sent away by what little wind there was in the area, either. It could only linger around the place where it was born and continue filling it.

Laughter, weaving through the trees, came from a short distance away, and some scattered houses could be found in that direction.

There were about a hundred families there. Chimney smoke could be seen rising in the air at that moment, and amidst the fragrance of osmanthus, the place looked like a paradise.

There were a lot mountains in the area, causing this place to look incredibly secluded from the world. Not many people could be seen moving about, and only some faint trails from carriages could be found on the one and only path leading to the houses.

Perhaps it was because it had rained just recently. Despite the bright sun, the ground was still filled with mud. Those who walked on the road would find their feet letting out slapping sounds as they stepped on mud, creating a unique charm to walking about.

There was a teenager dressed in clothes that were filled with patches in the osmanthus forest at that moment. He was sitting on some leaves as he leaned against a tree, looking at the sky that could not be hidden away by the forest canopy, immersed in his

own thoughts.

He looked rather pale, but this pale face made him look incredibly elegant and handsome. He was young, only about twelve to thirteen years of age, and the patched clothes could not cover his temperament that could make others grow fond of him the moment they saw him.

However, his body looked incredibly frail. His eyes, though, were extremely lively as he looked at the sky while leaning against an osmanthus tree.

He stared at the sky quietly. There were some blades of grass in his hands, and as he manipulated them, they were gradually woven into a figure of a small person. All of this was done instinctively. He was still looking at the sky, though no one knew what he saw. Perhaps it was the blue sky, and perhaps it was the white clouds. No one would know besides him.

After a long while, the sound of footsteps traveled through the forest, and along with them came a clear voice that belonged to a child. It fell into the boy's ears.

"Dog Leftovers, big brother, Dog Leftovers... ma wants you back home..."

This was a little girl's voice. There was a hint of innocence within her clear voice, as if she had yet to be tainted by the materialistic world, had yet to begin harboring complicated thoughts. She still retained her childlike, innocent dreams.

She was a little girl of eight to nine years old, and was dressed in clothes filled with patches. There were two braids by the side of her head, but she was not pretty. There was a birthmark on her face, yet her eyes were bright. If anyone looked past that birthmark, they would find that she was actually a very adorable girl.

When the boy heard the girl's voice, he averted his gaze from the

sky, and a smile stemming from the bottom of his heart appeared on his face. He sat up straight and looked towards the girl running towards him.

"Slow down, the ground's filled with mud." The boy walked over, speaking gently. There was a doting look in his eyes as he looked at the little girl.

"Dog Leftovers, ma made good food today! She made my favorite medicinal herbs! Hurry up! Hurry up!" the girl said with a smile, as she ran to the boy's side. She even lifted her tiny hands and brushed away the mud and leaves on the boy's clothes.

The boy patted the girl's head and took her hand with a smile before walking out of the forest with her.

"Big brother, why do you always come here? There's nothing here besides osmanthus trees." The girl called Ugly Little Thing blinked her eyes and held the boy's hand as she asked curiously.

The boy smiled and did not speak. He merely lifted his head to cast a glance at the side, and a wizened look that no one else could see flashed past his eyes.

When they walked out of the forest, that wizened look buried itself in the boy's eyes, and it could no longer be found. Perhaps only the air around him could sense the sigh he let out in his heart, for it caused the originally clear sky to swiftly turn much darker, dark clouds appearing above.

The forest was not too far from the houses. It would only take them some time to reach the place. With the girl, who was clearly in a hurry to eat that medicinal herb, dragging his hand, the boy ran with her to the houses.

They ran into some children, who were about their age, playing with each other on their way back. Once they saw the siblings, some of the children started poking fun at them.

"Ugly Little Thing, what good food did your ma make today?"

"That's right, Ugly Little Thing, didn't you say your parents were going to make you clothes without patches?"

The girl holding the boy's hand lowered her head, and her body tensed up slightly, but she quickly recovered. She still had her head dipped down, however. She wanted to leave this place as quickly as possible, back to an ordinary house not too far away. That was her home.

This could not be considered a tribe, because the people here were not related to each other. Perhaps this place could only be called a village.

As the boy listened to the jabs and taunts thrown at the little girl, he frowned, but the girl held her hand on his wrist in a dead grip, and there was a pleading look on her face. It made the boy sigh once again in his heart. He could only follow her quietly back home.

"We're back! Pa, ma, I brought big brother back. We can eat now!" The little girl smiled happily and ran in once she pushed open the door to her house.

Dog Leftovers entered the house right behind her. This was a house made of mud. It was not big, and there were only two rooms in it. When he walked in, coughs could be heard coming from one of the rooms.

"Dog Leftovers, did you go look at the osmanthus again? They'll be gone in a few months' time, so you should look at them as much as you can now..." A middle-aged man walked out from the other room, speaking to the boy.

The man's face was filled with an ancient air. His clothes were simple, and his face honest. When he walked out, he looked towards the boy, and a kind smile appeared on his face. He was not tall, and neither was he strong. Only his hands would give others a unique impression. Those hands were full of scars, which covered many areas, especially on his fingers.

At that moment, with just one glance, the boy could tell that were clearly new wounds on the man's hands.

Right behind the man was a woman. Her skin was rough, but despite that her original beauty could still be seen. Time, however, had left too many marks on her, causing her to look older than she really was. She was holding two bowls in her hands as she smiled at the boy.

"You little rascal, if Ugly Little Thing hadn't called you back home for lunch, you wouldn't have come back. You'll only ever return when it's dark outside. You're still weak, be careful to not catch a cold outside."

A tender smile appeared on the boy's face. He walked up and received the bowl from the woman's hand and spoke softly.

"Pa, ma, I'm fine."

"Alright now, eat more of this mountain herb later. Your grandpa Zhang just got himself a grandson this morning, so he gave us some mountain medicine in exchange for some of your pa's straw dolls. He said to use these to provide nourishment for you and our little Ugly Doll." The woman looked at the boy and the girl, who was cheerfully setting up the table, with a loving look. She walked over to the table with her husband.

This was not a sumptuous meal. They only had the soft looking, well cooked mountain herbs and some sweet fruit juice. Ugly Little Thing's cheerful laughter echoed in this normal family, and the woman's love, as well the middle-aged man's gentle demeanor gave the house a warm atmosphere.

The boy looked at them, and a smile appeared on his face as well. That smile came from the depths of his heart. He was thankful to this family, and especially grateful to this little girl called Ugly Little Thing.

A year ago, he had woken up in this place, and this girl had

discovered him in the mountains when she was out alone picking different types of grass for her father to use for his straw dolls. She had carried him back home on her back, and from then on... he lived here.

He now had a younger sister, and her name was Ugly Little Thing, because she was ugly. But her kindness, her adorable laughter, and her lively eyes made him constantly remember a frail little body carrying him all the way back when he was still unconscious.

He now had a father, and he was an honest, good-natured man. He was a mortal, and he lived in poverty while being constantly plagued by sickness, but the straw dolls he made were incredibly lifelike, and they were the toys for the children in the village.

He now had a mother as well. She was an incredibly kind and gentle woman who loved her husband, her daughter, her family, and had also showered an outsider like him with ample motherly love.

He... was Su Ming.

A year ago, when he woke up in this house filled with warmth, his cultivation base had scattered, but did not disappear. It was hidden within his body, a remnant that stayed within him after he had made his power explode. Back then, he'd been heavily injured during his fight against Di Tian, and so that remnant needed time to fully recover.

Translator's Notes:

1. Ugly Little Thing and later on, Dog Leftovers: This is a break from the "Ooh all names are in pinyin", because they are pet names. It's a superstition that died down in my generation that you should give children lousy and degrading pet names so that they will have good lives, healthy bodies, and not die, because their lives will be tough enough that they won't get sick, and the reaper won't come for them. I think the wealthy and upper class (the ones

who are literate and officials) don't do this thing. It's also only in China and not where I'm from.

Chapter 594: Dolls

Fortunately for Su Ming he had retrieved all the things he had brought out, including the small snake, during the fight a year ago. However, the small snake was in deep sleep, and Han Mountain Bell had also been put away into his storage bag. All of them needed time to slowly recover.

For some unknown reason, his own appearance had also not returned to that of an adult. He remained in Destiny's teenage form, and because his father was worried that others would not welcome him due to his hair, he had used grass juice to make a dye for Su Ming's hair. It was black now.

This warmth he experienced during the past year was something Su Ming could not forget. It had become a warm memory in his life. He loved this place, loved this younger sister of his called Ugly Little Thing, loved his father who weaved straw dolls, and loved his gentle mother.

But he had more important things to do. He had to search for his Master and his senior brothers. He had to make himself stronger, for only then could he turn this disaster that was so roughly shoved onto his person to become Di Tian's disaster when he eventually ran into him in the future!

He could not stay here for too long, because if he stayed here, then he could bring death upon this family, because Di Tian... could come at any moment.

The year might have gone by peacefully, but Su Ming could not... bask in this warmth forever.

As he ate that mountain herb, he looked at his younger sister and at his parents, and a thought bloomed in his head, one that had appeared multiple times in the past - If, one day, he managed to find his Master and his senior brothers, if they were still safe, if all of the problems disappeared, then he could stop searching for the

future. As long as this place still existed, as long as he could still come back, he would return to this warmth and keep his mortal parents company through their entire lives. He would stay with his little sister through her life as well, and watch her grow into an adult, get married, have children, and grandchildren, and that... would be wonderful...

This was a beautiful life, and it made a smile appear on Su Ming's face.

"Big brother... big brother! Dog Leftovers! Why are you smiling?" Ugly Little Thing swallowed a large mouthful of mountain herbs and looked at Su Ming before she asked in her clear voice. Her eyes glowed, and it was a beautiful sight.

Dog Leftovers was the name this family had given to Su Ming. At that time, he had been gravely injured and had laid on the bed every single day, as if he would die at any moment.

If any child in his mother's hometown was sickly, the parents would usually give him or her a pet name. The name may be unpleasant to the ears, but it contained the family's gentle and familial love. They intentionally made the name sound demeaning so that the child could be healthy from then on.

Dog leftovers... food that even dogs were not willing to eat. By that notion, perhaps even the reapers would not take the child's soul away.

Su Ming patted Ugly Little Thing's hair and spoke softly. "I was thinking what sort of dowry I should prepare for you when you grow up and marry someone else in the future."

"Hmph, you're just older than me by a few years, why are you always talking like an old man? I'm also thinking what sort of present I should prepare for my future sister-in-law when you marry her in the future." Ugly Little Thing scrunched up her nose and imitated Su Ming's tone as she spoke.

Her parents looked at their children, then at each other, and they both saw the smile in each other's eyes, along with the warmth in their hearts.

This was a warmth that belonged to a family, it was a love that would not freeze over no matter how cold the weather turned, a love that repelled the chill from the rain that had chased away the heat in the world as it poured from the dark clouds that filled the sky, causing it to be unable to enter the house.

At some unknown point of time it had started pouring. It was now afternoon. The sky was dark, and the rushing sound of rain seemed to contain some sort of mysterious power that made all those who heard it for prolonged periods of time to be unable to help themselves but become drowsy.

Ugly Little Thing was affected precisely this way. She ate till she was full and patted her little belly, then flashed a brilliant grin at the parents and her elder brother. As she spoke, she gradually started nodding off. Eventually, her body fell into Su Ming's embrace, and she was asleep with a sweet smile on her lips.

Su Ming looked at his little sister in his arms with a gentle gaze. He lightly picked her up and brought her to the small bed in the room. Once he covered her with a blanket, he looked at the sleeping Ugly Little Thing and the distinct birthmark on her face. It wasn't hard to tell just how many times she had been mocked and ostracized as she grew up.

But she was a very sensible child. Even if no one played with her, she would play by herself. Even if she was bullied outside, she would wipe away her tears on the way back home and put on a smile so that her parents would not worry.

She was kind and did not hate any of her companions who mocked and teased her. She liked them and would help them, and would even choose to run away, dejected, when they repeatedly hurt her.

"Big brother..." Ugly Little Thing mumbled softly in her sleep, and the smile on her face became even more adorable, as if she was playing with Su Ming in her dreams. This was the happiest event in her heart besides being with her parents.

As Su Ming looked at Ugly Little Thing, he gently patted her back, and once he was sure she was fully asleep, he walked out of the room and looked at the increasingly heavier rain outside. When lightning crackled in the sky, thunder would travel forth in muffled rumbles. Ugly Little Thing's father was crouching down under the eaves, with grass of different colors and sizes placed beside him; he was weaving the grasses together as rain fell on him.

Ugly Little Thing's mother was putting away the dishes. Once Su Ming walked back into the room, she smiled with kindness and love at him.

"Is your little sister asleep?"

Su Ming nodded and helped put away the dishes.

"Oh, you... There's no need for that. Go and sleep as well. The rain might continue for an entire night, judging by the weather."

"It's fine, ma, I'm not tired." Su Ming smiled and shook his head.

The woman looked at him and sighed softly in her heart. When her daughter had carried the boy back a year ago, she had wondered which parent could bear to abandon such a beautiful child.

During the past year, his diligence and the attachment in his eyes when he looked at them had made her treat him as if he was her own son.

When the rain outside started pouring even heavier and the water had practically connected the sky and the earth, Ugly Little Thing was shocked awake by a clap of thunder. Her mother quickly went up to her and comforted her. With the patting, Ugly

Little Thing slowly fell asleep again.

Su Ming walked over to the middle-aged man quietly and sat down beside him. He looked at the rain outside and felt the chill on his face. After a long time, he turned his head around and looked at this man who had been his father for the past year. He was completely absorbed in his task, and looked as if he did not know that Su Ming was by his side. The grass in his hands seemed to have gained life, and as he continued weaving it in his hands, it started gaining the form of a doll.

The different colored grasses were placed into the doll, causing it to look alive. However, many of the grasses had sharp edges. It was nothing usually, but the middle-aged man's concentration and actions made him ignore the pain brought by the grasses cutting into his hands.

The scar-ridden hands was a mark of his life of creating dolls.

Su Ming watched. At that moment, Ugly Little Thing's father was giving off a presence that he did not understand. He was still a mortal, but the dolls he created seemed to have been given life.

This wasn't the first time Su Ming watched his father, he'd been doing so over the past year. Ever since he woke up and became part of the family, he fell in love with his father's creations.

Every single completed doll seemed to possess signs of life, fascinating him, and he seemed to have gained an epiphany just by watching the process of their creation. As time passed, his understanding grew more, but there was always a veil covering his sight, causing everything to seem as if it was still shrouded in fog.

"What is Life...?" The words contained within the black wooden block emerged in Su Ming's head.

"How are your skills now?"

As Su Ming continued watching, he did not notice that the sky had turned slightly darker. Usually, at this point of time, it should

only be dusk, but the dark clouds and the rain had brought the night earlier.

The middle-aged man finally lifted his head and looked at Su Ming sitting beside him. There was a smile on his face when he placed the straw doll in his hand on the ground and asked Su Ming that question.

Su Ming hesitate for a moment before he brought out the small doll he had created that afternoon in the osmanthus forest and passed it to Ugly Little Thing's father.

"I... always feel that it's lacking something." Su Ming frowned.

"It lacks life." Ugly Little Thing's father took the doll in his hand and smiled kindly.

"As long as it exists, everything in the world possesses life, especially plants. They have even more of it than us. The dolls that are created using grass also need life. I don't know how to expression this life, it's just a feeling. I've been making dolls my whole life, after all.

"This one you created doesn't have any life," Ugly Little Thing's father told Su Ming.

"How do I give it life?" he asked softly.

"Use your heart to create it. Think of how you want to create it, and think about the form on which you're basing its creation... I only know how to make two dolls, and they are both in the form of children. The girl is Ugly Little Thing, and the boy... ha... it's Ugly Little Thing's elder brother."

Ugly Little Thing had an elder brother. Su Ming had heard about him from her before. He was older than her by ten years, and eight years ago... he was taken away as a disciple by Evil Spirit Sect, which was located not too far away from this place.

In the blink of an eye, three years had passed by, and there was no news from him...

Su Ming fell silent. After a long time, he lifted the grass by his side, but just as he was about to begin weaving, suddenly, a barely noticeable glint appeared in his eyes, and he lifted his head. There was a chill in his eyes, but it was hidden.

Ugly Little Thing's father clearly did not notice anything. Swathed in his sentiment, he continued weaving dolls, but after a moment, the rain outside the house exuded an even colder chill, and two indistinct figures walked slowly towards the village from the distance.

As the two people came, the rain that fell on their bodies immediately turned into ice that toppled to the ground. The ice was black, and if anyone saw it during the day, they would surely be frightened.

'Immortals...' Su Ming calmly watched the two people walking in the rain, noticing how they were heading straight towards Ugly Little Thing's house!

Chapter 595: Seven Days

The rain that fell on the ground fused into the ripples that had formed there. They could not be seen clearly, because all the living souls on earth existed in the ripples of life to begin with...

Su Ming stared at the two cold figures walking towards him from the distance. They got closer to the house in the now dark world that would usually only be dusk at this point of time. As they closed in, a chilling air spread outwards, making the cold rain become even colder.

The lightning in the sky disappeared at that moment, as if it had retreated from this cold and had hidden itself in the darkness, refusing to come out.

Only the sounds of rain falling and squelching of feet walking on mud could be heard, the latter gradually growing clearer. It slowly reached the father's ears, causing the middle-aged man to instinctively lift his head.

He saw the two lean figures walking over to the house in the rain, arriving right before Su Ming and himself.

"You are..." Ugly Little Thing's father shuddered. When he wanted to stand up, his body shivered, and Su Ming quickly stood up to support him, all while looking at the two people coldly.

He could tell that they did not harbor any killing intent, or else destroying this village would be as easy as breathing to them.

"Kneel and receive the announcement!" the person on the left said with a shrill voice.

As he spoke, the temperature around them turned even colder, and because Ugly Little Thing's father was simply a mortal, he was stunned by the voice and his face immediately turned pale. He suddenly remembered that his eldest had been brought away by people dressed in these clothes eight years ago on a rainy night just

like this.

Perhaps it was because the person's shrill voice was rather sharp as well, it also traveled into the house, causing the sleeping Ugly Little Thing and her mother to be shocked awake from their dreams.

A barely noticeable glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. These two Immortals could be killed with just one finger if he was at the pinnacle of his strength, but his cultivation base was still in its recovering stage at the moment, and he had no idea when he would reach his peak. Yet even so, even with the one tenth of power he had recovered at that moment, he could still kill these people with ease.

"Junior brother Zuo!" The person standing to the right spoke with a low voice. He cast a glance at his companion, as if he was slightly displeased with what he had just said.

"Old man, is Chen Da Xi your son?" The black-robed person standing to the right turned his head around and cast a glance towards Ugly Little Thing's father, who was currently being supported by Su Ming. He had also caught sight of Su Ming at the corner of his eyes, but he paid no attention to him.

As he spoke, he pulled down the black hood covering his head, revealing a pale face that showed that he was about forty-something of age. He looked normal, and only the blue light in his eyes stood out, shining faintly and indistinctly.

Ugly Little Thing's father shuddered. If Su Ming had not been supporting him, he might have fallen to the ground due to the cold, biting chill, but the moment he heard that name, he seemed to have gained strength.

"Yes... Xi Er is my eldest, he... he..." Ugly Little Thing's father stammered. He did not know what had happened, but from the tone of this person's voice, he felt a stab of pain in his heart that he could not describe.

"Chen Da Xi has died!"

The person who answered Ugly Little Thing's father was the person standing to the left, the one speaking in a shrill voice. At the instant these words left his mouth and fell into the ears of Ugly Little Thing's father, the middle-aged man was stunned to his feet, and he felt as if his life had just left his body, causing him to look much older. Two trails of tears fell down from his eyes and into the ripples on the ground. They could no longer be differentiated clearly down there.

At that moment, the sound of something crashing to the floor came from the house, and that was Ugly Little Thing's mother, who had heard those words while walking out of her room. She fainted.

Ugly Little Thing was by the side and was looking at the two lean figures standing outside her house. The stranger's voice was still echoing in her ears at that moment, but soon her frail body seemed to have lost its soul, for her face turned pale, and she looked as if everything in her world had turned white as well.

"Old man, junior brother Chen had great potential and was well-liked by our Sect Elder Zhao, who took him in as his disciple, but a few days ago, junior brother Chen died of an accident, and the both of us have come on orders by Sect Elder Zhao to tell you, since we were close to junior brother Chen." The person to the right spoke in a low voice, and once he finished speaking, he brought out a bag and placed it under the eaves.

"This is the money junior Chen gathered over the past few years. We cultivators have no use for it, but to you mortals, it should be able to improve your standard of living."

The person to the right might have been speaking in a cool voice, but there was an expression of regret on his face. When he looked at Ugly Little Thing's family, pity flashed quickly past his eyes. On the other hand, the person to the left remained as cold and aloof as

ever.

"Thank you... Thank you, Immortals. This is Xi Er's fate..." Ugly Little Thing's father cried, and he was just about to kneel towards the two cultivators, but was lifted up by the person to the right.

Su Ming looked at everything happening before his eyes. There might be no expression on his face giving away his thoughts, but he knew clearly in his heart that it was incredibly rare for a sect to send someone specifically to tell his or her family of the death.

This sort of thing was nigh impossible, unless... the person died of unusual causes.

Su Ming supported Ugly Little Thing's father and turned his head around to cast a glance at the little girl, who was standing in the house with a dumbfounded expression. He also looked at his mother, who had fallen unconscious. The warmth that had existed previously in this family had shattered because of this nightmare.

"This must be your other son, and this girl..." The person to the right trained his eyes on Su Ming once again, his gaze like lightning. After looking at him for a single instant, he looked at Ugly Little Thing.

'They don't know the details of Ugly Little Thing's family. Looks like they didn't ask around, and Ugly Little Thing's brother didn't go about telling others,' Su Ming thought.

"By Sect Elder Zhao's orders, we permit you to give us another child from your family. The Sect Elder will personally receive him or her as his disciple and they will inherit the regrets left behind by junior brother Chen. Congratulations, old man, we will give you seven days to choose the person who will enter Evil Spirit Sect. Seven days later, when we are on the way back to the sect, we will bring the child away." The person to the right spoke slowly, and once he finished his speech, he no longer bothered himself with Ugly Little Thing's family and turned around to leave.

The other sect member gave Su Ming and Ugly Little Thing a deep and profound smile before he, too, left.

The rain poured even harder. The two people in black walked in the rain, and their bodies turned indistinct, then gradually disappeared. Only Su Ming could see them farther away turning into long arcs and moving to the sky.

Su Ming had seen the Evil Spirit Sect they spoke of during the year he stayed in the village. It was a sect built on a mountain surrounded by clouds, and only when the entire sky was clear could he vaguely see its buildings.

However, the two disciples from Evil Spirit Sect were flying towards the east. Clearly, they were not returning to their sect. From what they had said and Su Ming's own analysis, he could deduce that the two people had left the sect on some other important business. They had come here while they were at it to complete this Sect Elder Zhao's request.

That was why they gave them seven days instead of immediately asking to take that person away. Clearly, taking a child along would affect their other mission, so it would be better for them to take him or her when they came back. It was just as they said, when returning, they might as well take the child while they were at it.

To these two people, this was a simple message, but to Ugly Little Thing's family, this was a bolt out of the blue and a nightmare that they could not refuse.

It was especially so when the parents had just gone through the pain of losing their son, yet had to face the fate of having another child taken away from their hands. This sort of thing was a disaster to this honest and kind family.

Ugly Little Thing's father stopped weaving dolls. He looked old now, and with grief in every fiber of his being, he moved to his wife and began crying silently.

The mother was slowly waking up at that moment, and she looked at her husband standing before her blankly before she started weeping as well.

Su Ming stood quietly by the side with a complicated look on his face. He could sense the family's pain and their helplessness in the face of fate.

Ugly Little Thing did not cry. She bit her bottom lip and lowered her head.

"We can't let Ugly Little Thing leave with them... She's still a child, she's..." Ugly Little Thing's mother looked at her daughter, who was silent and did not seem to be capable of crying anymore. Her heart was in pain, as if there was a knife cutting into it, but... she could not fight back.

"Seven days... We'll leave this place and flee without stopping!" Ugly Little Thing's father gritted his teeth and looked at his wife, as well as daughter, before he spoke resolutely.

"It's useless, pa, I heard from others that Immortals are deities. No matter how far we run, it'll still be easy for them to find us... At that time, all of us will be punished because we angered them. I'll go. I'll enter the Immortals' sect," Ugly Little Thing whispered softly, and at that moment, she seemed to have grown up.

"If I live, then one day, I can be like the Immortals, and I'll be able to find the cause of big brother's death!" She clenched her fists and closed her eyes.

"I'll go." In the midst of the family's grief, Su Ming cast a glance at the rain outside. It looked as if the sky was crying.

When his voice reached the family's ears, Ugly Little Thing opened her eyes.

Her mother was momentarily stunned. When she looked at Su Ming, conflict and hesitation appeared on her face.

"This has nothing to do with you, my son. Leave as well, get out

of this place..." Ugly Little Thing's father immediately said.

Su Ming looked at Ugly Little Thing, then at her father and mother. A smile appeared on his face. He took a few steps back and shifted his robes before he knelt down towards the two elderly folk.

"I, Su Ming, cannot repay your kindness for saving me and keeping me in your home. The care and warmth of a home I've felt this past year is something I've rarely encountered in my life... Pa, ma, my little sister is still young. I'll go.

"I never had any parents since I was young, only my grandpa [1] took care of me, but now... he is no longer around. You are the only ones who gave me this warmth... My Ugly Little Doll, when I leave, you have to be a sensible girl. You have to take good care of pa and ma. Don't worry, I'll come back and visit you."

"Big brother, I..." Ugly Little Thing opened her mouth, but she did not know what to say. She looked at Su Ming, and eventually, tears fell from her eyes.

"Pa, ma, this is settled. I'll go!" Su Ming cast a glance at the couple and engraved their image deep into his heart. One year was not long, but to Su Ming, it was an experience of warmth he had never felt before. It was wholly different from what he felt in the ninth summit or Dark Mountain.

Translator's Notes:

1. About elder becoming grandpa here. It was mentioned a long time ago that Su Ming looked at the elder like his grandpa.

Chapter 596: Grass Knot Records

It rained for three days.

The three days of rain washed the earth and beat down the osmanthus, causing the land to be wet and all the houses to be filled with humidity. Even after the people wiped the blankets they used at night to sleep, they would still be wet.

This was how it was during this season.

During the three days, very few people left their houses except to hunt. Only when it occasionally stopped raining would a few children run out barefooted to play in the mud. Their happy laughter rang in the air.

Usually, at this moment, Ugly Little Thing would bug Su Ming and pick up a handful of mud not too far away from her house to mould it into an unidentifiable animal.

Every single time, Su Ming would play with her with a smile on his face. As he looked at this kind and adorable girl, he remembered his childhood.

Yet now, what surrounded Ugly Little Thing's family was grief and silence. Su Ming's request had caused them to struggle greatly. They did not know what to choose.

This was also why Su Ming was gentle to this family, because if it was anyone else, then this would not even be a choice. After all, how difficult would it be to choose between a child they picked off the streets compared to their own daughter?

Ugly Little Thing's father was silent. His wife was also silent. Their gazes would always move between Su Ming and Ugly Little Thing. They would look at the birthmark on Ugly Little Thing's face and her thin body, and their hearts would clench in pain.

But when their gazes fell on Su Ming's body, that pale face, that frail body, and the understanding gaze, as well as the expression on

his face that treated them as parents, the couple's hearts would clench in pain once again.

There were four days left, then it would be time for them to make their choice...

"Pa, you said that we have to give life to dolls when we create them, but just what sort of thoughts do you need to be able to give life to dolls?" Su Ming looked at Ugly Little Thing's father and asked softly.

On the fourth day since the people from Evil Spirit Sect left, Su Ming placed some blades of grass before his father and started weaving the grass with his head bent downwards.

"Everyone needs to be moved... Only when they feel touched in their hearts would they be able to create dolls with life," Ugly Little Thing's father answered gently, looking at Su Ming, but the complicated gaze in his eyes could not be hidden away.

"The dolls your pa once made did not have any life. It was only when your brother Xi Er was born and I heard his cries that I managed to create the first doll with life. I was standing outside his room back then." For the first time, Ugly Little Thing's father called himself 'pa' before Su Ming. The word came out naturally, and there was not a hint of artificialness or intentional acting there. When he said that word, he picked up a blade of grass.

First, he made a single knot, and then made many more on that blade of grass. When there were a dozen something knots, he looked towards Su Ming.

"Before I married your ma, I was a tribe member of Grain Support Tribe. It's a small tribe, and there were only about a hundred of us, but we had a long history...

"I never had the constitution to practice the ways of the Berserker when I was young. I could only be a mortal, but my father and grandfather were the tribe's eternal historians." A smile

appeared on Ugly Little Thing's father's lips, and there was a nostalgic expression on his face.

"You know as well that only those who cannot practice the ways of the Berserkers can become eternal historians. They only have one job, and that is to record the tribe's history using the methods unique to each tribe.

"The legacy of Grain Support Tribe is very old, and no one knows precisely when it started. But we know that it is all real from eternal historian records in the tribe.

"The recording method we use is called the grass knot record. We use different grasses and different knots to record history. No one can tell their meanings, only the people who have mastered the method.

"I was my generation's eternal historian, but... the disaster that fell on our tribe brought death and separation to my tribe, causing all of these things to no longer exist. I met your ma and came to this place to stay... I'm just a mortal and I don't have any other skills. Trying to survive is hard.

"But I know how to knot grass, I know how to use these limitless knots of grass to weave dolls..." Ugly Little Thing's father looked at Su Ming. When he spoke, his hands never stopped. He continued weaving, and when he finished speaking, a small human doll appeared in his hand.

That doll was incredibly similar to Su Ming!

"This doll is made of twenty nine knots. I've recorded all twenty nine of my blessings for you in these knots. It's also a doll. I gave your older brother one when he was born, and also another one for your little sister when she was born. Now, I'll give this to you." Ugly Little Thing's father handed the doll in his hand to Su Ming.

"Grass knot records..."

This was the first time Su Ming had heard of this method to

record history. It did not matter whether it was when he was in the Alliance of the Western Region or when he was in South Morning, all the tribes he saw did not have this sort of scribe, much less the title of eternal historian.

But he could tell that it was a position similar to the Head of the Guards and the chief of hunters in a tribe.

Su Ming received the doll, but the instant his hand touched it, a sharp, focused glint appeared in his eyes. He could clearly tell that there was a wave of life force contained within it. That life force was very faint, and if his divine sense hadn't slightly recovered, it would have been incredibly difficult for him to notice its existence.

That life force contained a blessing, and there was even a wave of warmth that spread through Su Ming's entire body.

He lifted his head and cast a deep look towards Ugly Little Thing's father. If he was not completely certain that this person did not possess any form of cultivation base and that he was a very ordinary mortal, once Su Ming saw this doll, he would definitely think that this had come from a person who possessed the power of cultivation.

The man's ancient face was filled with wrinkles, and they showed all the trials life had thrown at him. The waist that would bend slightly unnaturally when he stood up looked like the helplessness he faced and the fate he had to deal with during his life had pressed down heavily on his body.

But it was a mortal like this, a normal person like this that had managed to create a doll that contained the power of life. Su Ming had seen many dolls created by Ugly Little Thing's father before, but the life contained within each of them was very weak. It was not enough to cause his shock, but the one in his hand right then had made the scattered power of cultivation within Su Ming's body... show a slight ripple.

'This is related to grass knot records, but more importantly...

only when you reach the pinnacle of conveying your meaning through these knots can you surpass the limits of your hands. Because of this, he was able to give thoughts to these grass knots, causing those thoughts to turn into a blessing, despite him being completely unaware of it. These blessings contain his prayer, that is why as long as he is alive, these blessings will stay.'

Su Ming seemed to have come to a little bit of understanding. It was the same principle as when he drew, and how people would have the feeling of the words other people wrote possessing the might of horses charging in a battlefield.

This was all due to a person having reached the pinnacle in a certain craft. It had nothing to do with cultivation, neither did it have anything to do with anything else. It was only connected to the heart.

"The grass knots you make do not possess life, because you don't know how to make records with grass knots. How about this? I'll teach you... Your big brother didn't manage to learn it, and your little sister isn't interested in this. You make your pa happy that you like this." Ugly Little Thing's father smiled kindly. He picked up a blade of grass and handed it to Su Ming before he picked another one for himself.

"Using grass knots to record history or thoughts is an ancient method. I don't know everything and can only make simple records. Each knot is different, and with each you make, you must think of the things you want to record.

"I remember my pa telling me this when he taught me...

"It doesn't matter whether it's grass knots or string knots, they will need you to use your eyes to see, your hands to touch, and your heart to feel them. The main point of this is that you need to touch it.

"You must touch and feel the sensation after you make every single knot. It's very strange and mysterious, and I'm not capable

of describing the feeling to you, but before we had words, our ancestors used this method to record every single detail in their lives." As Ugly Little Thing's father spoke, he tied eight knots.

Time flowed just like this, and in the blink of an eye, several days had passed. Su Ming was continuously immersed in the grass knot records and continued learning from his father, but the man was clearly not a good teacher, because most of the time he made the knots based on feeling, and he could not express them in words.

When there were only two days left before Evil Spirit Sect came, Ugly Little Thing's father kept mostly silent. His gazes when he occasionally looked towards Su Ming were mostly filled with complicated emotions as well.

Ugly Little Thing's mother behaved in the same way.

After the rain stopped for a few days, it started pouring once more in the afternoon of next day. The rushing of rain echoed in the air even when midnight arrived.

Su Ming lay in his own room and looked at the rain outside through the window, as well as the occasionally flashing lightning, all while listening to the sound of thunder clapping. He could not sleep.

There were eight knots in his hands, and they were all given to him by his father before he went to sleep. Su Ming's knowledge about grass knot records was still vague, even if he had been learning them for the past few days. He did not have a really clear image in his head.

When Su Ming touched the knots on the grass, he started thinking about his own past.

Ugly Little Thing was in the same room as he was. It was difficult for a poor family like this to provide each of their children a room of their own.

Her even breathing had been following Su Ming for most of the

year, leaving a deep memory in his mind that would be incredibly difficult for him to forget. He turned his head around and looked at her. As he watched the sleeping girl, a faint smile appeared on his face.

However, there were tears flowing down her eyes as she continued sleeping. The words she mumbled caused the faint smile on Su Ming's face to turn into a doting one.

"Big brother... big brother... Dog Leftovers... Don't go, I can do it... I'll beat them up..."

"Pa, ma... we'll be together, forever..."

In her world, the memory of her blood brother had become faint. After all, she had just been born at that time eight years go. She had only been told that she had an older brother who had entered an Immortals' sect.

Everything else about her big brother remained a blank. Su Ming's appearance had caused that blank to be gradually filled with his shadow. To Ugly Little Thing, her big brother was Su Ming.

Her greatest wish in this life was that her whole family, including her big brother Dog Leftovers, could live happily together.

Su Ming wiped away the tears at the corners of Ugly Little Thing's eyes, and a determined look appeared in his eyes. He did not want grief to take hold of this family. He wanted them to be eternally happy.

'Ugly Little Thing, I promise you, I will protect your family... up till the end!'

Chapter 597: Parting

Time passed quickly, and the final day before Evil Spirit Sect came arrived.

After it, those people would come and take away either Su Ming or Ugly Little Thing. Then they would send the chosen child to the Sect Elder Zhao.

When morning arrive , the rain stopped. Su Ming went to the osmanthus forest he frequented throughout the year, wiped away the water that had gathered on the leaves, then sat down and looked up.

The sky was clear. There were no clouds. It was completely different compared to the previous day.

Even though it was morning, the light from the sun was still gentle. When it fell on his body, it felt as if it could chase away the humidity that had gathered during these past few days, and it gave him a warm feeling in his heart.

However, the osmanthus in this forest had mostly turned into embellishments on the mud, causing even the mud to possess the fragrance of the flowers. It fused with the sweet smell of the mud after rain, stirring a special emotion in people who smelled it.

Su Ming continued staring at the sky just like that. No one knew what he was thinking about, and neither did he himself. His eyes were trained towards the sky, but his heart had become quiet. He started circulating his Qi that had lain dormant in his body for a long time, causing the one tenth of his recovered cultivation base to slowly start flowing.

The recovery of his cultivation base was even more difficult than he imagined it to be. The injuries he had suffered in the past were simply to grave, and he was also stuck in Destiny's form. Su Ming had thought about this, and after some analysis, he gained an

answer as to why Di Tian had not managed to find him.

Perhaps it was precisely because he was in this form that the clone was still unable to find him.

As for why he was in this form and why he managed to escape from the disaster brought to him by Di Tian... Su Ming only remembered a song from a xun before he fell unconscious, but he could guess from this that the person who saved him was the old xun maker.

"Berserker Soul... Once my cultivation base is restored, the most important thing for me to do is to reach the Berserker Soul Realm," Su Ming mumbled. In his hands he held a blade of grass. He tied a knot, then another, and yet another, until he eventually created a doll.

'If pa can gather up such power in his mind and turn it into a blessing even though he is just a mortal... then the strength of this power would be much greater if a person with the power of cultivation made the records with the knots!

'Grass knot records should be a unique Art. It... should be related to Curses!' This was the first thing that appeared in Su Ming's head when Ugly Little Thing's father was talking about the grass knots.

If he focused a Curse towards a person on one grass knot, and then another Curse on another person, then once he had placed many Curses on many knots and turned them all into one single straw doll, then... would he be able to create a different type of Curse?!

'It's said that some Soul Catchers use other people's hair to perform the Curse, but most of these are just rumors. Even if they do exist, the strength of those Curses isn't strong. Those who are truly strong, they can ignore them.

'But if I combine the Curse with these grass knots...' A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He dipped his head down and looked at

the grass knots in his hand in silence.

The morning passed by just like that. When noon arrived, the sun became scorching hot, and the light from the sun slipped through the leaves to fall on Su Ming. The sounds of footsteps traveled into the forest from the area outside. Su Ming averted his gaze from the sky and looked over.

It was Ugly Little Thing. She walked over quietly and stopped before him.

"Big brother, you can't go," she said softly, looking straight at Su Ming.

"You'll die if you go. This is our family's problem. I must be the one who goes..." Ugly Little Thing bit her bottom lip. Her voice rang with her determination.

"Come, sit beside me." Su Ming smiled. He moved slightly to make some space beside him. The leaves there were clean. He looked towards Ugly Little Thing.

The little girl scrunched up her nose. Once she sat down beside Su Ming, she opened her mouth, looking as if she wanted to say something. Su Ming simply smiled and looked at her.

"If I will die if I go, then isn't it the same for you?"

"That's different, I... I'm smarter than you! If I go, I might not die, big brother, please listen to me this time, please..."

"Let's not talk about that anymore. Stay by my side for a while." Su Ming patted Ugly Little Thing's head and leaned against the tree behind him, then turned his gaze towards the sky. He no longer spoke.

Ugly Little Thing hesitated for a moment, then she leaned against the tree as well. She, too, looked at the sky. As she continued looking at the blue up ahead, she began to feel as if she had flown up and was roaming in the air.

"Big brother, just how big is the sky...?"

"Very big."

"Then... how high is the sky?"

"Very high."

"Hmph, you're cheating. Then big brother, here is another question, what is behind the sky?"

Su Ming remained silent for a moment, his eyes still trained at the blue sky. Then he spoke softly.

"There is a vortex of fog behind the sky."

"Then what is behind the vortex?" Ugly Little Thing's curiosity was sparked. She blinked and immediately threw out another question.

"There is a galaxy behind that vortex, and there are many stars there, along with many floating continents..." Su Ming mumbled. These were all things that he had seen with his own eyes.

"What is that place?" It was clear that this was the first time Ugly Little Thing had heard about this. She was, after all, still a child, and once Su Ming started talking about these things, she forgot her entire reason for coming to him, instead becoming more interested in his words.

"That is another world." A freezing glare flashed in his eyes when he said that languidly.

"Another world... Are they the same as us?" With her age, it was inevitable that the girl would remain completely clueless as to what Su Ming was saying. She frowned.

"I, too, want to know that. That is why, someday, I will go and see what the other worlds look like, and I want to see how different they are from us..." Su Ming said calmly. The resolve on his face was something Ugly Little Thing could not understand. Perhaps she would remember this scene, and many years later, she would

understand what it meant.

The sky gradually turned dark. When dusk arrived, the sky gained a crimson red shade, causing the ground to look as if it had been dyed in a layer of brilliant light. Only then did Ugly Little Thing remember her goal when coming to this place. She immediately stood up and stared at Su Ming.

Ugly Little Thing forced down her fears towards the future and spoke firmly. "Big brother, I'm officially telling you this - you can't go! This is my problem! The person who will be taken away tonight is me. You... You have to remember to take care of pa and ma..."

"If our elder brother didn't die, would you really want to go?" Su Ming stood up and looked at Ugly Little Thing before he asked softly. There was a strange rhythm to his voice, and when it fell into Ugly Little Thing's ears, a dazed look gradually appeared on her face.

"I... I don't want to go. I want to stay with pa and ma. I want to be with them for the rest of my life, but I don't want you to go either. I want our family to be together forever."

Su Ming stroked Ugly Little Thing's head lovingly, then held her hand and walked out of the forest.

Once they were out, the girl snapped out of her daze. She remained stunned for a moment before she broke free from Su Ming's hand and took a few steps, then placed her hands on her hips.

"Big brother, I might be mild mannered usually, but when I get angry, I'm really scary, you know?! You... you can't go!" Ugly Little Thing puffed up her cheeks. She looked like an adult, and when Su Ming saw it, it made him smile.

"Alright, alright, I won't go."

"Really?" When Ugly Little Thing heard those words, she

immediately spoke.

"Truly," Su Ming answered with a smile.

When she heard his answer, the girl relaxed and went up to hold Su Ming's hand, then skipped all the way back home, but the terror and fear towards the future could not be hidden away from her face due to her age. The happiness she put in her actions was what she had learned since she was young, and it was showing up naturally.

It did not rain that night.

On that night, Ugly Little Thing's laughter could be heard ringing in the house as their family had dinner, but there was a light wobble to that laughter. Her father was silent, and there was grief on his face, and her mother would occasionally turn her head around to wipe away her tears.

"Dog Leftovers, have some more of these. Here..." mother added more food into Su Ming's bowl, and there was a complicated look in her eyes when she looked at him.

There was one particular dish which she and her husband did not touch, and which Ugly Little Thing was also avoiding. Only Su Ming alone was eating it.

He could not taste the dish, but he could tell that there was a herb in there that had tranquilizing properties; it could make people drowsy. If someone ate too much of that thing, they would fall asleep without realizing it themselves.

Su Ming sighed in his heart. How could he not know what the family was thinking about. In the end, they had decided not to have him replace Ugly Little Thing and have him face a fate in which he might die. Instead, they had chosen to let him have a good rest. When the next day arrived, Ugly Little Thing would be gone.

Perhaps the couple had struggled and argued about this decision,

but in the end, they had chosen to do this. Even if they would feel pain, even if they would end up regretting their decision, at this moment, this was what they chose.

Once Su Ming's final dinner with the family was over, he stood up and kowtowed deeply towards them. There was not a single reaction to his actions, because at that moment Ugly Little Thing had already closed her eyes and fallen asleep. It was the same for her parents.

Su Ming might only have restored a tenth of his cultivation base, but it was enough to let this family fall asleep without their knowledge and allow himself to not be affected by that herb.

He carried his father and mother back to their rooms, and once he covered them with their blankets, he looked at the couple, whose hair was now flecked with white. His expression was incredibly gentle when he lifted his right hand and pointed at their foreheads, slowly giving them some of what little remained of his life force. This would allow the couple to be able to recover in the future. Soon, they would no longer be plagued by sickness.

Then Su Ming carried Ugly Little Thing and placed her gently in her room. As he looked at the sleeping child before him, he once again heard the words she had said in her weak voice when she had carried him down the mountain.

After a long, long time, Su Ming placed his right hand on Ugly Little Thing's birthmark. When he lifted his hand after a moment, the birthmark had become much lighter.

Su Ming covered her with her blanket and walked out of his room, then put away the dishes used during dinner. Once he cleaned them, he rolled up his sleeves and started cleaning up the rooms. As he looked at the house that had grown on him during this past year, a reluctance to part appeared on his face.

Chapter 598: Evil Sect!

'Pa, ma, in my heart, you will forever be my father and mother... I'll be taking my leave now.'

'Ugly Little Thing, my dear little sister, you have to be happy...'

Su Ming looked at the house blankly, and the warm memories he had gained surfaced one by one in his head.

This was a kind family. Every single member of it was the same, both he had just arrived and now he was about to leave. This poor and ordinary family presented him with a warmth he would never forget.

Su Ming stood in place for a long time, looking at everything in the house. He then turned around and sat down under the eaves, waiting for the people who would arrive at night.

Midnight drew close. There was no rain right then. The light from the moon shone on the ground, causing the night to not be completely dark, and making the moon look as if it was adding another layer to this atmosphere of separation.

It was quiet all around. Only the snores of Ugly Little Thing's parents occasionally reached Su Ming's ears. That sound, too, brought warmth to his heart.

He closed his eyes and only reopened them after a long time. At that moment, two long arcs flew over from the distant darkness. After a moment, they descended before Su Ming and turned into the two people in black he'd seen seven days ago.

Those two people's faces were slightly pale, and when they appeared, their gazes instantly fell on Su Ming. He did not speak, but merely looked at the strangers coldly, and when he did so, one of them suddenly lifted his foot and walked past him with just one step.

Su Ming did not stop him, but a killing intent the duo did not

notice appeared in his eyes.

If they dared to do anything to his family, then even if Su Ming had only recovered a tenth of his cultivation base, he would still attack. Even if he would lose his power once again, he would still kill these two people on the spot.

Fortunately for the Evil Spirit Sect disciple, he did not do anything out of hand after stepping into the house. Once he went through all the rooms, he saw the herbs in the kitchen, and he came out with a slightly odd expression. He cast a glance at Su Ming, then whispered to the other person's ear. After that

The Evil Spirit Sect disciple who had not spoken coldly to Ugly Little Thing's family seven days ago cast Su Ming a few investigative looks before he asked languidly, "Not bad, you have a lot of courage despite your age. What's your name?"

"Chen Su," Su Ming said calmly.

"Chen Su, close your eyes. We'll take you to the sect!"

The two people were clearly bothered by something and did not want to speak too much. The person who spoke waved his arm, and a gust of wind immediately swept up Su Ming. They all turned into long arcs and charged into the sky.

Their arrival and departure had not attracted any attention in the area. Ugly Little Thing and her family were still asleep. They did not know that their disaster had just passed.

Su Ming was held under one of the Evil Spirit Sect disciple's arm as they travelled in the sky. He looked at the ground growing further and further away, watched the place he had stayed in for the year slowly disappear from his eyes, and stared at the family who had given him warmth until they disappeared into his memories. Then, he closed his eyes.

He could no longer see the ground, could no longer see his family, and no longer smell the osmanthus' fragrance...

'Evil Spirit Sect...' At the instant Su Ming closed his eyes, a freezing glare flashed past them.

This place... was located to the east of Eastern Wastelands!

One of the clones Di Tian sent had to set Su Ming to rights, and the other had to defend what Great Leaf Immortal Sect had achieved over the years in Eastern Wastelands.

However, in the end, Di Tian was cautious of the most powerful Immortal from Evil Sect, who was from the east of Eastern Wastelands, and who was the strongest clone from the person who was considered a powerful warrior among the Immortals as well - Ji An.

Evil Sect was located to the east of Eastern Wastelands. There were four great sects who named themselves after the word 'Evil', using it as a uniform title.

These four great sects were Evil Dust Sect, Evil Spirit Sect, Evil Lust Sect, and Evil Immortal Sect, which was at a level higher than the other three sects!

The Evil Immortal Sect acted as the leader and the other three as its affiliates. Then once the Evil Immortal Ji An sent his clone to this place all those years ago, he had laid waste to all the land and the four great sects became the strongest power in the east of Eastern Wastelands.

He even uprooted all the Berserker tribes in that part of the continent, causing numerous tribes to be destroyed and the survivors to be slowly assimilated into Evil Sect. And as time passed by, they would even become disciples of Evil Sect!

There were four black puffs of smoke rising into the sky in the east of Eastern Wastelands. These four puffs of black smoke came from the four sects, and the black smoke from Evil Immortal Sect was incredibly thick. It filled the air above the nine heavens, and it was a sight that brought terror to all who saw it!

The remaining three puffs of black smoke were slightly thinner, but they were still enough to bring shock to onlookers.

This black smoke was a symbol of a strong Immortal within the sect. Only those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm or who were Immortals who had reached Ascendant would be able to bring out this sort of smoke symbolizing the strength of a powerful warrior, once their presence fused with Yin Death Region's aura!

At that moment, in a place far away from the village where Ugly Little Thing and her family were was a mountain that towered into the clouds. These clouds surrounded the mountain, causing it to become indistinct. Only when the sky was completely clear would anyone be able to see it faintly from the distance.

A puff of black smoke that was several tens of thousands of feet wide connected the mountain to the sky. As it churned about, it exuded a great and mighty pressure that caused all those who saw it to feel their hearts tremble.

Strange stones filled the mountain, and while they gave off a ferocious presence, black water could also be seen flowing down them like a stream. An eerie, cold, and sinister air spread out from the mountain.

This was where Evil Spirit Sect was located!

Flagpoles with flags of different colors were placed in many locations on the mountain. Shrill howls would occasionally come from those flags, filled with endless pain and hate. When they were out, they stayed for a long time, refusing to leave.

Entirely black halls filled the mountain. They were scattered and strewn at random, making the mountain seem as if it had been separated into three layers. Only the contour of the hall in the highest level was visible to the eye, and most of its other parts were hidden in the black smoke.

The largest area filled with these black halls was located at the center of the mountain. Quite a large number of them were floating in the air, and there would be a dried up corpse hanging on top of every hall. There were also numerous ferocious birds lingering around, occasionally flying down to eat the flesh.

A large amount of long arcs weaved about the buildings in the sky, creating a lively atmosphere in this eerie air. At that moment, two long arcs closed in on the mountain, side by side, and one of them had a person held under his arm. The person held like that was naturally Su Ming.

He looked at the eerie mountain and the large amount of corpses hanging on the halls. The evil and eerie air from the mountain came crashing into his face.

"Boy, this is Evil Spirit Sect. You're lucky that you don't need to go through nine days of hanging, nor do you need to carry the mountain for ninety-nine days, and neither do you have to be submerged in unclean water. You can become an Evil Spirit Sect disciple straight away. If you are successful in the future, don't forget the both of us."

"But let me give you a reminder, don't get into conflict with others in Evil Spirit Sect for nothing. This place... greatly promotes fights between disciples. All the disciples here already have way more blood on their hands than what you can possibly imagine!" the other person said with a cold and ghastly voice.

Su Ming looked as calm as usual, but even though he might seem composed, all the other people who saw him would only think he was pale with fright, because his skin color was sickly pale to begin with.

'Evil Spirit Sect...' A ghastly smile appeared on Su Ming's lips, one that went unnoticed by the duo. Perhaps no one here could actually compare to the amount of blood Su Ming had spilled.

He wondered, would his arrival here be considered Evil Spirit

Sect's fortune... or misfortune...?

Chapter 599: Outer Sect

The mountain could still be marginally seen from the distance, but the grudge-filled fog surrounding Evil Spirit Sect caused the area to be obscured from view. It sounded like there were shrieks and howls reverberating in the air. Those shrill sounds were enough to make anyone's heart tremble the first time they arrived to this place.

This was precisely how the two people who had brought Su Ming back felt when they first entered the sect. As they flew forward, they misinterpreted Su Ming's paleness, which was normal to him, as fear. That was why they did not see anything wrong in his silence.

As the two people charged forward, they flew around Evil Spirit Sect's mountain several times before they plunged straight towards the foot of the mountain. They landed right before the gate to the mountain, which had an eerie presence seeping out of it and was black in color. It also looked as if there were numerous vengeful souls surrounding it, looking like they wanted to pounce on all those who wanted to pass through.

The people who brought Su Ming had calm expressions on their faces and were completely unbothered by the vengeful spirits. They held Su Ming by his arms and took a few steps forward. Once they passed the mountain gate, a huge flight of stairs leading to the top of the mountain appeared before them.

There were plenty of black statues placed on both sides of the stairs. Each of the statues looked incredibly ferocious and exuded a ghastly and cold presence. They were also the spots where the hate filled spirits gathered.

"If you walk on this path of no return, you will enter Evil Spirit Sect. Boy, do you hear those shrill cries around you?" One of the people who held Su Ming cast him a glance, then spoke with a

smile that did not reach his eyes.

"If I let go of your hand and make you go up alone, you might be dragged away by these vengeful spirits before you even manage to take a few steps, and then you'll turn into one of them." The other Evil Spirit Sect disciple spoke coldly, and as he did so, he suddenly lifted his right hand and formed a seal before swinging his arm forward.

The path leading up the stairs instantly became different. It might look the same... but an innumerable amount of shadows appeared there. They were shaped as men and women, the elderly and the young. They were all either dressed in rags or were covered in blood, and they were all struggling and howling on the road. Many of them were staring at Su Ming and the two disciples with ferocious expressions, as if they were about to pounce on them.

There were also numerous vengeful souls like these on either side of the mountain stairs. All of them stretched out their arms as if they wanted to grab the trio and drag them to their side.

"Welcome to Evil Spirit Sect. Over here, you will know what is hell and what is terror..." The two Evil Spirit Sect disciples who brought Su Ming to this place smiled at each other and held him by the arms as they strode up the mountain stairs. As they moved up, the hate-filled souls around them swiftly moved away, as if they were incredibly afraid of the two disciples.

The souls did not dare get any closer to the three of them. Some who weren't able to move away in time, once the Evil Spirit Sect disciples holding Su Ming closed in, let out soundless screams and would rather have their bodies crumble instead of touching them.

This was even more so for the vengeful souls that were stretching out their arms on either side of the mountain. The moment the three people closed in, they seemed to have seen a frightening presence, for all of them backed away.

"Senior brother Zhang, there's something off about these vengeful spirits... They usually aren't like this when I return to the sect!" The person by the name of Zuo frowned and spoke in a low voice while continuing to lead Su Ming up to Evil Spirit Sect.

"You're right. Usually, when they see someone, they will lunge forward without caring whether we are from Evil Spirit Sect... I only remember them moving away in fear when they faced the progenitors of the sect, but now..." The other man holding onto Su Ming was also incredibly puzzled.

The two of them could not figure out an answer to this no matter how much they mulled over it. Due to uncertainty, they moved even quicker and brought Su Ming up to the middle section of the mountain. He remained silent all the way. He looked at the mountain, at the many black halls littered all over the mountain, and at the corpses hanging on top of the halls.

In fact, he could even see some long arcs occasionally flying through the sky.

'How could Berserkers practice the cultivation methods of Immortals...?' This was the question that was lingering in his heart when he thought about Evil Spirit Sect.

Before long, Su Ming saw a big man of about ten feet tall standing not too far away on the mountain stairs as the three of them continued moving upwards. He was half-naked and carried a huge basket behind his back, as he walked down the mountain. Once every few steps, he would lift his hand and reach into the basket to grab some minced flesh before throwing it into the air. There were wisps of black smoke on the torn pieces of flesh, and when they fell on the ground, the vengeful souls would immediately pounce on them, devouring each one.

The man had an incredibly ferocious expression on his face. He was also scarred, which made him look terrifying. When Su Ming and the other two saw him, the man also saw Zhang and Zuo. His

lips parted into a grin. The scars on his face twisted, making him look as if he had four to five mouths on his face, and they were all laughing savagely at the same time.

He looked incredibly horrifying.

Even if Zhang and Zuo were uncomfortable when they saw that smile, they quickly stepped to the side and made way for the man.

"Greetings, senior brother Shan." The duo wrapped their fists in their palms towards the man in respect.

When the man approached them, Su Ming saw a red glare lying in his pupils. If he looked into the man's eyes for a prolonged period of time, he would feel incredibly uncomfortable.

"Why did you bring an outsider back to the sect?" When the man walked over to them, he grabbed another handful of torn flesh and tossed it to the side, making the vengeful spirits pounce on it and devour it without care for anything else.

"Senior brother Shan, this person is Chen's family, who Sect Elder Zhao asked for us to bring back when we went out of the mountain. He's Chen Da Xi's younger brother," Zhang immediately said while still holding onto Su Ming.

"Chen Da Xi..." The man cast a sideways glance towards Su Ming, and a strange look appeared on his face. When his lips split into a grin, he grabbed a piece of torn flesh from the basket and gave it to Su Ming.

"I see, so it was junior brother Chen. I don't have a welcoming gift for you, so I'll give you this piece of flesh." When Zhang and Zuo saw this, envy immediately appeared on their faces.

Su Ming felt a thump in his chest, and received the piece of torn flesh before wrapping his fist in his palm and bowing towards the man.

"Thank you, senior brother Shan."

"You don't have to thank me. It doesn't matter which vengeful soul you feed this to, it will end up helping you do one thing. Only Inner Sect disciples are allowed to have this. Treasure it well. If you can survive in this place for seven days, then you can thank me." The man smiled eerily. He no longer bothered himself with Zhang and Zuo but instead began walking down the mountain.

When he left into the distance, Zhang's gaze fell on the piece of flesh in Su Ming's hands. Zuo, who was standing beside him, was also looking at it with a light in his eyes.

Su Ming naturally saw their expressions and laughed coldly in his heart. Not only were these people from Evil Spirit Sect sinister, they also loved fighting among themselves. He had just arrived to this place today and had already bore witness to a scheme.

That man, Shan, had given him this piece of torn flesh at the spur of the moment after he heard of Chen Da Xi's name. By the looks of it, it would seem that he had some sort of grudge against Chen Da Xi.

This might seem like a gift, but in truth, if he was truly a twelve-to thirteen-year-old boy without a hint of power and he was greedy, then judging by Zhang and Zuo's expressions at the moment, he would most probably bring ruin to himself.

'Chen Da Xi... Ugly Little Thing's big brother, just what did you do in Evil Spirit Sect that this Sect Elder Zhao would ask for people to bring your family here, and why would this Shan, who is a Berserker in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, want to plot against me...?'

Su Ming sighed in his heart and shook his head. Before waiting for Zhang and Zuo to say anything, he handed the torn flesh in his hand to Zhang, who was still holding onto him.

"Senior brother Zhang, I have no use for this thing. Please take it."

Zhang gave him a deep and profound smile, then took away the torn flesh without bothering with any form of courtesy. He cast Zuo a glance, and the violent look that had been in their eyes moments ago disappeared. When they looked towards Su Ming, a hint of praise was now present in their gazes.

"Junior brother Chen, you may be young, but you already know the principles of giving and taking. Not bad," Zuo said coldly.

"Senior brothers, who is that senior brother Shan just now?" Su Ming immediately asked.

"He's an Inner Sect disciple, and we're Outer Sect disciples. We're different... Remember this, Outer Sect disciples can fight among themselves, but if we run into Inner Sect disciples, we have to be careful, because while it's alright for an Inner Sect disciple to kill you, it'll be huge trouble for you if you hurt an Inner Sect disciple." Zhang seemed to have decided to warn Su Ming because of that piece of torn flesh.

"But with your current situation, you'll have your hands full by just trying not to get bullied, you won't have time to bother about offending any Inner Sect disciples."

As they charged up the stairs, Su Ming saw a few other Evil Spirit Sect disciples, and they were all gloomy and silent. When they walked past these people, Zhang and Zuo continuously greeted them, and from this alone, Su Ming could tell that their position in the sect was not high.

He could also tell that this Sect Elder Zhao was also just an ordinary person in Evil Spirit Sect.

After a moment, Zhang and Zuo left the middle section of the stairs with Su Ming and walked to a small path on the side. Su Ming could see a gigantic mountain gate in the distance.

"This is where we Outer Sect disciples belong to in Evil Spirit Sect. If we go any further, we'll reach the Inner Sect. The foot of

the mountain is where we keep our pets and also where our laborers stay. Once we walk past this mountain gate, we'll bring you to Sect Elder Zhao. It's not up to us to know where you'll be placed from then on.

"But since you gave us this piece of flesh as a sign of respect, allow me to give you a piece of advice. All the Berserkers who want to walk down the path of Immortals in Evil Spirit Sect need to soak themselves in the Evil Pool and change their blood to activate the passage of Qi of Immortals in their bodies, but only one among ten who step into Evil Pool manage to survive." Zhang smiled eerily and no longer spoke.

In his eyes, this person called Chen Su will definitely not survive past three to five days. It was especially so when he remembered Chen Da Xi's strange death and all the rumors in the sect surrounding Sect Elder Zhao. He was certain that this Chen Su would definitely die.

Soon, they got close to the mountain gate, and when the trio stood by its side, Su Ming immediately saw a gigantic python wrapped around it.

That python was hissing with its tongue out and staring at the trio with a cold and dark look, as if it was about to charge forward and devour the three of them in one bite.

The python was perhaps thousands of feet long, and despite it having wrapped its body around the mountain gate, the remainder of its tail that was not on the gate was still very long.

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The python was entirely black, the same color as the mountain gate. If it did not move, it could be easily mistaken for an ornament on the gate. At that moment, it was staring at the trio with a cold and sinister expression. A wave of murderous aura crashed into their faces, and Su Ming could clearly sense Zhang and Zuo instantly becoming respectful.

"I, Zhang Ren, hereby greet our sacred beast of the mountain gate."

"I, Zuo Xing Xun, hereby greet out sacred beast of the mountain gate." The duo quickly wrapped their fists in their palms and bowed towards the black python on the door.

Su Ming was placed on the ground at that moment, and no one bothered with him anymore.

The giant python hissed as it swept its gaze past Zhang Ren and Zuo Xing Xun. Then, when its eyes fell on Su Ming, Su Ming too looked at it. His power might not have recovered, but he could still sense that the pressure of that python to him was incredibly faint. Based on his judgment, this python was only equivalent to a Berserker in the middle or later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm.

While this sort of ferocious beast might be rare, Su Ming, if his power had fully recovered, could destroy it with just one finger.

Almost at the moment the python looked towards Su Ming, it suddenly started moving at a speed that caused Zhang Ren and Zuo Xing Xun's eyes to swim. Its body shot out from the mountain gate and its huge head appeared five feet away from Su Ming. It even stuck out its forked tongue when it hissed, which was almost touching Su Ming.

This sudden scene caused Zhang Ren and Zuo Xing Xun to be stunned, and immediately after, their expressions changed. They

quickly took a few steps back, not daring to stand in the python's way.

Even Sect Elder Zhao would need to be courteous when he saw this mountain guardian python. The two disciples might need to hand this boy to Sect Elder Zhao, but they honestly did not have any need to offend this sacred python, which was rumored to be a creature which harbored grudges for an incredibly long time.

Su Ming stood his ground and did not back down. His expression was as calm as usual, but a fierce look appeared in his eyes, and as he looked at the python staring at him, he slowly opened his mouth and said, "Get lost!"

The moment he said those words, Zuo Xing Xun and Zhang Ren's eyes went wide. They had brought quite a large number of people back to Evil Spirit Sect before, and all who saw this python would show respect. None of them would dare to be so disrespectful and tell the scared creature to get lost.

At that moment, there was also a huge different in the feeling Su Ming gave them, as if he had completely changed into another person.

What threw them into an even greater state of disbelief, to the point where they were completely stunned, was how the python withdrew slightly after Su Ming said those words. It hissed even more, and its eyes seemed as if they were flashing, but gradually, it started moving farther and farther back. In the end, right under Zuo Xing Xun and Zhang Ren's dumbfounded expressions, the python retreated back to the mountain gate.

Su Ming remained calm. All ferocious beasts with this level of cultivation would possess unique intelligence. Perhaps other people would think that the words Su Ming said were normal, but the python could feel a murderous aura that made its heart tremble in fear.

From that murderous aura, it could clearly sense that this

seemingly weak person was definitely not as simple as he seemed. That was the reason why it chose to slowly back down.

Since Zhang Ren and Zuo Xing Xun remained stunned, Su Ming lifted his foot and walked towards the mountain gate. Once he reached the spot behind the two of them, he paused briefly before saying flatly, "Let's go."

Zuo Xing Xun and Zhang Ren's expressions immediately turned strange when they looked at Su Ming. They took a few brisk steps forward and walked through the mountain gate to step into the territory of Evil Spirit Sect's Outer Sect disciples. The both of them could not calm their hearts. The scene just now kept repeating in their heads.

Their gazes when they looked at Su Ming also became rather uncertain and filled with surprise. Their behavior towards him was also much better than before.

All along the way, Zhang Ren and Zuo Xing Xun's hearts were filled with shock and surprise. In silence, they would occasionally look at Su Ming. When they reached the middle section of the mountain, which was the territory that belonged to the Outer Sect, they moved past several black halls to appear in a courtyard that was situated in a more remote area.

The courtyard was located against a mountain stone. There were three black houses there, and it was quiet all around. There was an oppressive air surrounding the entire area. At the entrance to the courtyard were two statues.

They looked rather similar to the statues on the way up the stairs. There were also vengeful souls surrounding them, causing the courtyard to look even more eerie.

It was especially so for the area above. That place was where the smoke was spreading out from Evil Spirit Sect. Because of that, the sunshine on this mountain was constantly dim, and it would never be bright, giving this place an even colder and more sinister

feeling.

Zhang Ren and Zuo Xing Xun stopped outside the courtyard and wrapped their fists in their palms before they bowed deeply towards the courtyard.

"I, Zhang Ren, hereby greet Sect Elder Zhao."

"I, Zuo Xing Xun, hereby greet Sect Elder Zhao. We've brought the child from Chen's family. This person is junior brother Chen's younger brother, Chen Su." Zhang Ren and Zuo Xing Xun bowed down respectfully and did not dare raise their heads.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He also lowered his head, then wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed.

He was not too worried about his own safety. Unless he ran into powerful enemies like Di Tian, then even if he ran into those who had gained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, he would still be able to fight against them if he recovered.

He might only have recovered a tenth of his cultivation base, but he had been observing his own body during the past year, and he had noticed that all his Berserker Bones were still within him. They were all dim though, as if they were covered by a layer of dust. Yet even so, his body was still as sturdy as it was previously. It would be difficult for anyone to try and injure him.

More importantly, his divine sense had recovered a little, and he could open up his storage bag. The small snake might still be in deep sleep and not show any signs of waking up anytime soon, and the crimson dragon be in the same state, but he could already use Han Mountain Bell.

This treasure might be damaged, but its might when activated was still something that should not be taken lightly.

As for the bald crane... Su Ming had not seen it since he woke up, which would mean that it had most likely ran away during the chaos because of its timid nature.

While Su Ming could still protect himself with his current abilities combined with his Enchanted Treasures and the strength of his physical body, he would still choose not to attack if he could. After all, what was most important to him at the moment was to recover his cultivation base as quickly as possible.

'I might not know what is this Sect Elder Zhao's goal, but he won't be thinking about hurting me just yet, not when he thinks I'm a member of the Chen family, or else he wouldn't have needed to go through the trouble of asking someone to bring me here. He would have just needed to go down the mountain once and would have easily dealt with everything once and for all.'

With his experience, once Su Ming gave a brief onceover towards this matter, he could already guess most of what was happening.

At that moment, a hoarse voice came from the courtyard. It was incredibly ghastly, and when it traveled outwards, it caused the cold air around the trio to become so much thicker that the vengeful souls shuddered as well.

"Leave him here. You two can leave now."

Zhang Ren and Zuo Xing Xun quickly obeyed and left the area. When they were far away from the courtyard, the both of them wiped the cold sweat on their faces. They cast a glance behind them, then looked at each other.

"How we live and die is already predestined, and our fate depends on heaven itself. We can't do anything about this, we're just obeying orders..." Zhang Ren shook his head.

Zuo Xing Xun agreed to this, but after a moment of hesitation, he spoke in a low voice. "That's right. This has nothing to do with us. If Sect Elder Zhao dies, it's also because of him... Senior brother Zhang, do you think that Chen... Is he really a sage and a senior who went into hiding?"

"Quiet! This has nothing to do with us!" Zhang Ren immediately

shouted lowly with a nervous expression on his face. He grabbed Zuo Xing Xun and took a couple more steps forward before he spoke again in a low voice.

"He should be. Didn't you see how cautious the sacred python was? When have you seen that old thing being so nice before...? This isn't something we can interfere with. We should keep this to ourselves and let it rot in our hearts. We can't tell anyone, or else we might end up offending others."

"Yeah. Thank goodness no one else knows what is going on with this... but... but there were quite a number of people who saw him on our way here, especially senior brother Shan... Oh, right, you're still holding onto his Soul Flesh."

"We have to form a single story about this matter. You don't have anything to do, right? Come, let's talk at my place."

When Zhang Ren heard about that Soul Flesh, a pained look immediately appeared on his face. He scanned the area for a moment before he grabbed Zuo Xing Ren and left swiftly.

Su Ming near the statues and lifted his head. He looked at the courtyard. It was not big, and there was black smoke seeping out from the ground at the moment. They turned into ferocious shadows in midair, and once they dissipated, they were absorbed by the ground. The process repeated itself, causing all those who saw it to be stunned by this strange sight.

When Su Ming looked towards the courtyard, the gate opened by itself without a single sound.

Su Ming did not make a sound. After waiting for a moment, he walked into the opened gate slowly. At the instant he entered the courtyard, the gate behind him closed automatically.

"Your courage isn't too bad. You're just like your older brother when he first came here. This is precisely the quality I want for my disciple!" The moment the gate to the courtyard closed, a hoarse

voice reverberated in the air.

"I am Zhao Chong, and I had three disciples, but they all died. Your brother was my third disciple and was also the one I was most pleased with. Before he died, I promised him that I will send his belongings and money back to his family, and he also asked me to accept his brother or sister as my disciple.

"From now on, you are my fourth disciple!"

"You have the constitution of a Berserker, so you aren't suited to practice my Evil Spirit Arts. A year later, I'll send you to the Evil Pool to wash away your Berserker blood, and from then on, you can practice Evil Sect's divine abilities.

"But if you don't want to die in the Evil Pool, then you must take in Evil Grudge Cores... These core will allow your body to absorb grudges, and you'll be able to build your foundation from there." Once the hoarse voice said these words, a gourd flew out from the house in the middle.

The gourd was black. It was exuding black smoke, which formed into the face of a ghost at times. Mortals would not be able to see it, but Su Ming could see it clearly.

The gourd flew to the area before him and fell to the ground.

"The house to the right is your house. You can go there now!" Once the hoarse voice said these words, it didn't speak anymore.

Su Ming picked up the gourd without batting an eye and walked to the house to the right.

'Did he use Chen Da Xi to create a core?'

Su Ming pushed open the door to the house, and cast a glance at the house in the middle through the corner of his eye. His divine sense had yet to recover enough, or else he would have definitely taken a look at just how that Sect Elder Zhao looked.

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